JUNE, 1948

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Esquire

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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GALS
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THE LATEST
HENRY KANE
MYSTERY
page 60

Guide for the Bridegroom
page 33

KNOX

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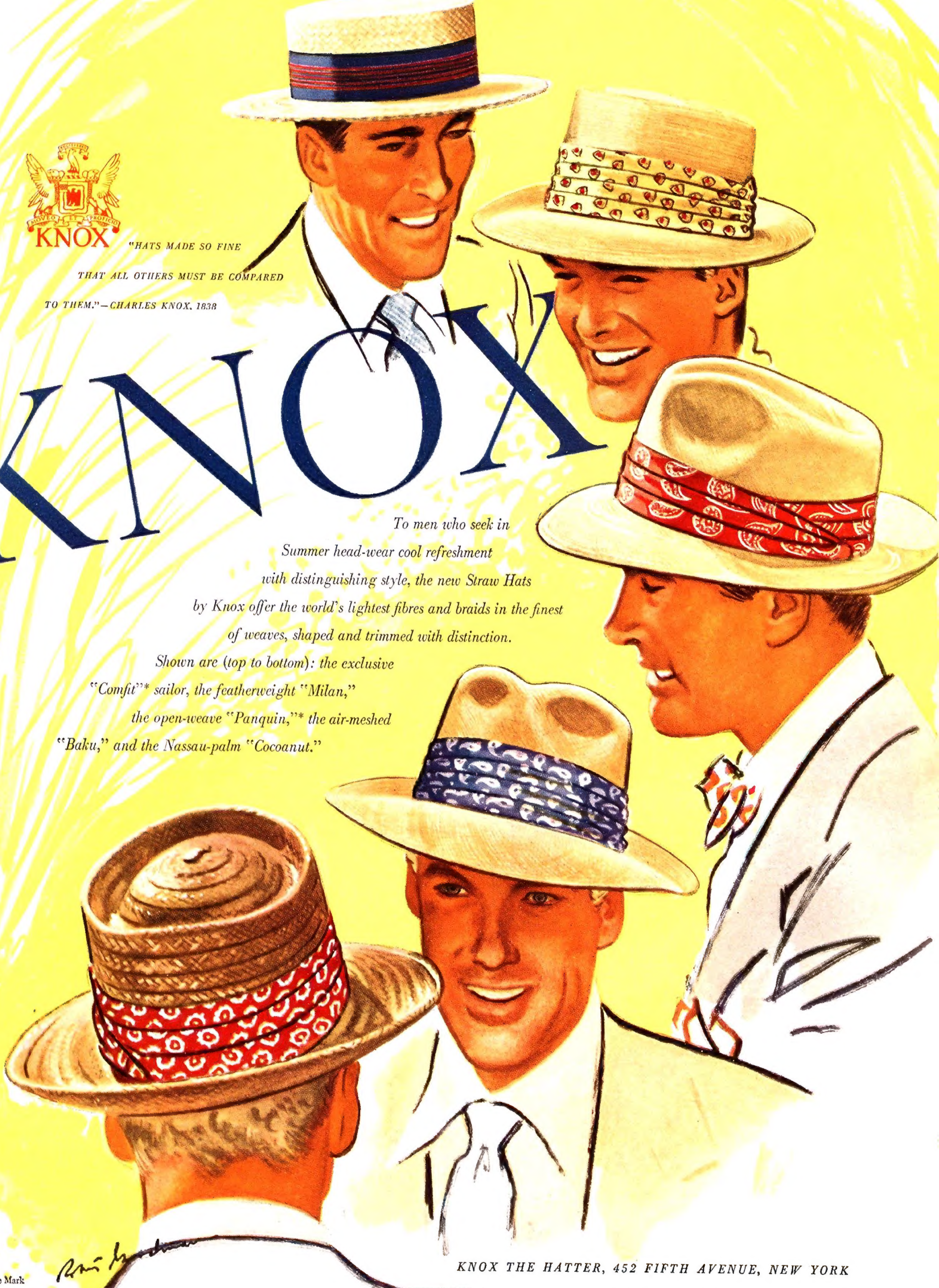
THAT ALL OTHERS MUST BE COMPARED
TO THEM."—CHARLES KNOX, 1838

KNOX



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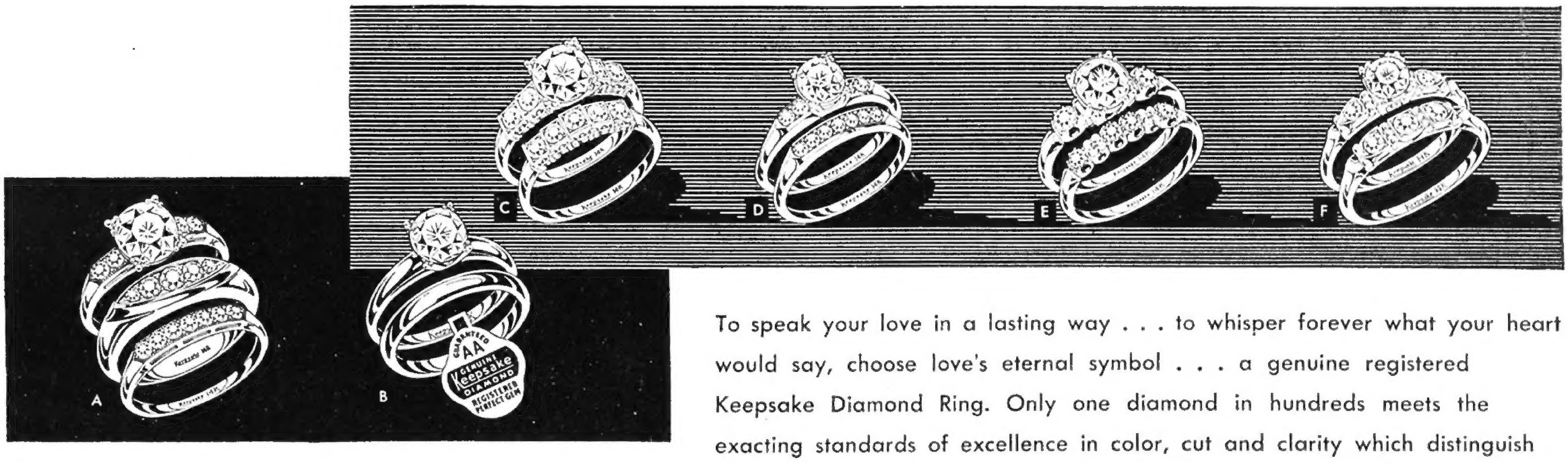

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Kanetankerous

Our usually courteous and sympathetic readers have been giving Esquire a rough time of it of late. We have, of course, our regular claque of supporters to offset the other regulars who lie in wait along the thorny path of publication to point out typographical errors (if any) and others (if possible) which might teach us to mend our ways.

But now they have joined forces and even our happiest correspondents have swelled the chorus of those chanting for more Kane murder mysteries, following that author's spectacular seating arrangement, *Armchair in Hell*, in the January issue.

So we are pleased indeed to come out of hiding with another Esquire *Bedside* Murder Mystery in this issue, blandly entitled *Suicide Is Scandalous.* Pete Chambers, our own private eye, remains as your companion in adventure this month: but Henry Kane has already rushed back to his typewriter with *more* ringing in his ears. We hear you, good friends, and next time you start shouting for more *Bedside* reading, just look around you. We're right there, next to you, stocking up the larder for future issues.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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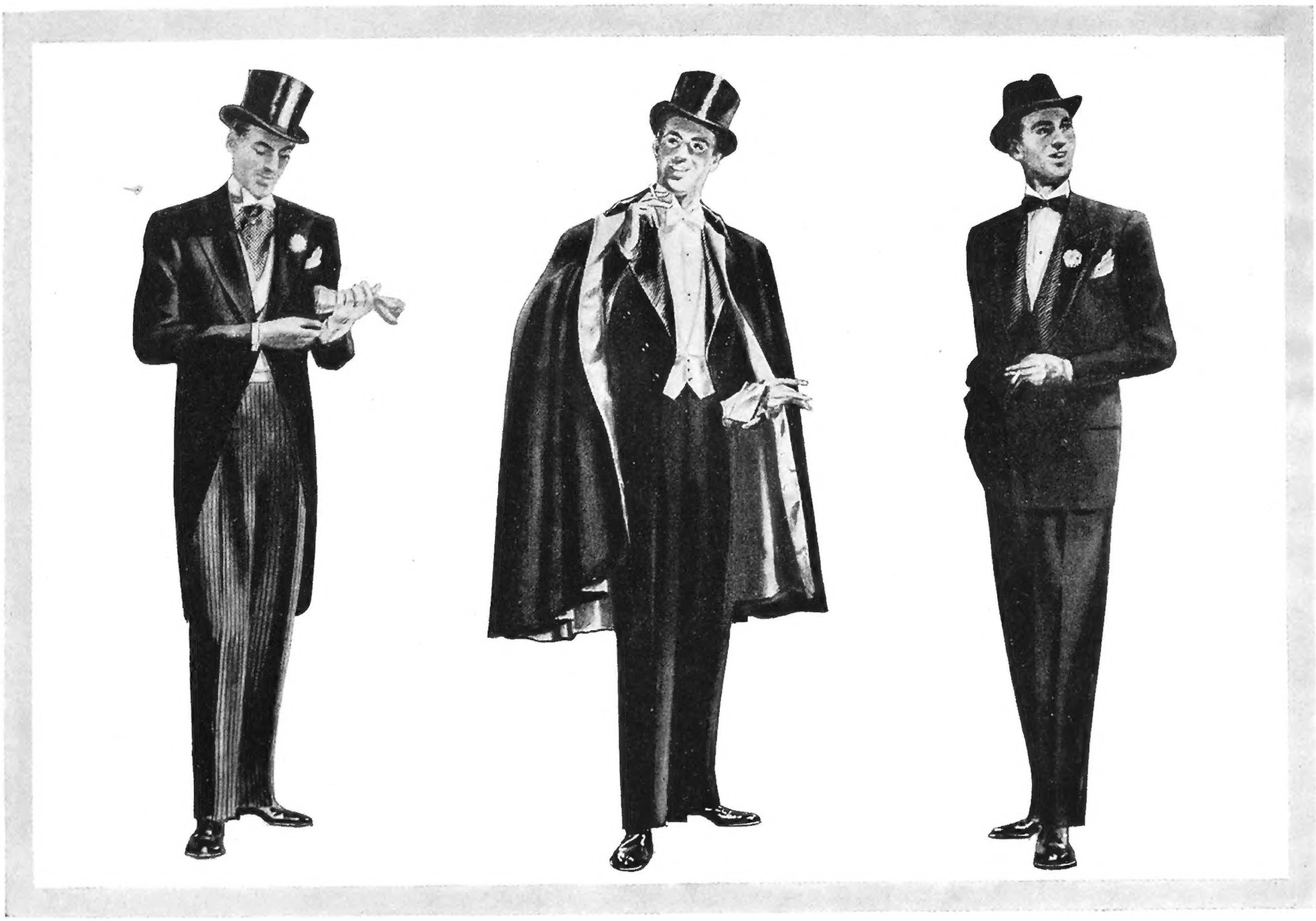
Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17; drawings to Esquire, Inc., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $8.50. Subscribers changing their addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

T.M.REG.

Editorial: Secrets of Good Grooming



In this month of June it is our stern duty to point out that not only do brides get married, but also grooms. And so this issue has been dedicated to the proposition that the male is just as essential to the glory of the nuptials as the womenfolk, and frequently more so.

By tradition, alas, the groom has always been something of a buffoon. It is true, of course, that in the long line of the great clowns of history you will find nary a woman. Exposing our age and probably our ignorance at the same time, the only woman comedian we can think of just now is the late Mabel Normand, of the silent films, who spurned the gentler role of "comedienne" (definition: attractive woman with good gag writer) for an occasional pie in the face. But male comics have been legion, and still are. Is there something fundamentally comic about the male, do you suppose? Does he fall harder over a banana peel, or look funnier with a pail over his head, than his partner in love? What makes a woman without her skirt look quite normal, and a man about to step into his pants look so uniquely undignified? (Don't tell us. We know.)

But, at the long last, the groom is surely the forgotten man of the wedding day. Note the social columns in this morning's paper. First you see the lovely faces of the brides. Then come three columns describing her gown, what the bridesmaids wore, what kind of a corsage her mother wore, and so on. At the very end, it says: The groom graduated from Yale, served overseas for three years, and will shortly become a V.P. in her father's business. This kind of thing must stop.

It is popularly supposed, of course, that the groom did all of his shining, and very resplendently too, in the course of the bachelor dinner. Although visualized in the gentle female imagination as a frenzied and orgiastic ritual of satyrs in which all of the baser instincts of the male are given free rein, the bachelor dinner of the "last fling" tradition has been largely overrated, in our opinion. The victim usually sits gloomily in the center of the torture table, toying with his steak, stares vacantly into space now and then, laughs feebly at the lusty sallies of his court, and wonders where in hell he ever collected such a dull and vulgar set of cronies. He is generally regarded by his hearty guests as a ridiculous and miserable creature at the lowest point of his life. The married men chuckle loudly over the great secret he does not share: the bachelors cackle at the sucker who has been so neatly trapped. The groom himself is a living lie. He would far rather be with his girl, but custom forbids even that.

Thus badgered, he comes to the altar. He has not been permitted to see his beauteous and glowing bride as she approaches. He makes an unostentatious entry from some cloakroom at the front of the church, while she sweeps up the aisle like a queen. The only solace of the male during this performance is vested in the father of the bride, who is paying plenty for the privilege of having her on his arm.

Equally unhappy is the community standing of the groom. After all, he is marrying his bride in her home territory, exposed to the merciless glare of her own relatives, and his outnumbered supporters are largely the minions he brings with him as ushers and helpers. More often than not, these are young and bouncy characters who disturb the slumbers of the local police, proposition the bridesmaids, and consume such oceans of champagne that when the old man totals it all up, months later, he discovers to his horror that the party, including Aunt Jessica (a temperance leader in her own state) has averaged half a case each.

All in all, a sad state of things, and one which must be corrected. So we have gathered in this issue a glossary of fact and fancy, axioms and ascots, which will brighten the lot of the harried male animal on the wedding day, be he groom, father, best man, usher, or guest. To our knowledge, at no time has any publication strode thus manfully to the fore, proclaiming the importance of the groom and his followers, and doing something about it in a portfolio of manners, fashions, and facts which is a complete Baedeker for our man's great plunge into the unknown. You'll want to keep this issue by you as a ready reference guide, all year round, whenever wedding bells begin to ring.

And now, gentlemen, a toast to the bride. ⧺

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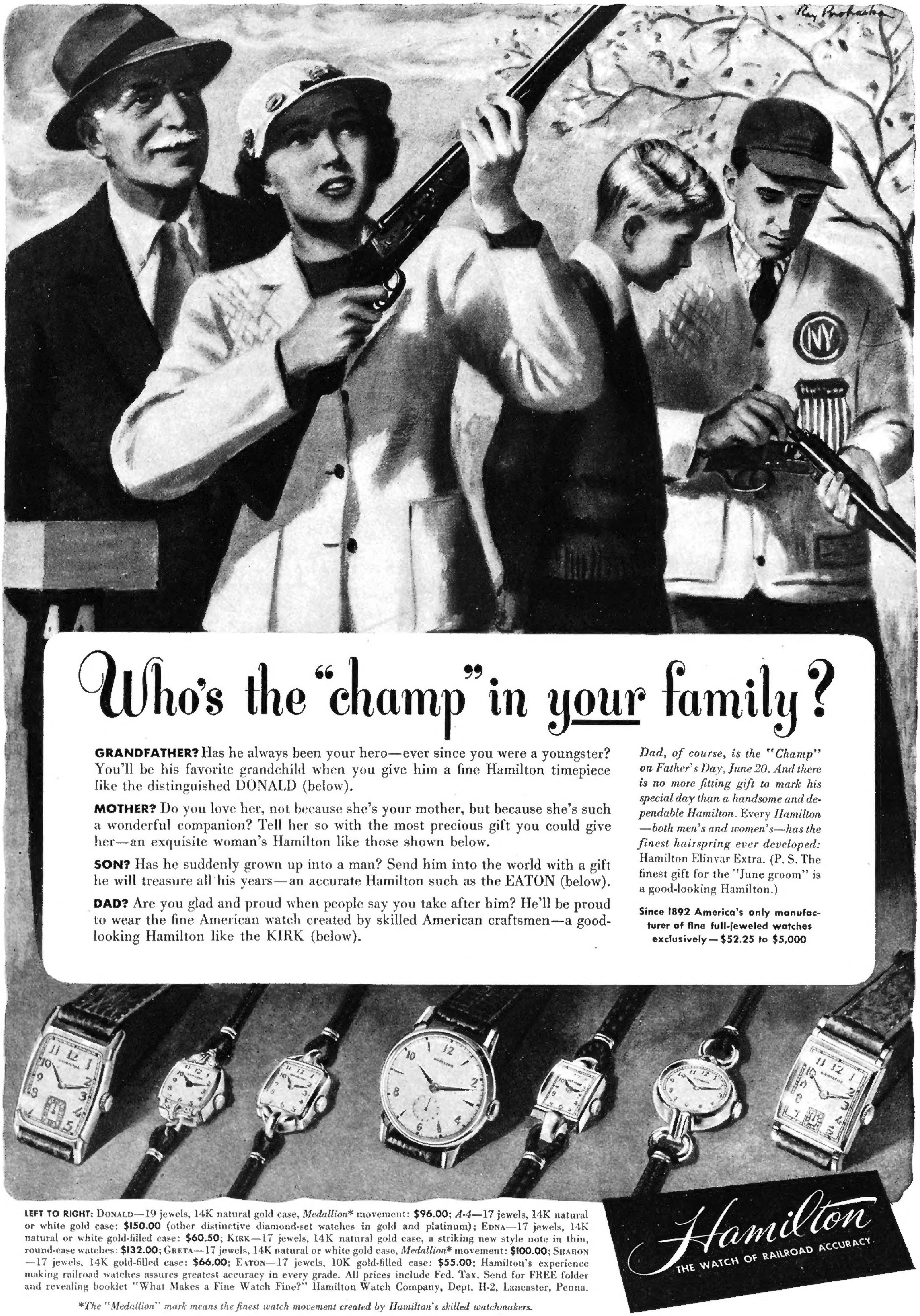

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The Sound and the Fury

science without pain

In your March, 1948, issue, *Do You Know Your Women?* by Dr. Rice was worth the price of the entire magazine. I felt so strongly about this article that I read it to my science classes. Many pertinent facts about human biology were presented in a way that was easy to understand and enjoyable to read. I think if our textbooks were written more in this vein we would certainly have more interested students as well as better-informed ones. If possible I think you should have reprints made of this article and either sell or otherwise distribute it to our public schools.

Robert C. Vickers
Williamsburg, Va.

this, too, is Sylvia

We heartily enjoyed reading your article about Sylvia Lyons because we know that that is Sylvia. We think however, that one of the cutest gags that Sylvia pulled on Leonard took place at the French Hospital recently, right after the birth of her fourth son. When she entered the hospital she hung photographs of her three sons around a lacy, girlish, pretty little dress on the wall mirror. They had bought the dress in Switzerland two years ago, and it was supposed to be charmed to bring them a little daughter:—GUARANTEED.

Right after their fourth son was born, Leonard was ushered into the room, saw the dress, which looked even prettier, lacier and more baby-girlish than ever, and on the dress was a little hand drawn placard: "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE." After that she asked for the boxing gloves that Mr. Gallico referred to. What a gal.

Alton H. Zucker
New York, N. Y.

Report card

apple polishers

In *Do You Know Your Women?* (March 1948), J. B. Rice states that girls do better than boys in school from kindergarten through high school. In protest at this outrage against male dignity I refer you to *School Science and Mathematics*, an educational magazine. In the December issue, an article by Dean Lobaugh, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Eugene, Oregon, announces the results of surveys made to discover the extent personal bias of teachers governed the grades pupils received.

These surveys showed that personal appearance and neatness in general, rather than academic ability, entered into giving grades more than teachers realized. It was found the most serious offenders were women teachers who depended too much on the neatness and punctuality of the papers rather than on actual test grades.

The author cited as an example that a girl valedictorian went down to 49th place as far as knowledge was concerned when all the graduates were given standard achievement tests. Further, the whole group of high-graded girls shifted from the top of the list to the bottom.

It seems clear to me that the reason girls don't stay on top in college is that here personal opinions don't enter in, since all grading is strictly on the basis of test scores given by an impartial examiner.

Taken as a whole though, I thought the article very interesting.

Fred Graham
Spokane, Wash.

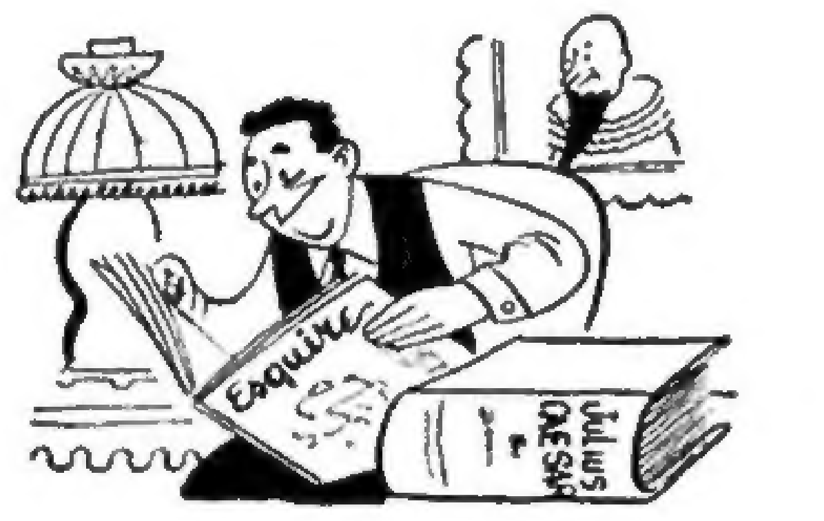
Roth, front and center

Look friends, we buy your magazine at a very high price here in Mexico and we hope to get service when we want it, especially if a request is made every five years.

What I want to know is can anyone in your office make a few sketches, so that we will understand how to execute those marvelous Indian "Dands." We believe all that was said about these exercises, but like P. Minor of New York, we have been unable to figure out how these "dands is done."

Here's the point. There are a lot of us who want to try out the "Dands" for a length of time in a serious manner, after which we may challenge the writer of the article.

Edwin J. Ryan
Gotham de Mexico, S. A.



UNESCO esky

I am a teacher of English at the Sarospatak Academy, the only institute of its kind in Hungary where English is taught intensively. Last year our students performed the tragedy *Julius Caesar* in unabridged English, and this year they are preparing for a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The students are well worth the time and energy we sacrifice in teaching them their roles, for by the time they graduate all of them are able to speak English.

Our chief postwar difficulty is lack of reading material. Recently I happened to see a copy of Esquire in the Reference Library of the American Legation in Budapest. It having been my favorite magazine in the U.S.A., I thought of trying to get it for our teachers' library, but the difficulty of remittance presented itself. Now I appeal to the kindness and generosity of your readers. It does not matter if the copies are six months old; we are only anxious to acquaint our students with the life of America through one of its leading magazines.

Eugene Devay
Kazinczy, Hungary

on the town

Just finished reading the article *Jungle Café* in your January issue. I was very pleased with the way Author Harkins told of some hardships tankermen endure. I have made two trips by tanker and three by cargo ships to the remotest spots at Lake Maracaibo and have never even had the good fortune of finding a local pub in sight for at least five miles. As for the American communities in Venezuela, they can have my part of that deal. We were self-invited guests at one settlement and were met with glances that we would not have gotten in the jungle.

A Sailor
Seattle, Wash.

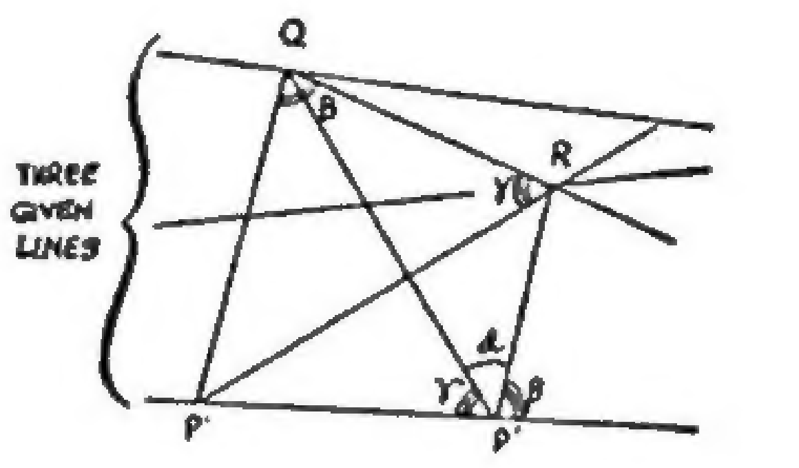
domestic horsepower

I was keenly interested in the article *Imported Horsepower* in the February Esquire. I think our members will be pleased to have some of their favorite cars publicized in this fashion.

However, not all members of the Sports Car Club of America own foreign cars. Several domestic cars of the 1930's and earlier, including such makes as Stutz, Mercer, Super-charged Duesenbergs and Cords, Kissel and duPont speedsters to name a few, are considered eligible by the Club.

One of the biggest events of the Sports Car Club of America is the annual trek to Indianapolis for the 500-mile speed classic, which members from all parts of the United States attend.

D. Carleton Wilson
Philadelphia, Pa.



Oxford at Yank

You really make very heavy weather over a remarkably simple problem. To construct a triangle of *any* required shape (e.g. equilateral) with its vertices on *any* three lines (e.g. parallel) let the angles of the required triangle be D B Y and proceed as in the self-explanatory diagram, choosing p and constructing Q R P to give the required triangle P Q R. A simple extension of the method permits the construction (when possible) of a triangle of any given shape with its vertices on three given circles—and, indeed, one of the vertices can be chosen arbitrarily.

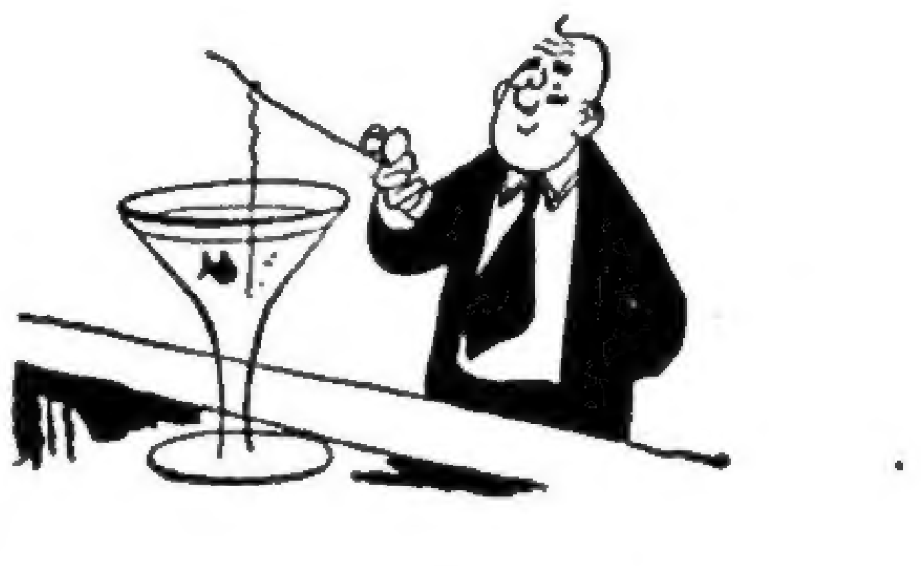
J. G. Mauldon
Oxford, England

phenomena

Persons who were born in the year 1892, who now in 1948 are 56 years old, were rather distinctly unique twelve years ago. In that year, 1936, they could have said: "I am 'X' years old in the year 'X' squared."

This is true because they then were 44 years old, and the square of 44 is 1936. This can be said of no other birthday in this century. The one before took place near the middle of the last century for all persons born in the year 1806. All such persons were 43 years old in the gold rush year of 1849 and the square of 43 is 1849. Looking ahead, the next opportunity will take place in the coming century, to those who will be born in the year 1980. They, 45 years later in the year 2025 can say: "X years old in the year 'X' squared."

Wilmer Thompson
Tokyo, Japan



stabb'd with laughter

I like to think myself a fairly broad-minded person. I can appreciate a bit of satire and humor, but *Dry Fly Barflies* is strictly sacrilege as I'm sure every outdoor-minded person would agree.

If these great outdoors of ours were so detrimental to the well-being of civilized mankind, I'm sure that the Divine Being would have created the world with a polished mahogany top and indirect lighting instead of trees, streams and sunshine.

I might add in closing that this one article in no way lowers my opinion of your magazine as I realize you cannot please all the people all the time.

R. J. Murray
Lubbock, Tex.

are girls garrulous?

question

In your article *Do You Know Your Women?* in March's Esquire you state "Females outgab males by a wide margin for a reason, etc." and further on "Women are impelled to talk more than men instinctively, etc."

Would you please give me the sources of these statements. I have long been a proponent of such a view but have not been able to find experimental data to substantiate my views.

Jerry T. Kalavity
Columbus, Ohio

reply

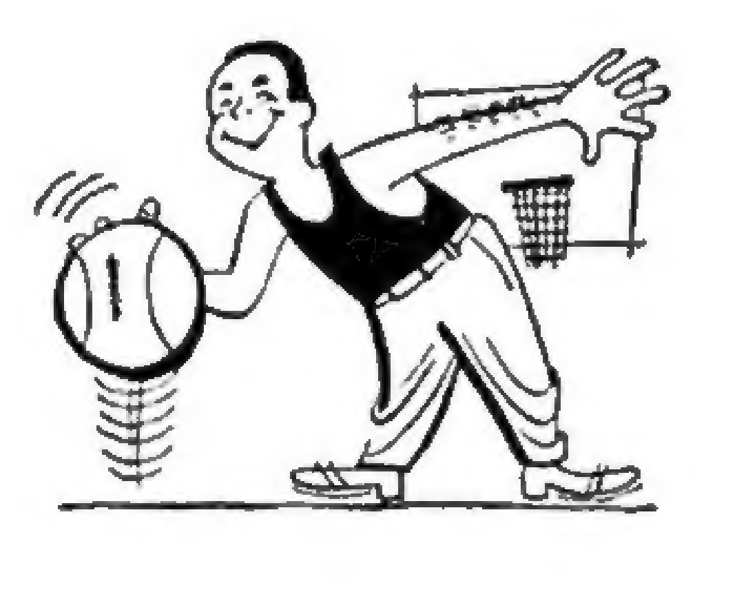
Replying to Mr. Kalavity, female loquacity has been justly celebrated in song and story since ancient times. My statements were largely based upon the following:

Florence Goodenough in *Developmental Psychology* (Appleton-Century) says "Nearly all investigators have found that, on the average, girl babies begin to talk a little earlier than do boys, that their vocabularies at any age are a little larger, and that they use longer sentences."

Dr. Quinn McNemar in *The Revision of the Stanford Binet Scale* (Houghton-Mifflin) found that girls do better in language items, especially those involving choice of words, vocabulary, speech, etc.

McCarthy (reference misplaced) reports that investigators could understand thirty-eight per cent of what year-and-a-half-old girls said whereas only fourteen per cent of what boys of the same age said was intelligible.

J. B. Rice, M.D.
New York City



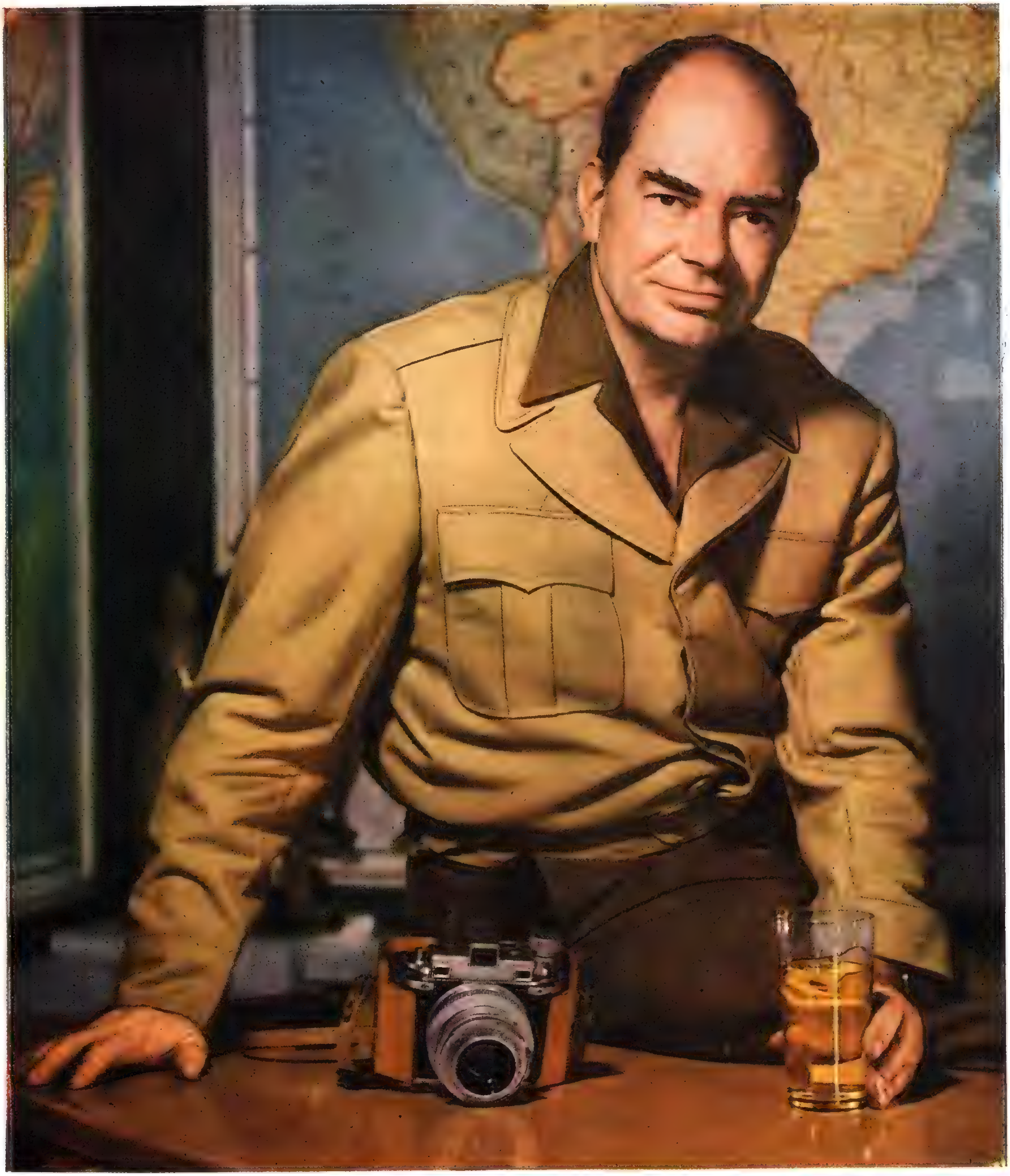
hoop pilots

In the March edition of your magazine Mr. Stanley Frank points out the top-ranking coaches in the country. I am no Kentucky fan, but I cannot see how anyone can omit Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, who produces a winner annually. When his team loses it's called a major upset. Orchids to Mr. Bee for producing a winner with limited facilities, but I believe that most basketball fans will agree with me that when great coaches are mentioned the name of Rupp shouldn't be omitted.

A. H. Moskow
Whiteville, N. C.

Editor's Note: *Stanley Frank stated in his article,* The Age of the Golden Bee, *that "Clair Bee is the best coach in the basketball business, challenged feebly only by Hank Iba of the Oklahoma Aggies and Joe Lapchick, who recently left St. Johns for the professional league."*

This is one great sports writer's opinion on an eternally arguable question, and does not, of course, comprise an extensive list of top coaches. Esquire's recognition of Adolph Rupp's excellent coaching was expressed as long ago as February, 1943, in an article by Jimmy Jones, entitled Rupp and Ready.



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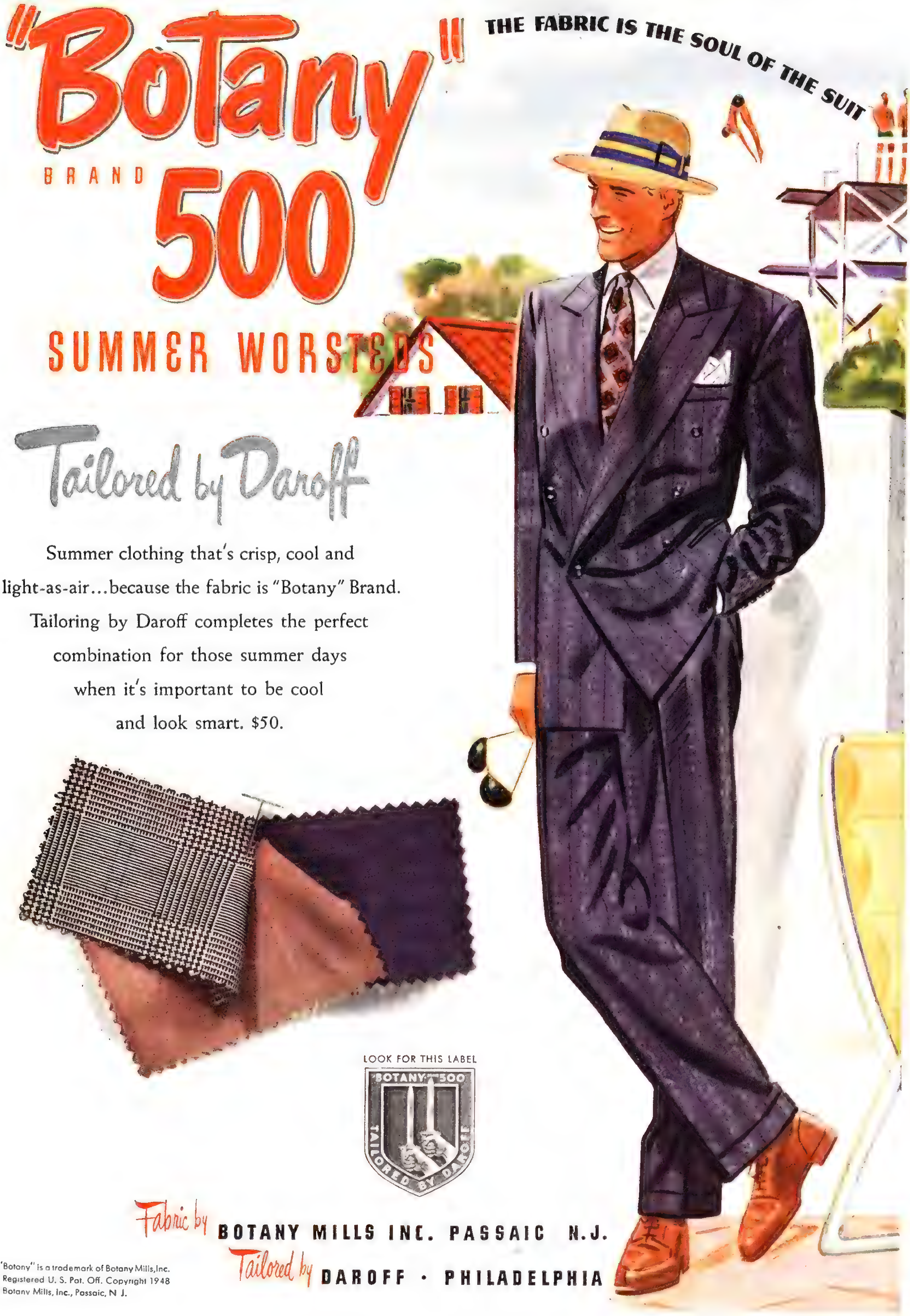

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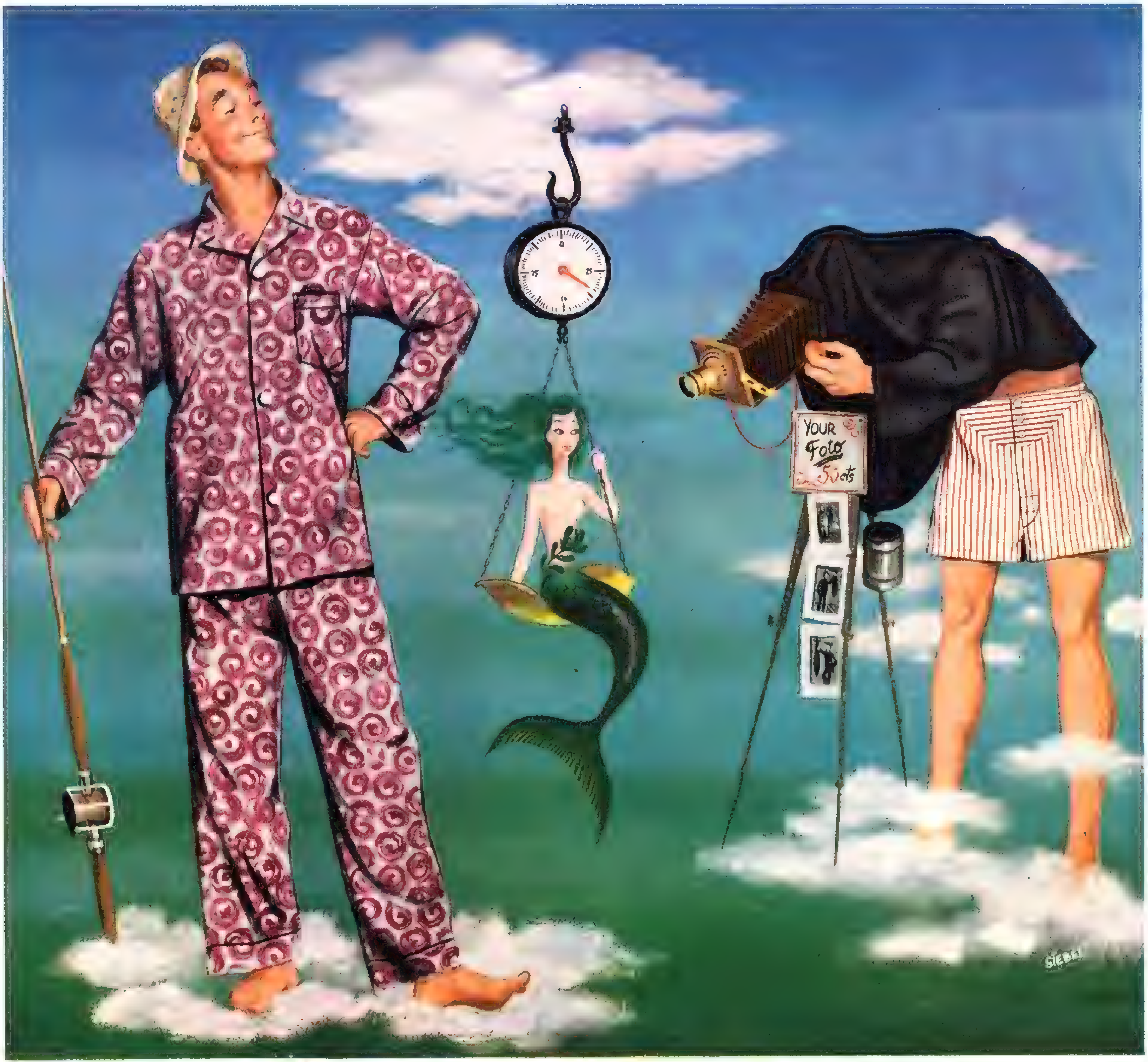

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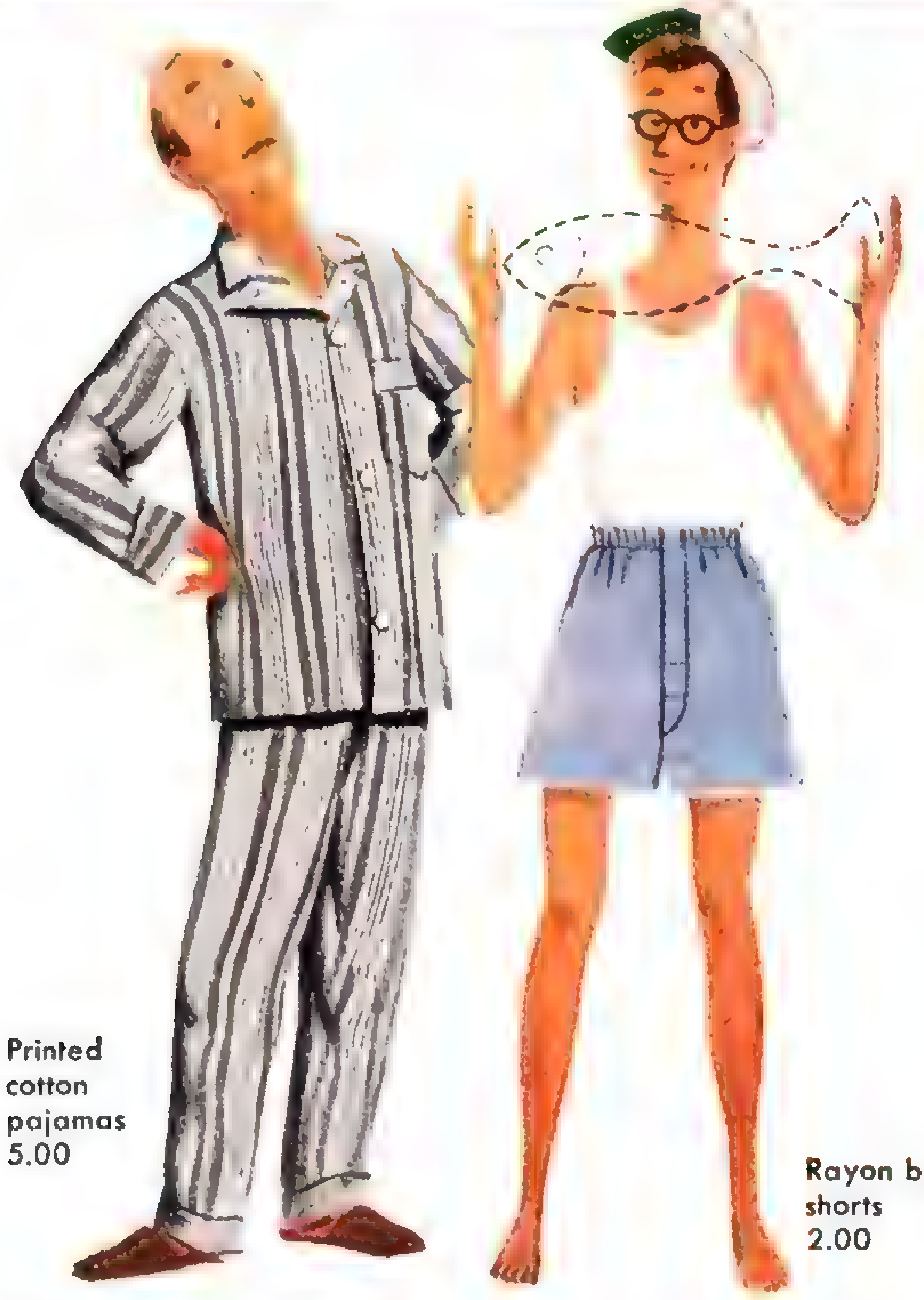

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Talking Shop with Esquire

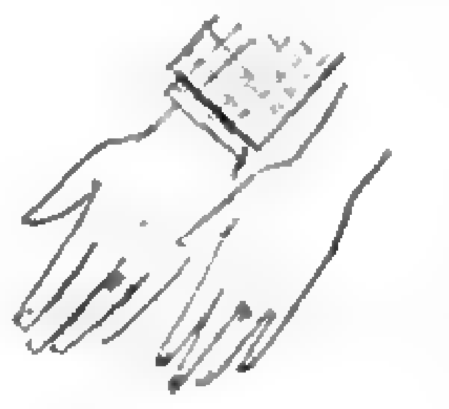
SHE SAYS "YES!" That's your cue to slip the engagement ring on her finger. This fine old custom represents a pretty sizeable investment on your part, so before you start shopping for the ring, here are a few tips to guide you:

HOW MUCH SHOULD IT COST? Depends entirely on what you can afford to invest—they range in price from under a hundred on up to astronomical sums. The smart thing to do is visit your jeweler first, and tell him about what price range you're willing to plunge into. Then go collect your girl and bring her in, to make the selection together. The jeweler will bring out a nice array of rings on a velvet tray; she can pick and choose to her heart's content; and *you* can breathe easily all the time without even having to discuss the financial part of it. Of course, the ring is wrapped up and presented to her later—she doesn't just walk out of the store with it on.

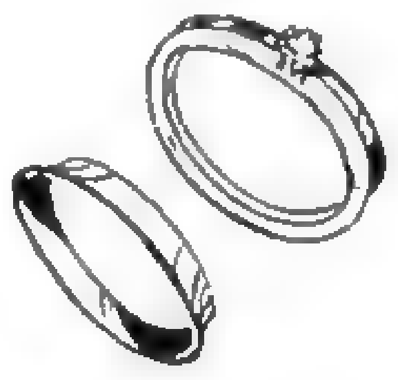
MORE ABOUT DIAMONDS. If you want to really bone up on the subject, here's a little booklet, with 32 pages all about how they are mined, cut and polished, and valuable information for your fiancée—how to take proper care of her diamond. The booklet is yours for the asking.

THE WEDDING RING is often selected right along with the engagement ring. This is where the bride-to-be gets to buy *you* a ring, if you decide you'd like one! According to the Jewelers, about 85% of the men getting married nowadays want to wear a ring too.

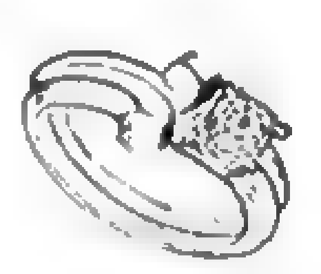
JUST LIKE GRANDMA'S. A popular type wedding ring today for both bride and groom is the revival of the old-fashioned wide, gold bands. Some of them are nearly half an inch wide and give plenty of room for long and sentimental inscriptions. With the wide wedding band, the girl wears her engagement ring on her *right* hand.



SOMETHING OLD. A revival of the "guard". If you're marrying a lass who's always losing things, maybe you'll be interested in this wedding band that comes with a duplicate guard ring. The diamond engagement ring is kept in place between the two, making one wide ring. This is a revival of a fashion in wedding bands popular in the 20's. The ring sketched with the guard-wedding ring combination is a revival too. A yellow gold setting with high prongs to hold the diamond high off the finger and make it appear bigger and brighter.



SOMETHING NEW in the way of wedding ring combinations is this patented idea—the engagement ring is set with two center diamonds and some small side diamonds, in a sort of upsweep arrangement. When the wedding band goes on, it fits under the first ring in such a way that they make a single, compact unit.



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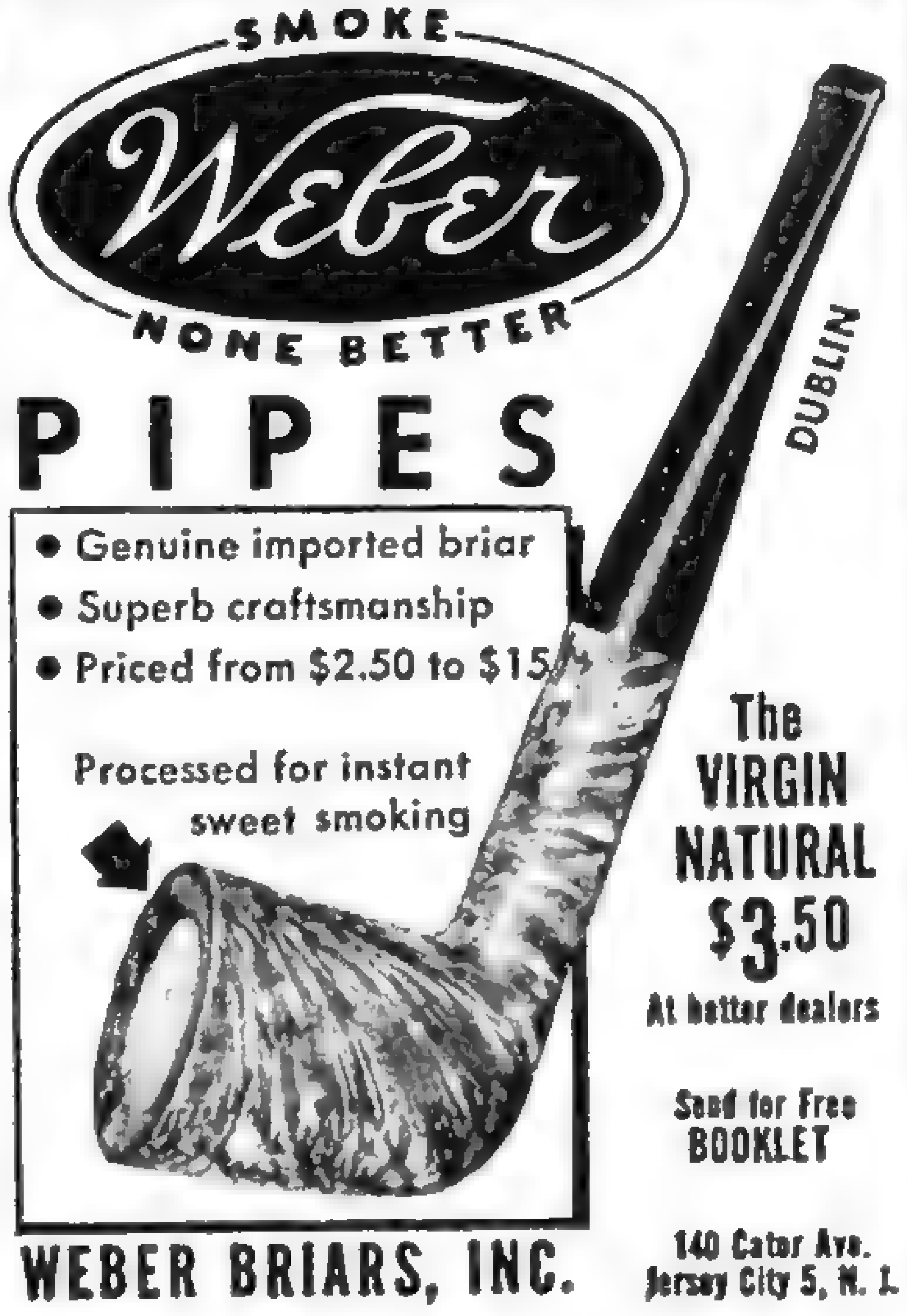

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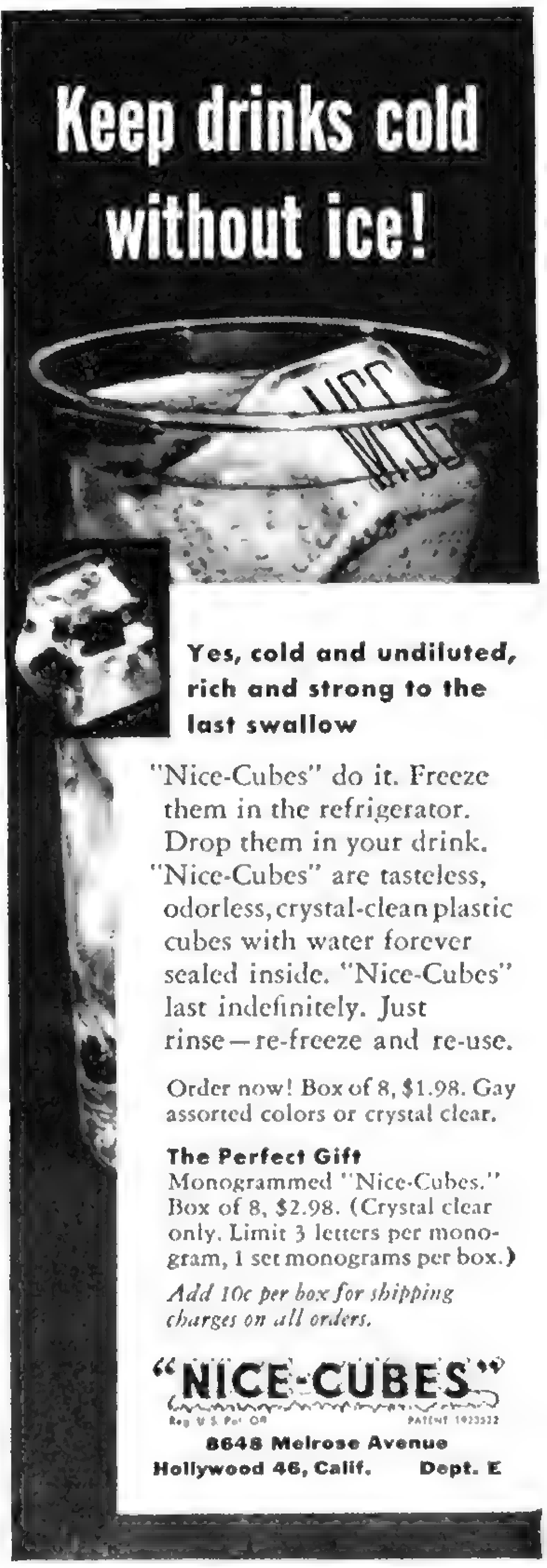

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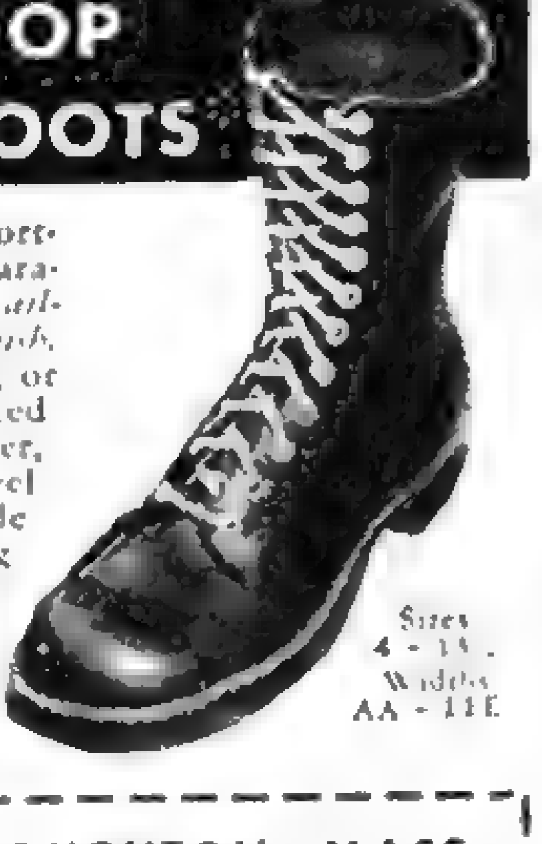

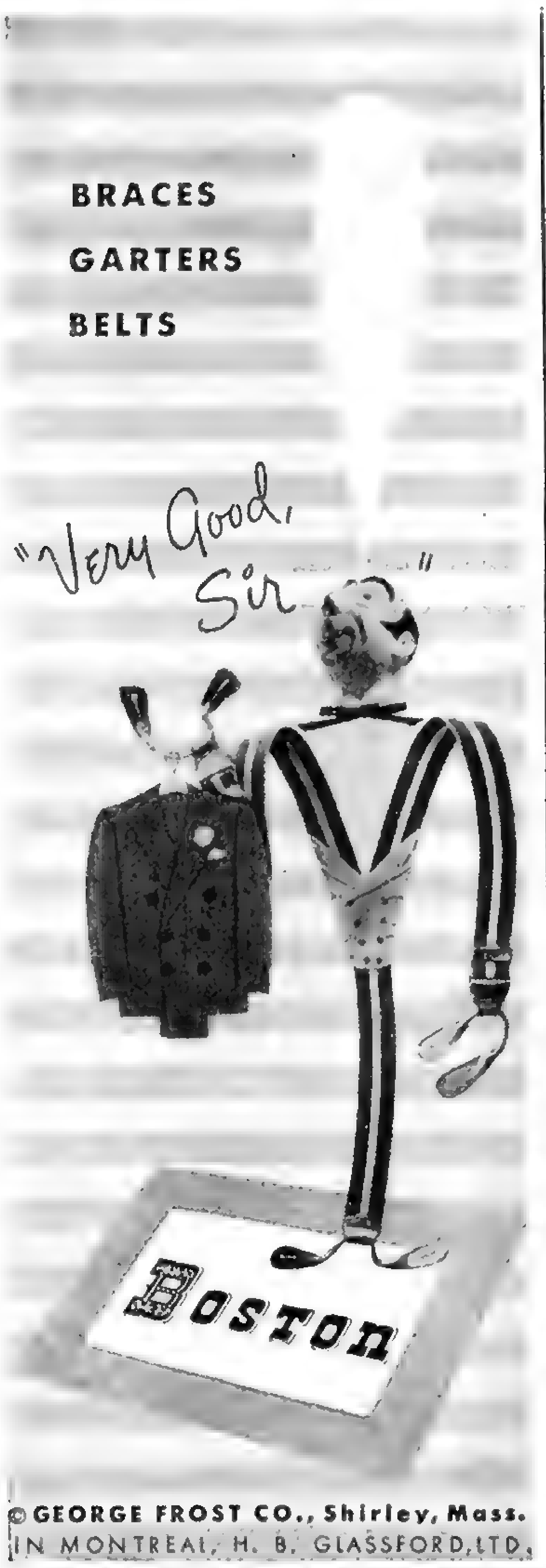

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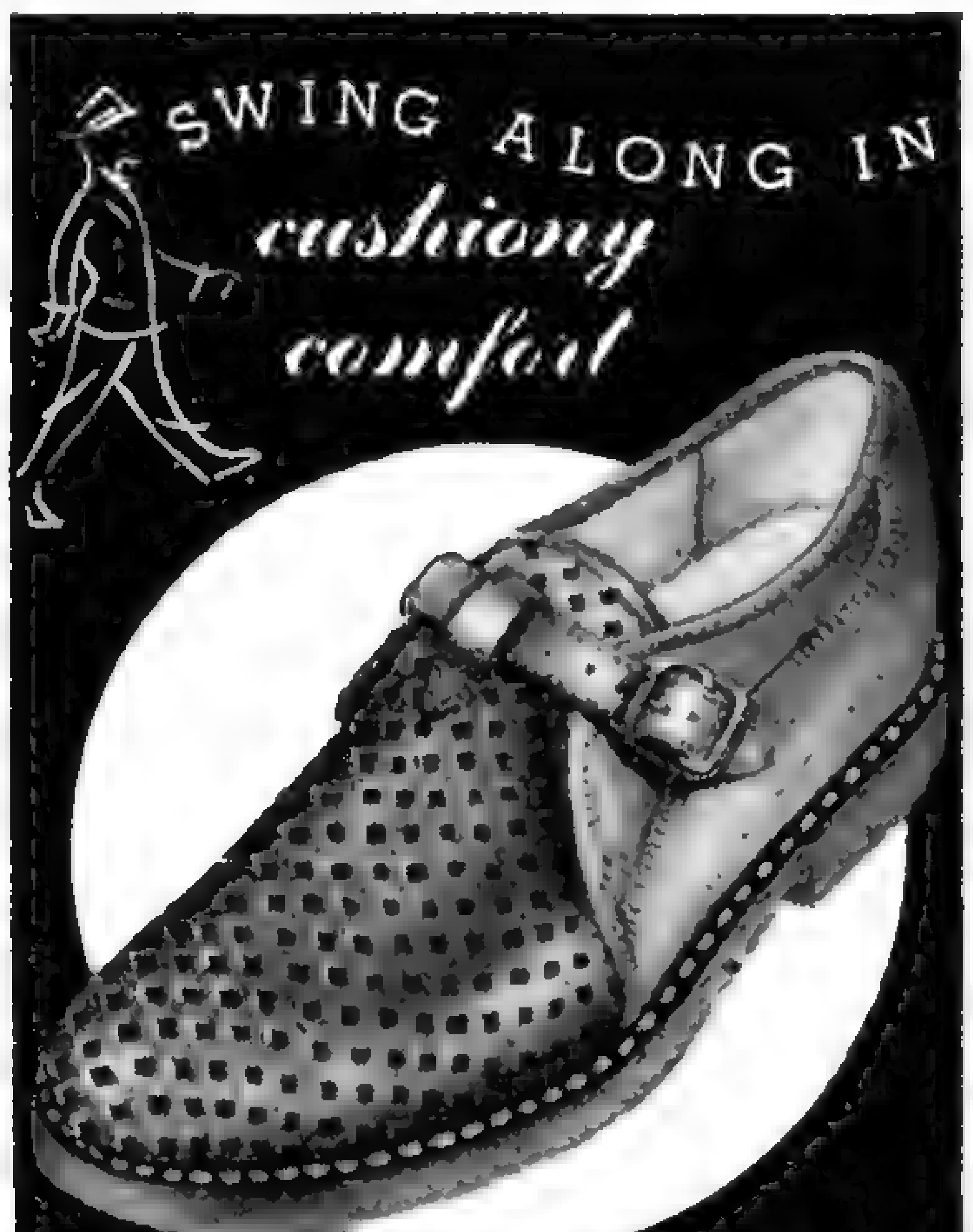

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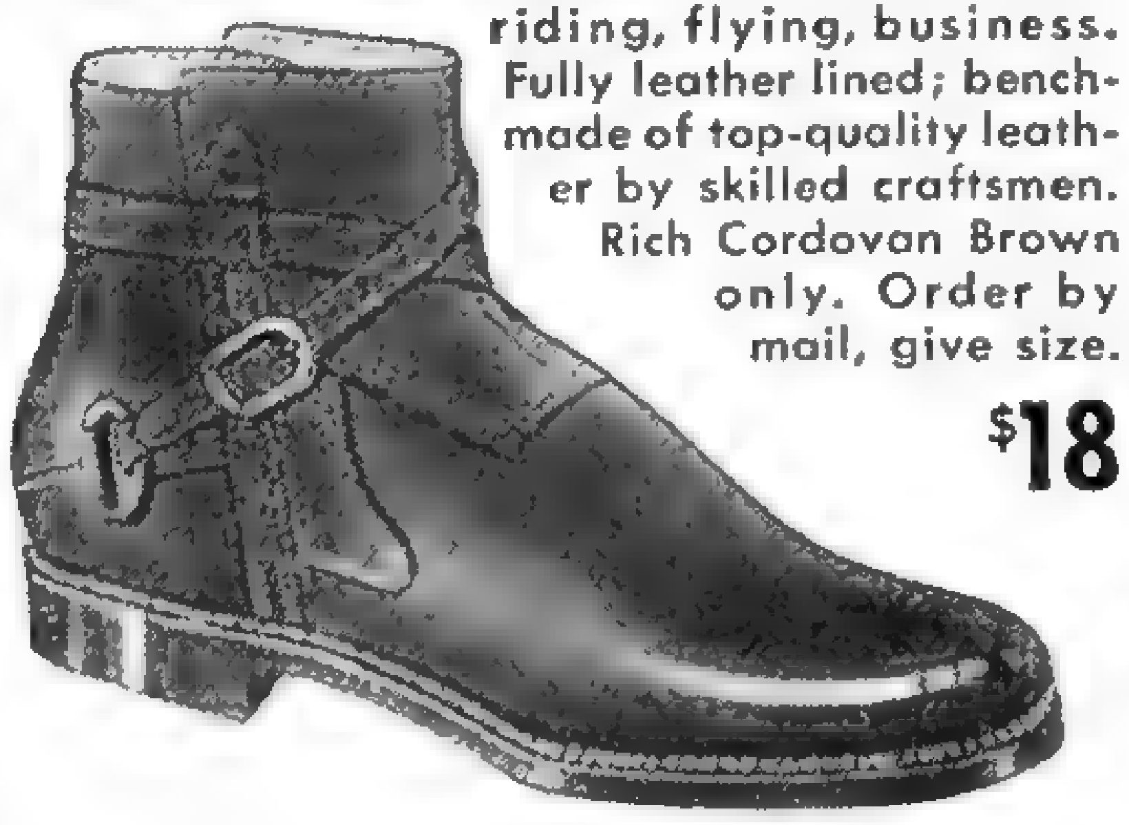

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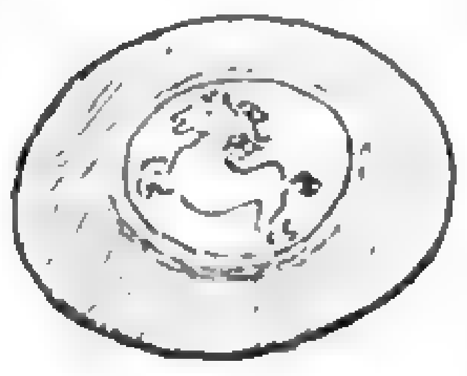
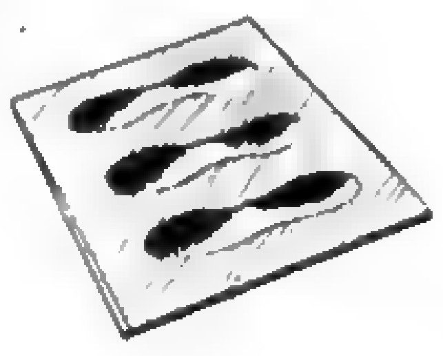
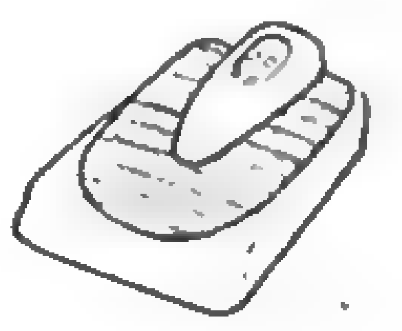


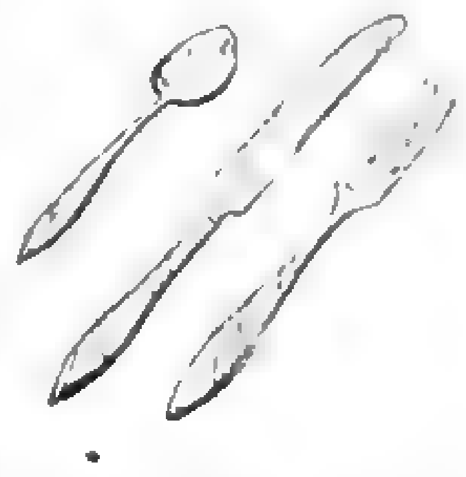
CHEESE BOARD. A young couple's entertaining will probably be on the limited side right at first. And here's a gift they can use right away for informal, beer type evenings—a circular, wooden cheese and cracker server. It comes in a dark walnut finish and has a removable circular tile in the middle—good idea for serving Camembert or Limburger, because the tile can be taken out of the tray and washed off. You have your choice of animals on the tile – either a very spirited horse, or a striped tiger—designed by Soriano. Also comes in birch or rubbed oak—lacquered and finished to a high gloss. Measures about 16″ in diameter. Both tile and tray together come to around twenty dollars.



FOR THE MODERN MINDED. A big, square, Lucite tray, molded into compartments, makes a good gift for a young couple with a yen for modern stuff. This one is dark bottle-green with three irregularly shaped compartments and ought to be darn useful for serving canapes at parties or holding vegetables for dinner. It measures about 14 x 14 inches and it's molded from a particularly hefty type of Lucite. Sells for about fifteen dollars.



PRACTICAL PRESENT. And one they'll both be using—a bathroom scale. This particular one done up in polished chrome with molded rubber platform. No ordinary scale this, it has a dial that lights up when you step up to weigh in. Just to make sure you don't miss the Awful Truth, the dial is covered with a magnifying lens. An adjusting device on the back keeps the scale accurate in spite of jolts, jars and climatic conditions. For about thirteen dollars.



THE GOLDEN TOUCH for table settings—knives, forks and spoons in a solid gold colored metal, make a practical wedding present. The pieces are simple in design, have a nice heft to them—solid all the way through, so there won't be any "wearing away" of the lustre. Requires no more special care than regular flatware, and has a hard, scratch-resistant surface. Comes in two patterns—one with a modern, squared-off look to it; the other, a more traditional, tapered line. A twenty-six piece set includes dinner knives, dinner forks, teaspoons, soup spoons – for six place settings, plus a butter knife, and a tarnish proof linen lined, wooden chest to keep it all in.

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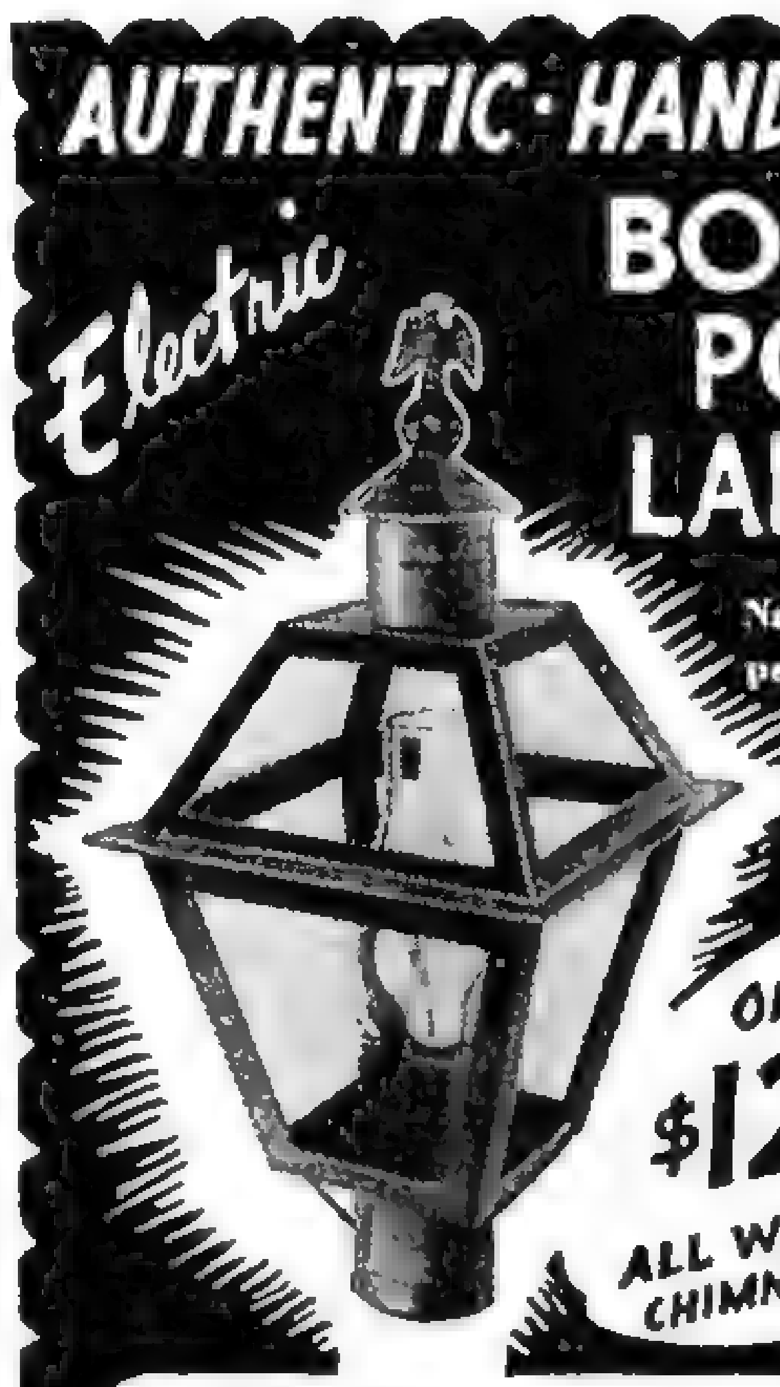

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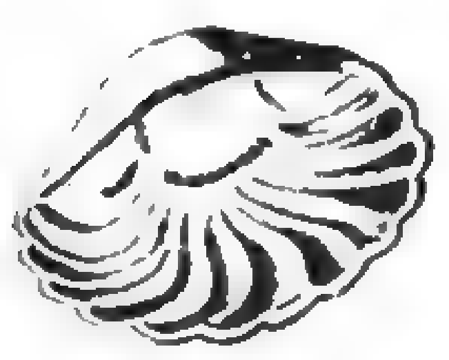
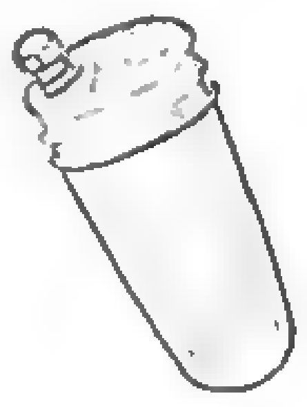
with Esquire

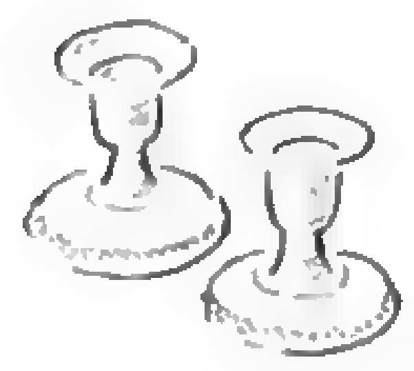
SWELL SHELL. Whatever type of table setting, modern or traditional, that a bride has chosen for her new home, she'll probably like this shell-shaped serving dish. It's made of a golden colored metal called "Ormulu" that's not supposed to tarnish. Keeps its lustre just with soap and water, no polishing necessary!



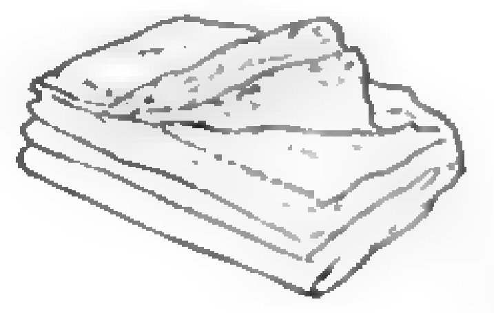
COCKTAILS FOR TWO. Those extra special first dinners at home will undoubtedly include a cocktail first. This silver plated cocktail shaker will be just the right size for the two of them. It's about 8 inches high and holds approximately sixteen ounces. There's a built-in strainer, and the cover slips into the base, instead of *over it*—to give a snug, no dribble proposition. Comes to about twelve dollars.



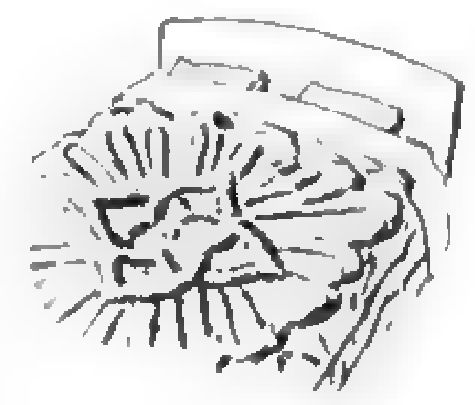
DINING BY CANDLELIGHT. The bride-to-be is probably already planning on intimate little dinners for two, with candlelight and wine and the rest of the trimmings. A pair of silver candlesticks are necessary props and make a welcome wedding present.



TROPIC WEIGHT BLANKET. Practical present with a luxury look—a summer weight blanket, just the right warmth for summer nights on the cool side. Bound in wide satin ribbon, they come in a whole raft of out-of-the-ordinary colors. (The one called "Primrose" yellow got the nod from us.) Just because this company is so enthusiastic about the color situation, they put out a nifty little booklet on color planning for bedrooms that a bride would probably appreciate. The blankets sell for about eleven dollars in the 72 x 90 inch size, or about fourteen dollars for the 80 x 90 inch size and the booklet is yours for the asking.



PRETTY SOFT! This satin finished comforter is a real lightweight, yet it's still very warm. The answer is in its innards—a soft filler of fine glass fibers that keeps the cold out and the warmth in. This filling is moisture and fire resistant, and moths won't want a single mouthful of it. Because glass fibers are inorganic, allergy sufferers can snooze in peace. The comforter comes in rose, green, wine, gold, blue, yellow and eggshell. For about forty dollars.



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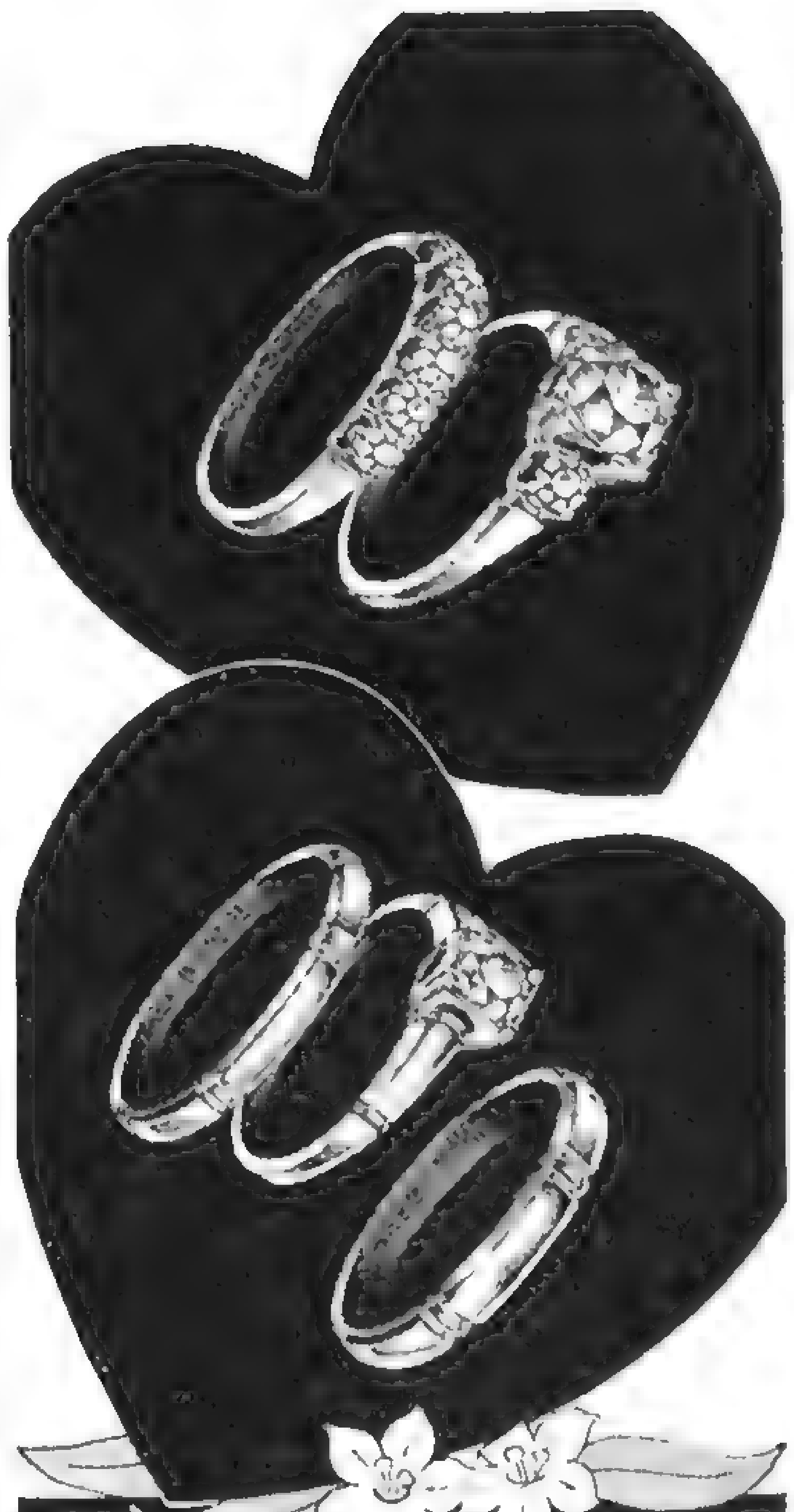

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For use with any Gillette Razor
20 Gillette BLUE BLADES

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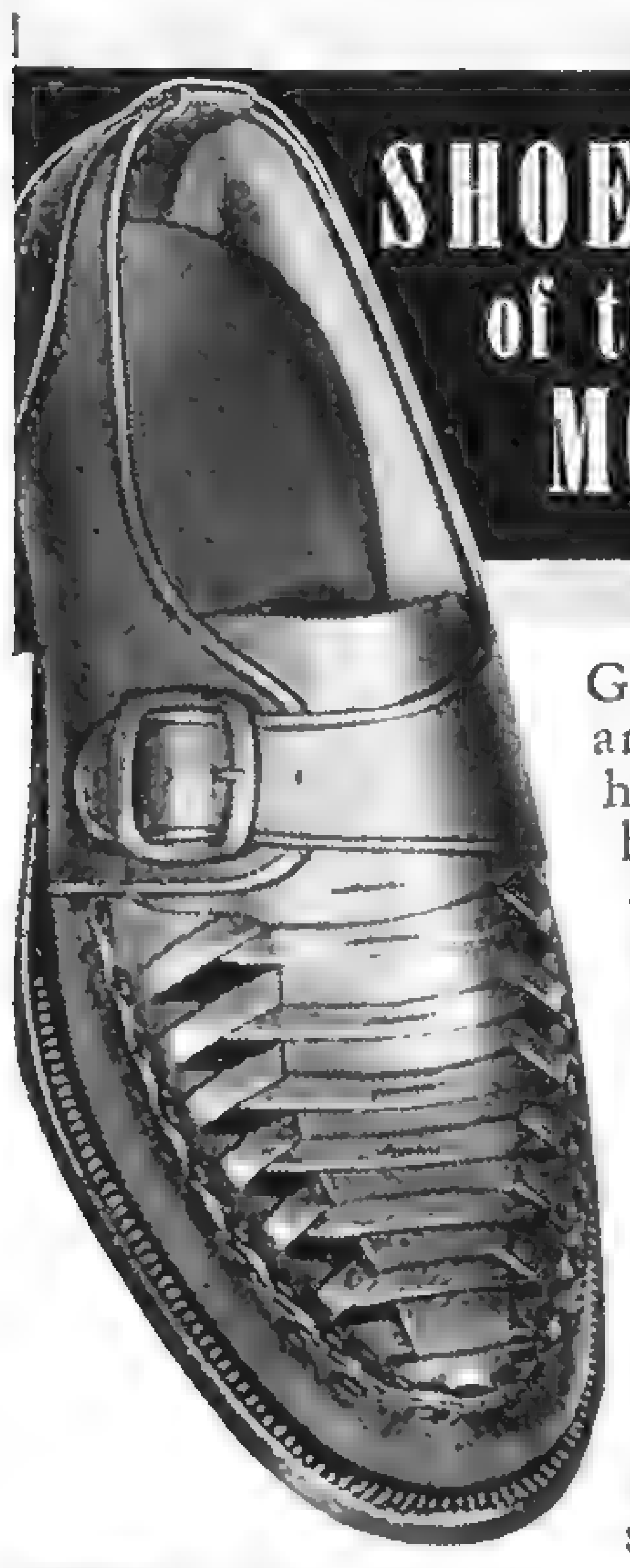

SHOE of the MONTH

Give your feet an all-summer holiday in the breezy comfort of these ultra-smart Concord Casuals. This Hand Woven, open pattern is a Concord exclusive. Hand sewn vamp and "kicker-back," flexible leather sole. Relax in smart comfort.

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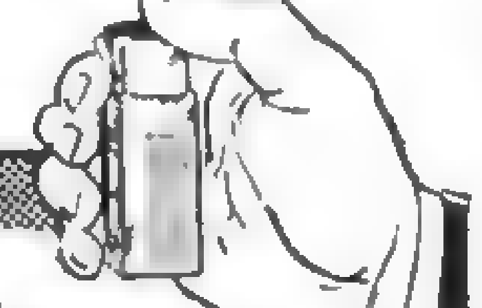

Here's what everyone's been waiting for—a vest pocket device that completely eliminates telltale breath after cocktails, smoking, onions, garlic, cheese, etc. You merely inhale Neutragen vapor from your

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The fresh Neutragen fragrance neutralizes your breath at its source—in the throat, chest and mouth. Breath-o-lator insures a clear neutral breath for every occasion.

Breath-o-lator and Neutragen wafers are a development of the Crosby Research Foundation of over five years testing. Used by dentists. Non-injurious. Mail $1 (check, money order or cash) for Breath-o-lator and two Neutragen wafers. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Neutragen wafer re-fills 3 for 25 cts. A wafer lasts about two weeks.

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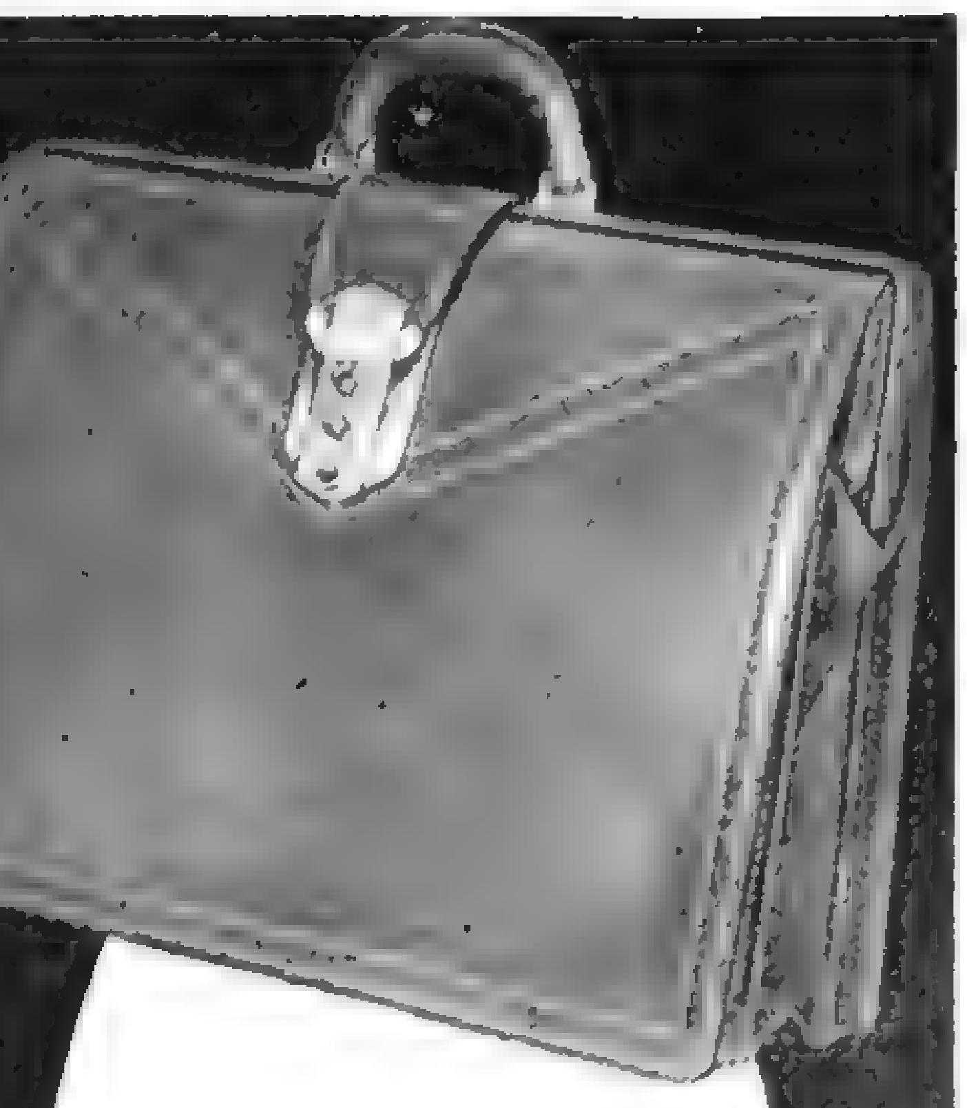

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$3^{00} PER POUND

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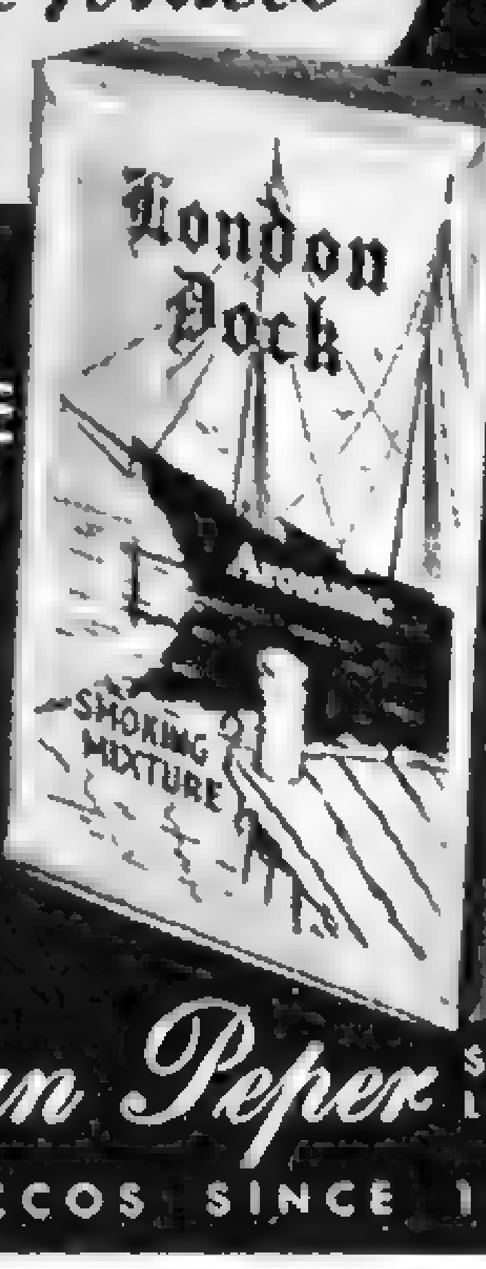

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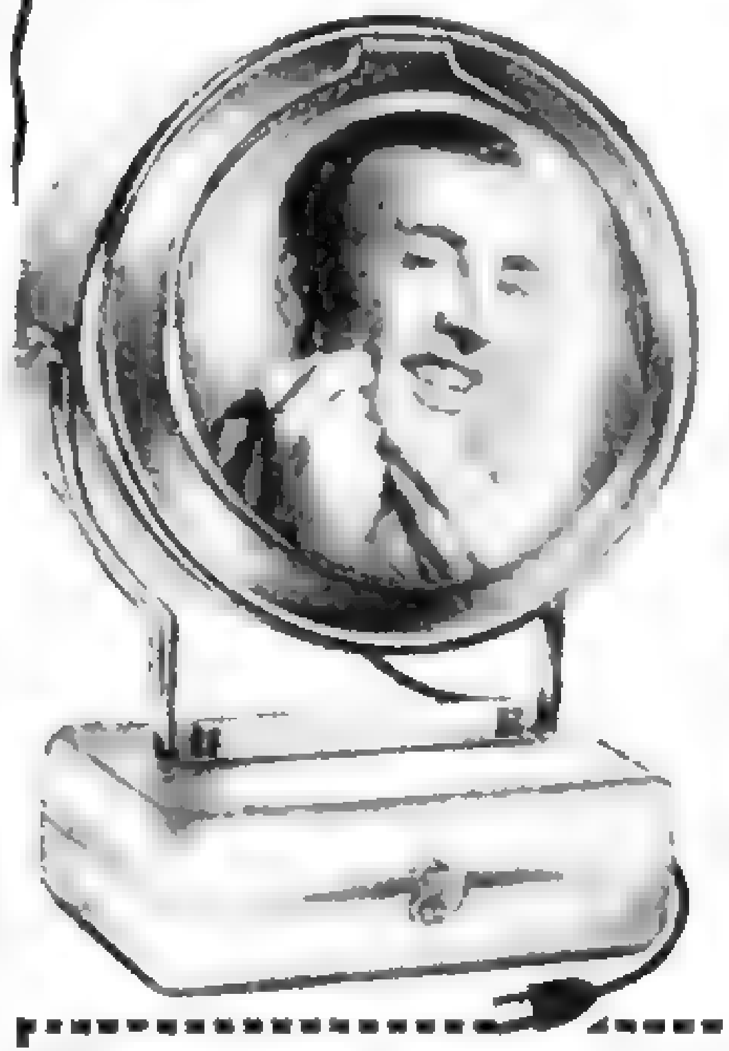
Shaving or make-up becomes fun instead of work with this amazing all-purpose illuminated mirror! Bulb brightens up your face INSTANTLY. Shave is closer, make-up time shorter. Reversible 5½" mirror has regular face on one side, magnifying on other. Made of rich, gleaming brass that keeps its lustre. Utility box (4" x 6" x 2") holds shaving, make-up articles, etc. Complete with 6-ft. cord, on-off control switch on cord and plug-in-socket on back.
Operates AC or DC.



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Rush by return mail my illuminated mirror. I'll pay postman only $7.95 plus pstg. If not delighted, I may return in 5 days for refund.

Name ....

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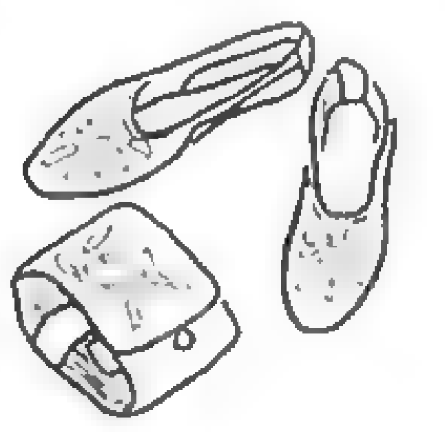
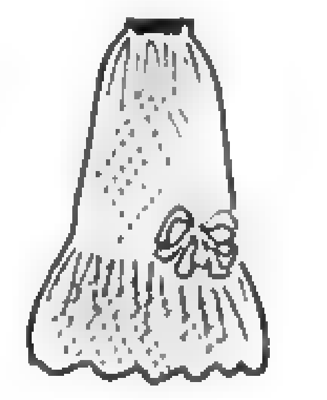
Enclose money and we'll pay postage

Talking Shop with Esquire

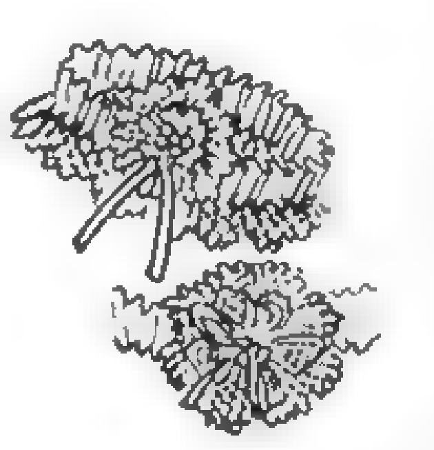
BRIDE IDEAS. Quilted satin ballerina bedroom slippers are a happy thought for brides with limited luggage space. They pack flat for traveling and look very fetching too. The quilting is all done by hand and the elastic in the heel band gives them a snug fit. In three sizes—small, medium and large—for under five dollars. There's a quilted jewel case to match the slippers—a kind of drawstring deal with separate compartments for bracelets and rings and such.... If she wants to go over-board about the thing, a bride can even have a matching quilted case for her spectacles and another one for carrying cleaning tissues. All the items come in either satin or taffeta, in her choice of either pink or blue.



"SOMETHING BORROWED . . ." Right out of grandma's trousseau—a petticoat made especially to wear with those wide, New Look skirts the girls are wearing. This bride's version is white cotton net, with a deep flounce at the hemline, set off with a blue bow. According to a quick check with the distaff side, the waist band is something special. It's elasticised satin with a fifty percent stretch to it, so a gal can slip it on right over her head. For under ten dollars.



"SOMETHING BLUE." According to the best bridal tradition, happiness and good luck are supposed to trail the gal who wears a blue garter the day she gets married. We discovered a place where they have special, handmade garters for brides. And fancy affairs they are, too—made out of blue satin, with a kind of rosette deal. There are other versions too—all of them gift-boxed in clear plastic, tied with a satin ribbon. Under three dollars.



WHAT EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW! Here it is—800 pages of simply written, easy to follow recipes. The author is famous for her cooking and originally compiled the recipes at the request of her children who wanted a record of what "Mother used to make." Covers culinary topics thoroughly, from a fried egg, to elaborate Lobster Thermidor. There are suggested menus, short cuts, and all kinds of helpful advice. Although the bride-to-be already knows the way to her man's heart, this cook book ought to entrench her position through the well-known route. It costs about three dollars.

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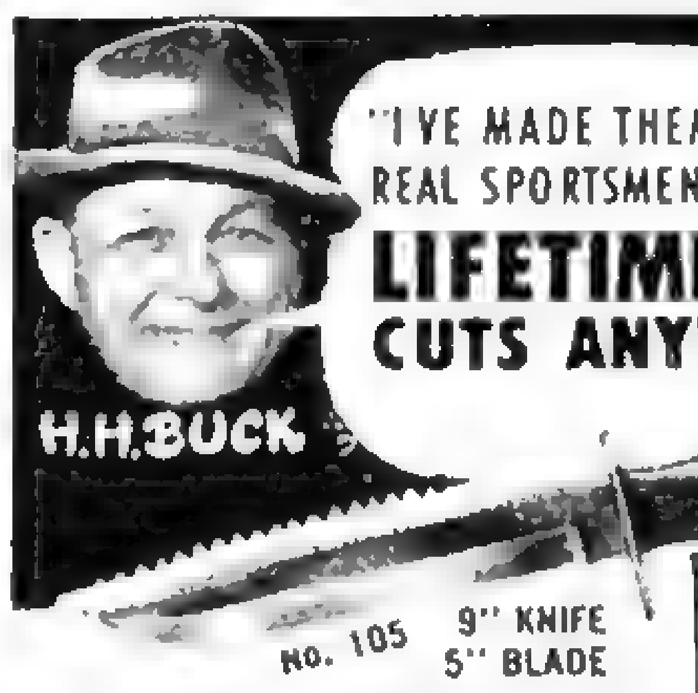

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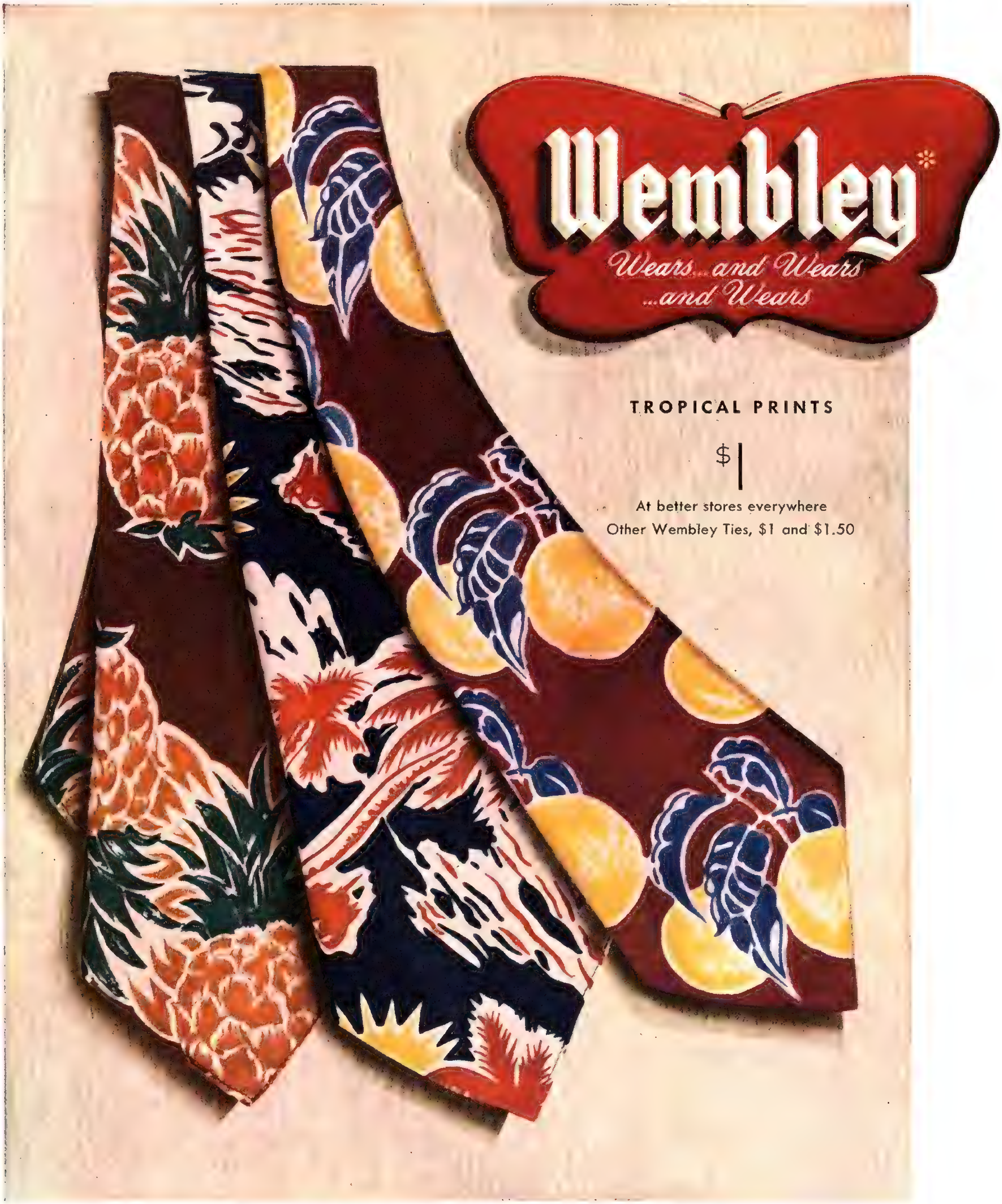
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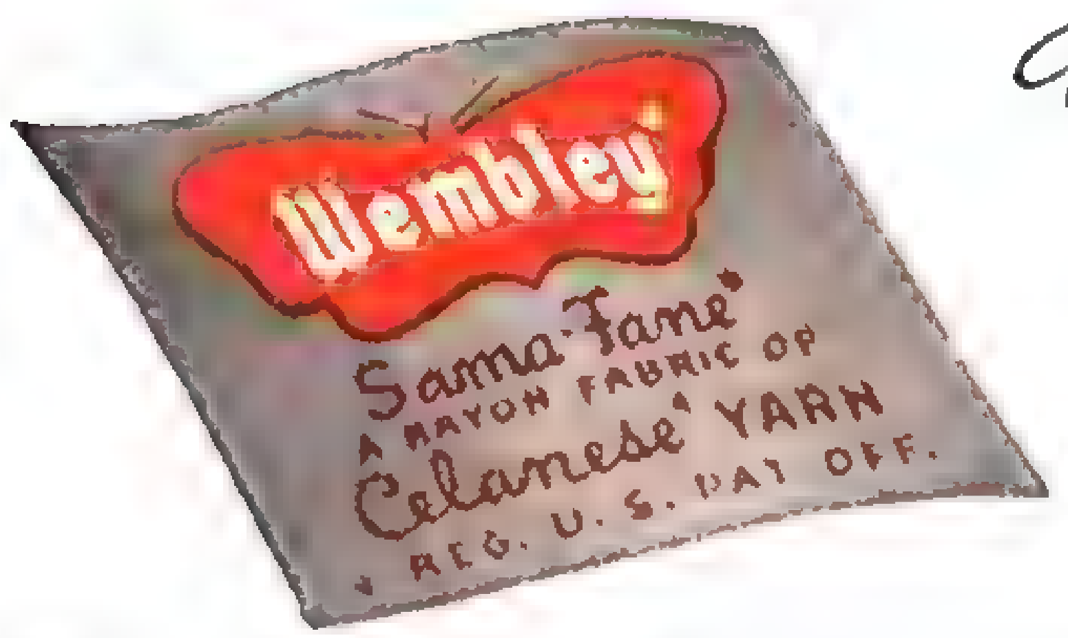
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Q.

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A.

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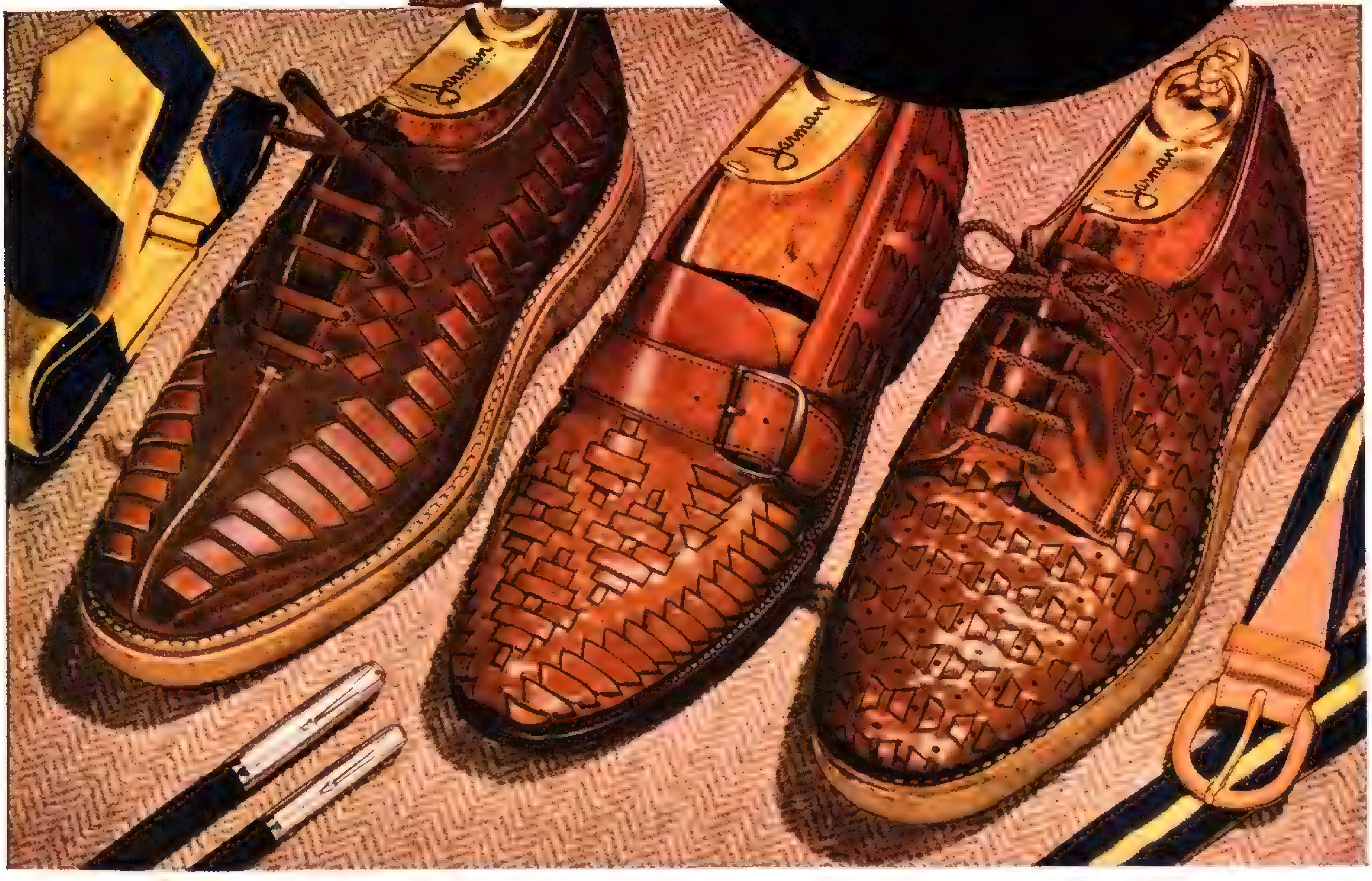
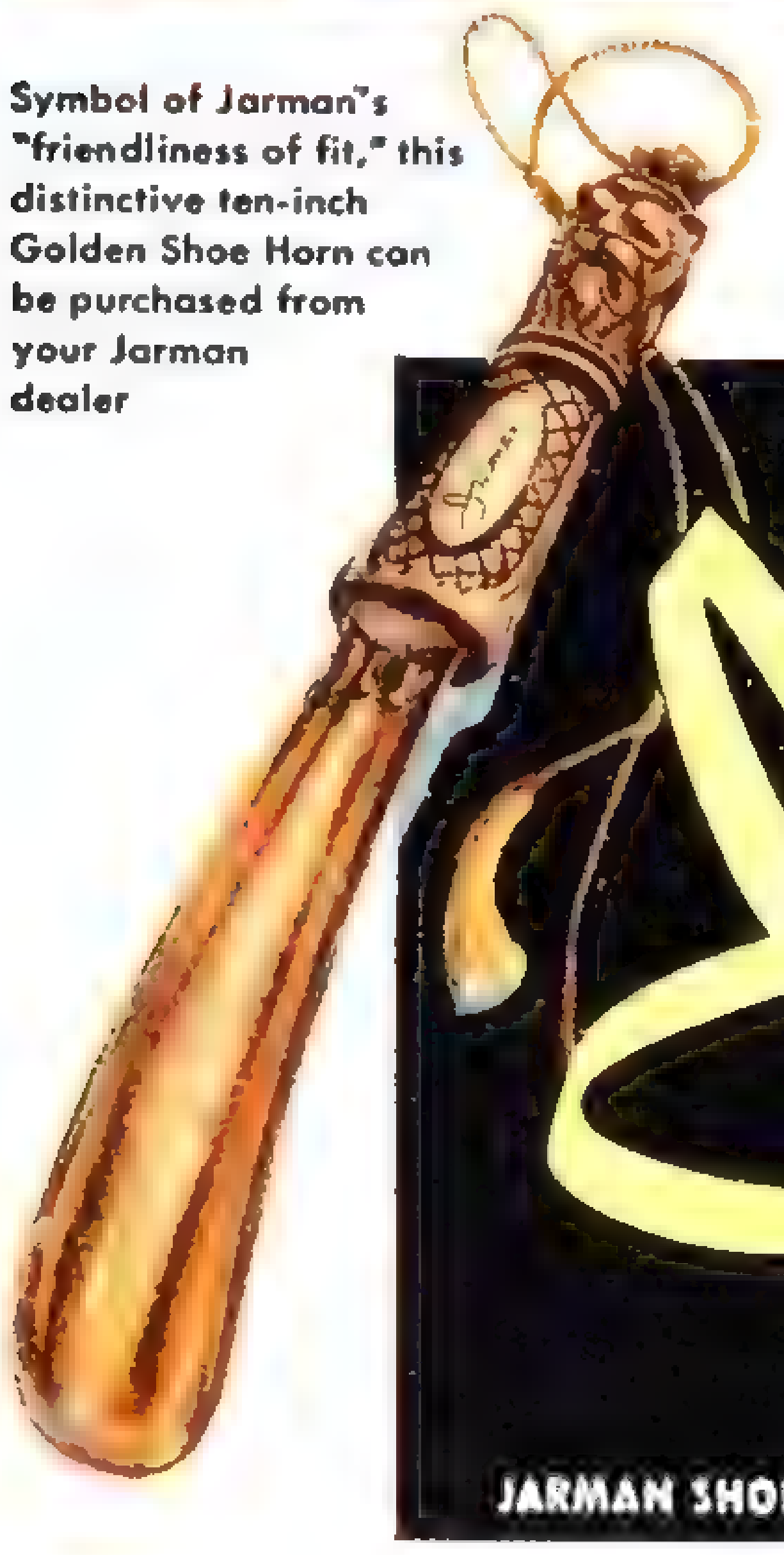
-Jarman styles are distinctive

Feel Better

-Jarmans have "friendliness of fit"





Symbol of Jarman's "friendliness of fit," this distinctive ten-inch Golden Shoe Horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer

Woven by hand to give you extra flexibility and comfort supreme, these distinctive new Jarman styles are carefully constructed of rich, plump leathers. Try on a pair, *today*

LEFT: Style 4597. Combination "Brushed Buck" and Turf Tan. Crepe soles.

CENTER: Style 4165. Casual moccasin with buckle strap. Leather soles.

RIGHT: Style 5110. Handsome woven blucher with crepe rubber soles.

Style-wise men everywhere are relying on Jarman's *authentic* styling and *extra* comfort because Jarmans make you *look smarter* and *feel better.* Designed by Jarman's expert stylists, there's a choice of distinctive patterns in a variety of rich, masculine colors that keep you looking smarter on every occasion. And to keep you feeling better, every pair gives you Jarman's famous *friendliness of fit*—that smooth, snug, comfortable feeling that's yours the instant you step into a Jarman shoe. Fashioned by skilled craftsmen of fine, mellow leathers to give you longer service, it's no wonder that more men choose Jarman shoes every season. If you, too, want to *look smarter* and *feel better,* try a pair of the new super-flexible *hand-woven* styles, as shown above. Visit your Jarman dealer today and see the newest, smartest styles of 1948.

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Senior unerringly chooses the finest slacks a tailor can stitch, in crisp, smooth gabardine. Junior likes the latest in comfortable twill (and he's pleased as punch with his slick Talon fastener). *Both* are up on style—and dead right on quality. For the same Talon slide fastener that's used in these expensive gabardine slacks is also tough enough to take the washing and wear of boys' clothes... inexpensive enough to be a standby in slacks at every price!

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Talon
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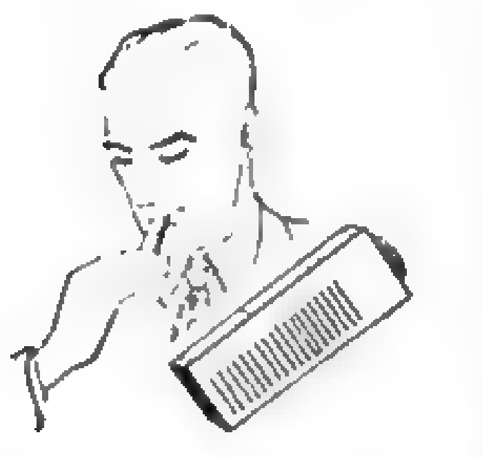
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

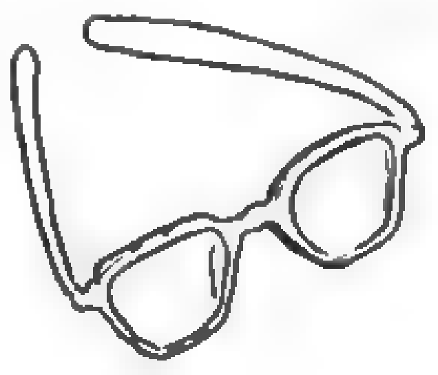
TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

Talking Shop with Esquire

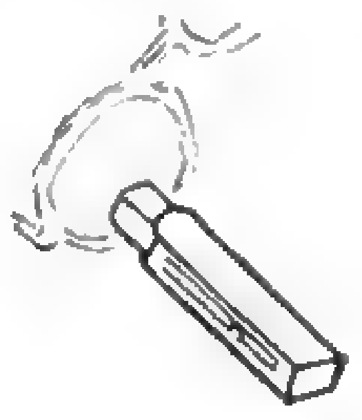
ONIONS FOR LUNCH? Don't hibernate behind your desk for the rest of the afternoon—just inhale the vapor from this little device and your breath is effectively neutralized. It does an efficient job because the vapor is carried all the way down into the lung and bronchial tract and then goes to work. The little chrome finish dispenser is about as big as a package of razor blades and contains the wafer compound that does the trick. The device with two wafers—each of which lasts from two to four weeks—sells for about a dollar. Refills are three for a quarter.



HERE'S AN EYE-FULL! The "orbiton" shape of these new spectacle frames has been designed to utilize every part of the lens for seeing. The shape of the frame isn't all that's new either. They're graduated in thickness and weight for maximum comfort. And for guys who have to wear a thick lens in their specs, these frames have an extra advantage. They're shaped so that the front part of the rim masks off the depth of the glass so the lens doesn't appear as thick as it really is. The frames come in the regular tortoise shell or a light grey.



GIRLS SELDOM INVITE PASSES from men in smudged-up glasses! . . . Here's a special eyeglass cleaner to keep spectacles spotless. Comes in handy stick form, completely dry in application. Just rub it lightly on both sides of the lens, then wipe off with a cloth or tissue. Not only polishes, but prevents fogging up of the lens whenever there's a change in the atmosphere. The case is no bigger than a woman's lipstick and easily slips into a vest pocket. Sells for about a dollar.



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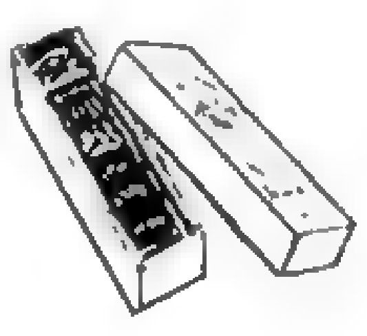

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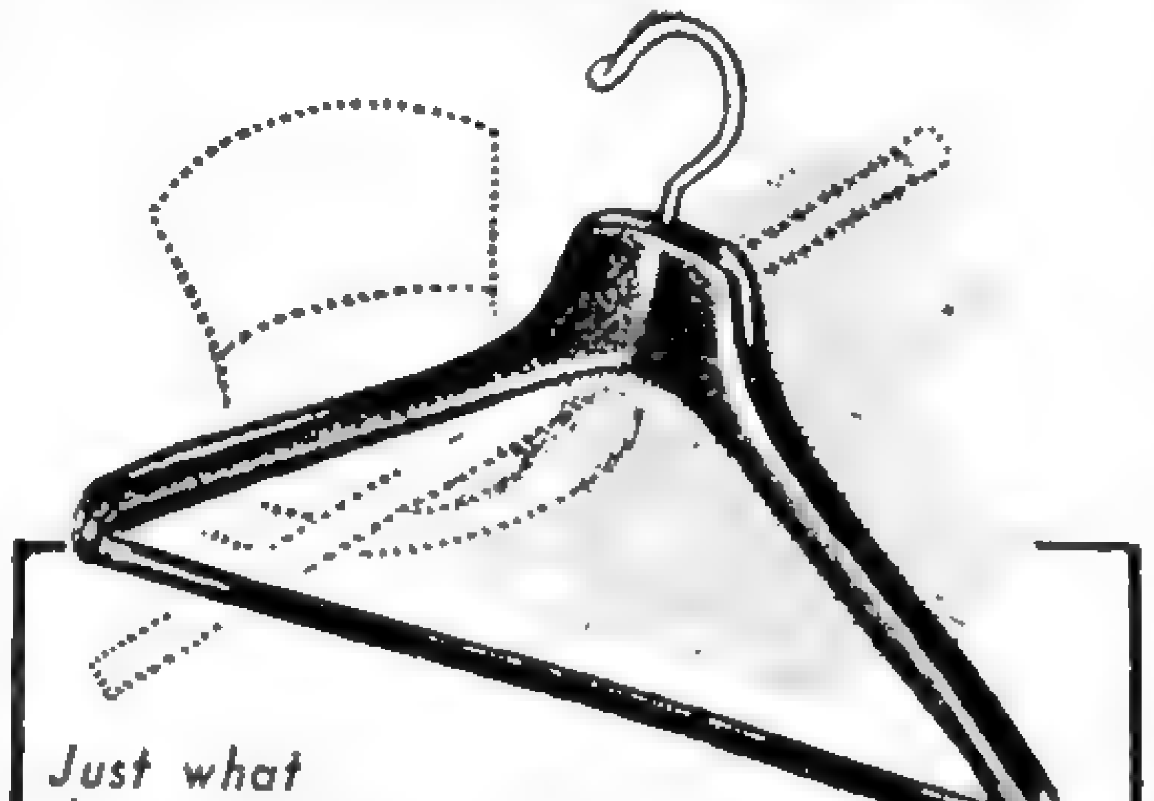

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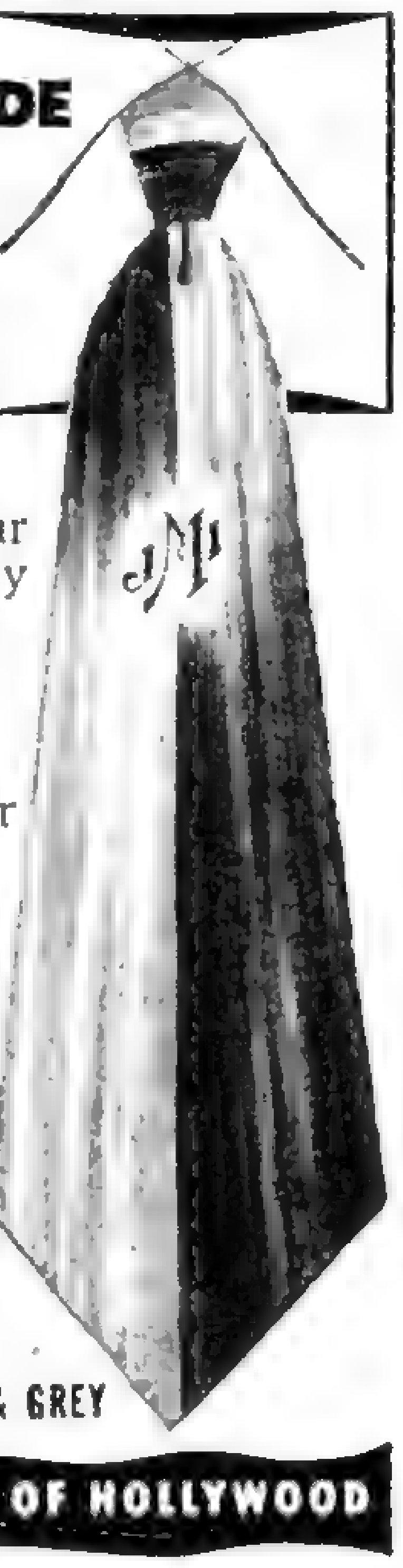

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Automobile Compass (Illuminated) $5.95
At your dealer's.

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Write for circular.

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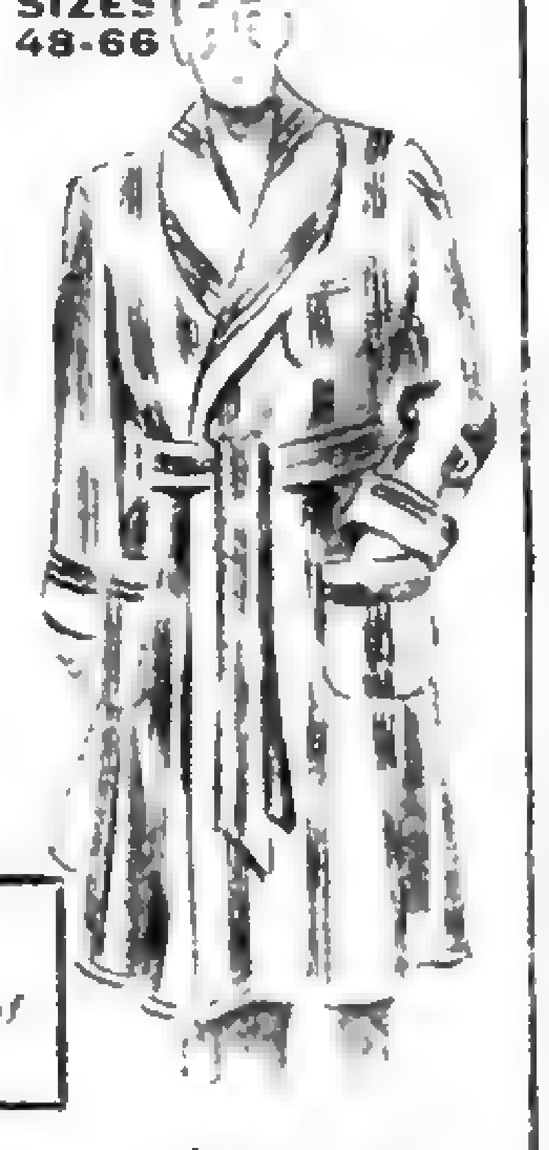
HULL MFG. CO., Box 246-G5, Warren, Ohio



For the STOUT man
Absorbent Terry Cloth . . .
BEACH ROBE SIZES 48-66

Absorbent as a towel, this luxurious, soft-textured robe is perfect for beach, after bath, lounge wear. Full cut and tailored by Stoutfitters for plenty of "wrap around" room. Shawl collar, two waist pockets and upper pocket. White with widely spaced vertical stripes of blue or maroon, or varied solid color stripes. Specify regular or extra-long. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order yours now for real summer comfort!

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STOUTFITTERS **$16.95**
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$2.50
(Plus 25c postage—No COD)
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FREE CATALOG of other cedar woodenware

Bound in brass, sturdy as a rail fence—you can chip or crunch ice without harm to this tub. Between parties use it as fruit bowl, sewing basket or serving dish. Height, 4"; diameter, 9".

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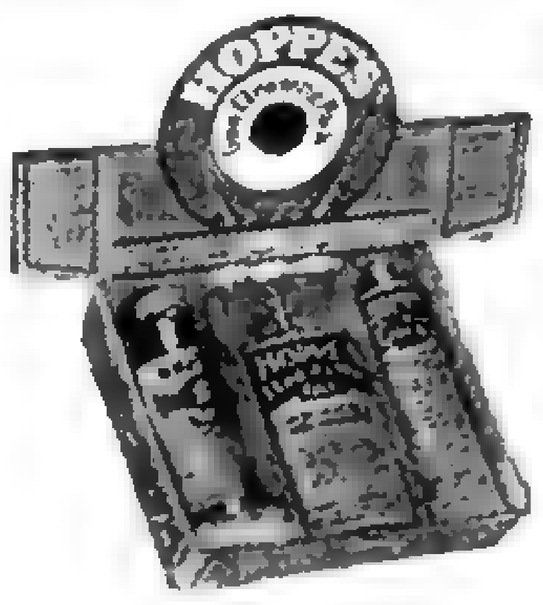
Box 165 Murfreesboro, Tenn.



For FATHER'S Day
A HOPPE GUN CLEANING PACK

Does he own a gun? Then why not give him a useful, more THOUGHTFUL expression of your sentiments in the form of a Hoppe Gun Cleaning Pack—something for HIM and HIS gun—that will give him lasting pleasure and satisfaction. Gun dealers sell this handy, little kit or send $1.00 *to*

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.
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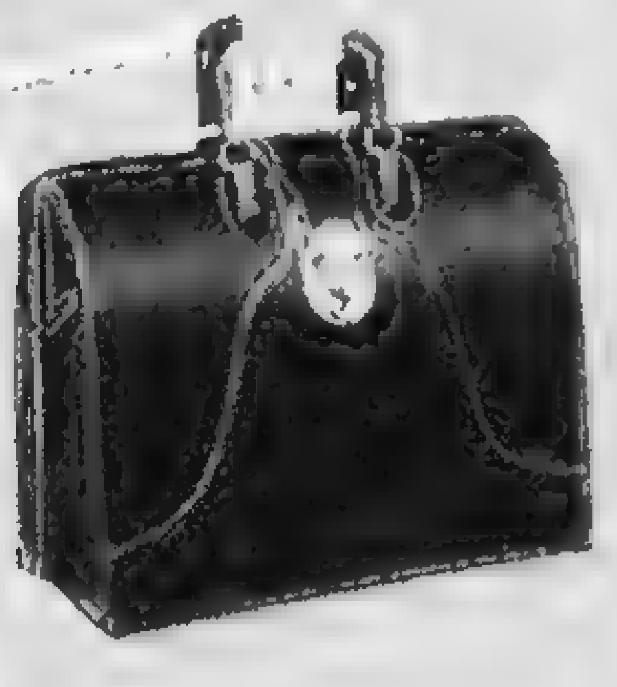
TRADITIONALLY FINE BRIEFCASES

The man who "has arrived" regards his briefcase as his portable office. It should reflect good taste, efficiency, and an appreciation for fine quality.

Leathercraft Briefbags . . . easy to open for immediate use, crafted handsomely of finest leathers, designed for business papers and over-nite personal needs.



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The COMMANDO is a 100% virgin wool worsted . . . wrinkle resistant . . . and generously full cut with superb styling. $1

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Also plaids and stripes in dominating colors of brown, blue and maroon.

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CHANGE TO THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE ELEVATORS TRADE MARK HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES "YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL" TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

What a glorious feeling to go UP in the world! It's so easy to rise to new heights of business and social success! Just step into a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes. Presto! You're almost 2 inches taller. Secretly, too, for "ELEVATORS" look and feel like any other smart shoes . . . you don't know what you're missing until you're taller.

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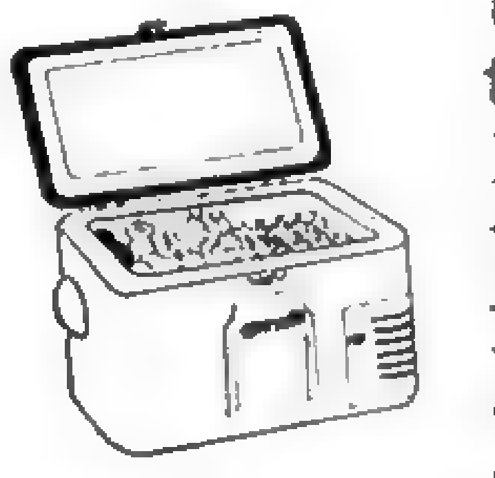
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone Tarlow Co., Inc

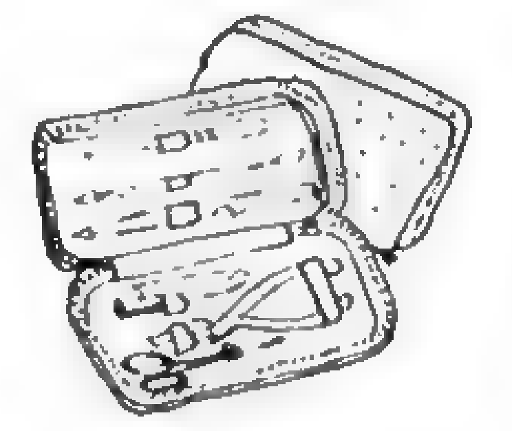
Talking Shop

JUNE 20th is Father's Day. To give you a head-start on tracking down a good gift, here are some Ranger-scouted ideas.

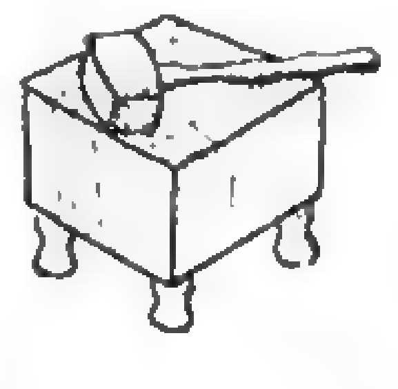


PORTABLE REFRIGERATOR. A father who hunts and fishes ought to be enthusiastic about this automatic, miniature refrigerator. It's light enough to tote from one place to another, and is especially convenient because it operates on either a six volt automobile battery or a 110 volt household current. Keeps food and beverages cool and even freezes and makes ice cubes! Holds several days supply of perishable foods and can be used to refrigerate freshly killed game or fish. Unit is 22 inches long, 14 inches wide and 15 inches high.

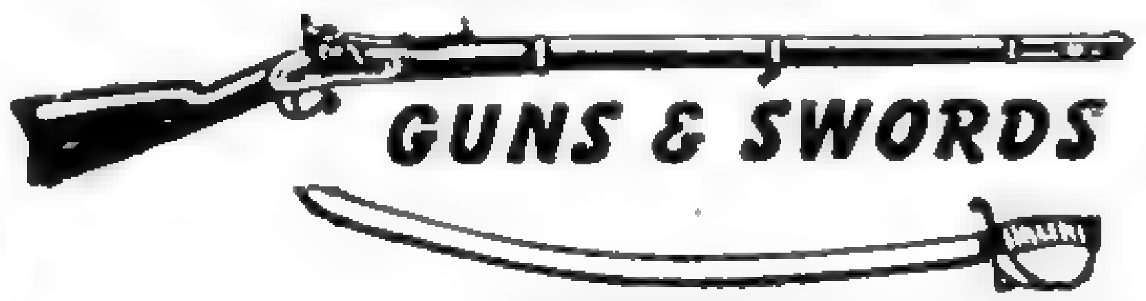
DAD'S NO DUDE, but he does want to look his best. This pocket-size accessory will help him do just that. It's only five inches long and a little over an inch wide, but there's a comb and nail file that fit compactly into the flat holder. One side of it is sterling silver and the other is faced with a mirror, for a quick check-up on how he looks. The back of the holder is tooled with tailored vertical lines, with a space in the middle for a monogram.



PERSONAL FOR POPPA. A set of forged steel manicure implements in their own leather kit. There's a nail-clip, cuticle scissors, toe-nail nipper, tweezer, nail file and cuticle pusher. The case is pigskin (genuine, that is) lined with suede, closed with a slide fastener. For under fourteen dollars. There's a less expensive version for about eight dollars, or—if you want to put on the dog—there's a luxury version with the seven manicure implements plated in 14K gold. For about thirty dollars.



DAD'S IN THE KITCHEN! If the man in your house specializes in Saturday night steaks, or if he likes to have a hand in preparing the game he brings home from hunting trips—here's a special butcher's block to give him on Father's Day. It's made of natural hardwood, about four inches deep, set up on legs like a regular butcher's table. The counter surface measures 8 x 8 inches. Rugged enough to stand up under a good deal of pounding and whacking. There's a special "tenderizer" comes with it—wooden handled mallet with cast aluminum facings on either side of the head. Ten dollars, about, will buy the set.



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Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 2400 authentic items. Typical values:
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To get your Illustrated Catalog of over 180 pages, send 50c to cover postage and handling, to Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Exclusively Yours

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LONGINES-WITTNAUER $100 Fed. Tax Included

14-Kt GOLD CUFF LINK WATCH SET

Few people have seen anything like these NEW Cuff Links! Mounted in one link is a nationally famous 17-Jewel Longines-Wittnauer Watch. And on the other link your monogram appears (up to 3 initials) engraved in block or ribbon style at no extra charge. This heavy 14K GOLD CUFF LINK WATCH SET is yours, postpaid, for only one hundred dollars, federal tax included. ORDER BY MAIL—send check or money order—SPECIFY UP TO 3 INITIALS.—$100 (Fed. Tax Inc.)

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GOOD—by itself
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The Friendly Mixer
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New, magnetic, plastic whisk broom . . . personalized with your own initials. Generates its own magnetism . . . makes even lint off the old blue serge disappear like magic.
Washable, durable, and darn useful. No C.O.D.'s please. Be sure to include initials with order.

6½" LONG	1.00 PPD.
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SET OF 3	4.00 PPD.

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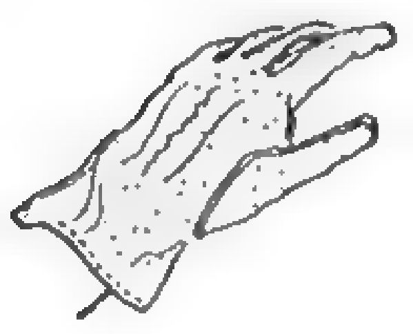
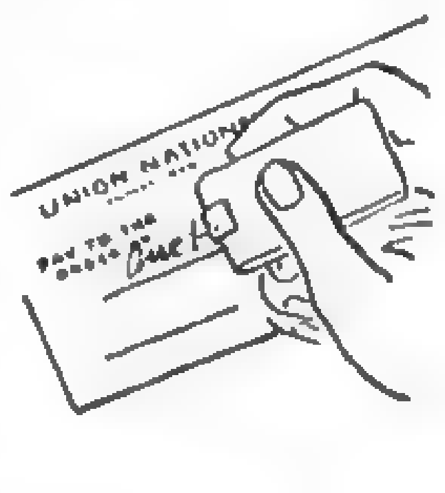
with Esquire

GLOVES FOR SUMMER? Yes – if they're these special *lightweight* gloves. So many men like to wear gloves when driving and for sportswear in the Spring and Summer, that the American leather glove manufacturers have whipped up some special "featherweight" gloves for men. Made expressly for warm weather wear, they're only a fraction of the weight of regular gloves. Come in a special lightweight cape and pigskin. For dress, there are chamois and mocha gloves in this same pull-on style. For about six dollars.

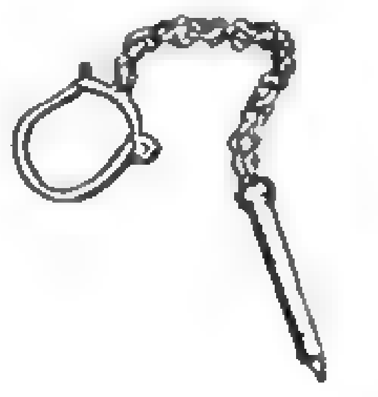


CAGEY CLIP. This sterling silver money clip not only keeps Dad's foldin' money in tow, but it provides him with a method of processing his personal checks to protect them against tampering. After he writes out a check in the usual way, he merely rolls the back of the clip across the surface of the check–where the sum is written in – and the small corrugated steel section pricks the check's surface so that it can't be altered in any way. (Works best if you place the check over a blotter or a soft surface.) Tariff comes to about nine dollars. They've also had the clip made up in 14K gold and *that* sets you back about eighty dollars!

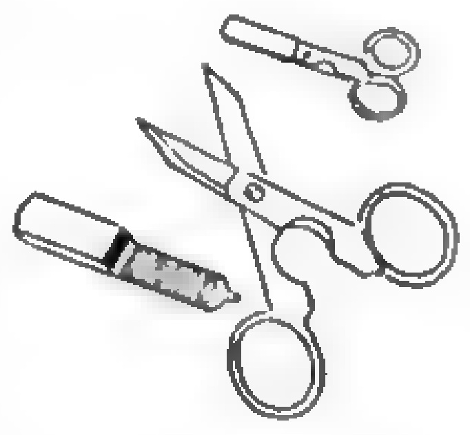


UNION NATIONAL
PAY TO THE ORDER OF

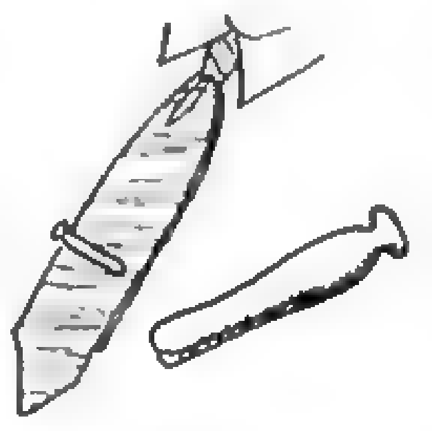
BABY BALL-POINT. This key chain and its miniature ball-point pen are both finished off in 24K gold. It can be detached from the key chain and used separately . . . Or maybe golfers would prefer the miniature ball-point that doubles as a tie-clasp. Handy for keeping track of the score. The pen snaps into a catch which holds it closed when it's on the tie, so there's no leakage problem.



CIGAR SMOKING DADS deserve a good cigar cutter to do a neat job on prize Corona-corona-coronas. Here's an efficient little imported cutter that not only copes with the cigars, but incorporates a pair of precise miniature shears besides. The tips are enclosed in a small chrome jacket that slips off and turns out to be a nail file.

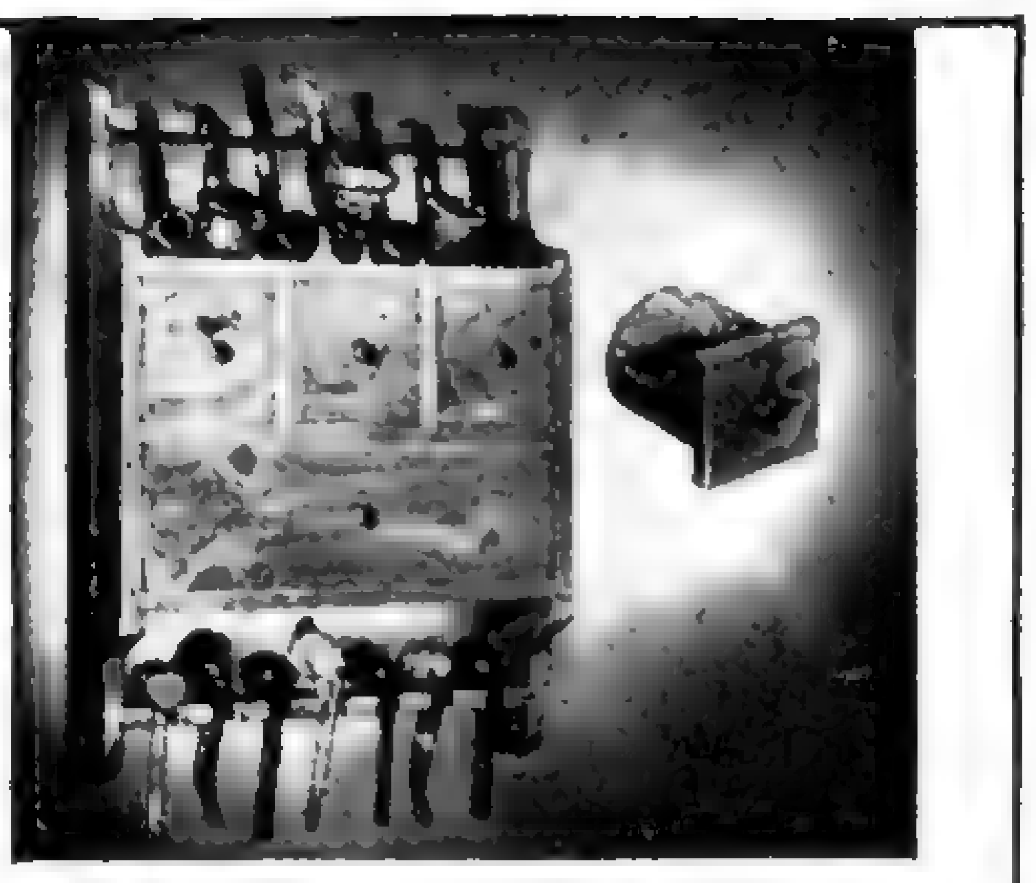


NOT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE. This miniature clothespin will never help to hang out the wash, but it *will* hold a man's tie in place. It's 14K gold, 3 inch replica of a real clothes pin and functions competently as a tie clasp.



Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



A Pipe Man's Pipe Rack
HANGS ON WALL . . . CONVENIENT . . . SAVES PRECIOUS DESK OR TABLE SPACE.
1. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes!
2. Air-tight humidor jar-drawers.
3. Larger drawer for accessories.
In hand-crafted knotty pine, waxed, hand-rubbed. Size: 13" x 18". (Pipes not included)
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We've got you in mind! Clothing and furnishings for LARGE MEN is our specialty! Sizes 44 to 66! We fit extra tall fellows too! Shirt sizes to 21, sleeves to 37. PAJAMAS, UNDERWEAR, ROBES, SLACKS, SWEATERS, SPORT COATS, SUITS, TOPCOATS and RAINCOATS! SEND for our FREE Catalog "E"
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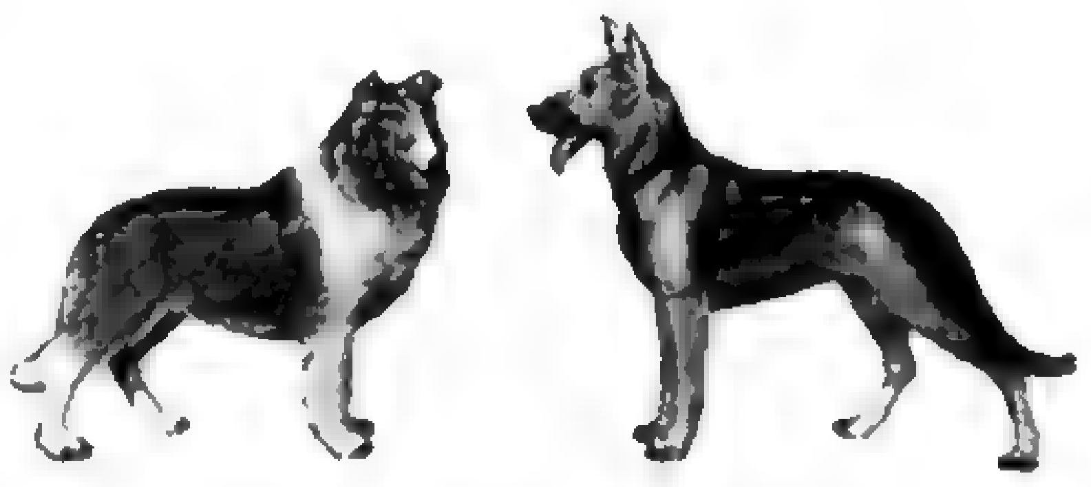
Your Dog . . .



His coloring, expression, posture; the way you know him, with beautiful, accurate detailed, in high gloss, baked lustre, as captured by OSCAR MORTENS, famous animal sculptor. A beautiful statuette for dog lovers or collectors; for your office desk or living room, for club trophies or display purposes. Sold by leading gift and department stores everywhere, or write direct to the studio. Free "Royal Design" booklet upon request, illustrating practically every known breed of dog.
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SINCE ELCO 1904
FINEST IN LEATHERWARE
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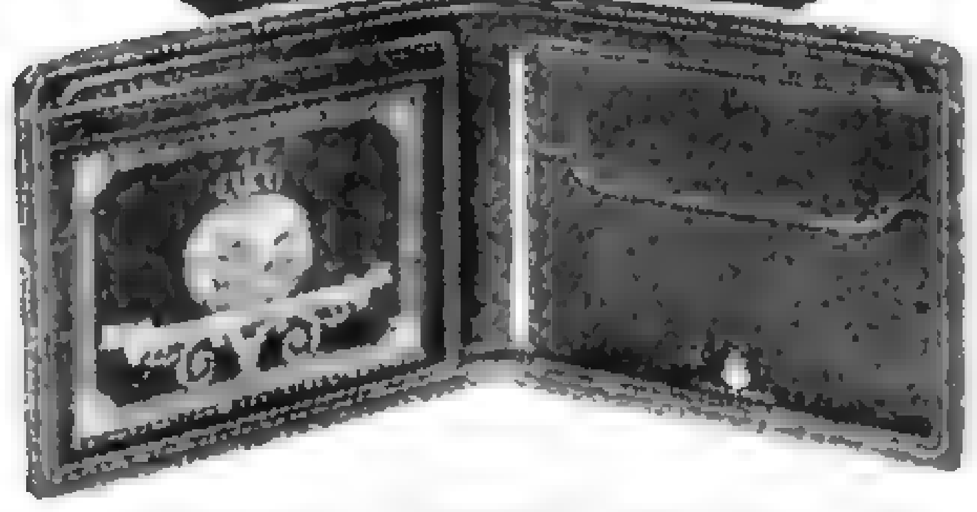

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Hand-Sewn
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Genuine hand-sewn loafers at $10.00 would be terrific – yet Adler brings you these at the sensationally low price of only $7.95. They fit like fine shoes and hand-sewing makes them as comfortable as your favorite slippers. Smartly styled, they add just the right touch to all your casual clothes. Rich Indian Brown.
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Send_____pairs HAND-SEWN LOAFERS. I will pay postman $7.95 per pair plus postage charges. If not entirely satisfied, I may return shoes within 10 days for refund of purchase price, providing shoes are not soiled. (On prepaid orders, add 25c postage.)
Shoe Size___Width___Size___Width___
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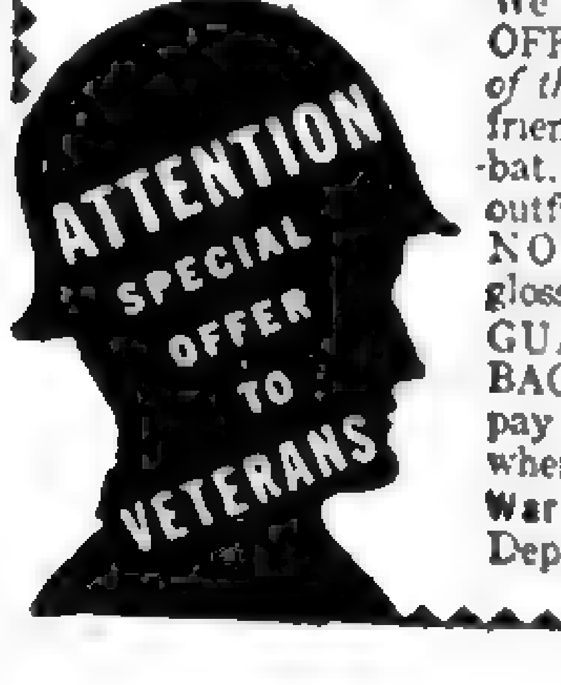
Now you can get the OFFICIAL War Combat Photos of your own Outfit! You name the Army or Marine division and campaign, or Navy or Coast Guard or Air Force assault. We'll send you the on-the-spot OFFICIAL U. S. Battle Photos of that action! Show family and friends how YOU looked in combat. Set of twenty 4" x 5" your outfit's action photos only $2.98. NOT A BOOK but genuine glossy photos. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK. Send no money now. Just pay postman $2.98 plus postage when you get your sets. Official War Pictures, Forest Hills, N. Y. Dept. P-6. Write today!



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"LIKE THE ROMANCE, THIS CHIPPEWA SHIRT SHE IS WONDERFUL FOR SPRING NIGHTS!"

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THEY'RE IMPACT RESISTANT!
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ADLER MAKES YOU TALLER IN
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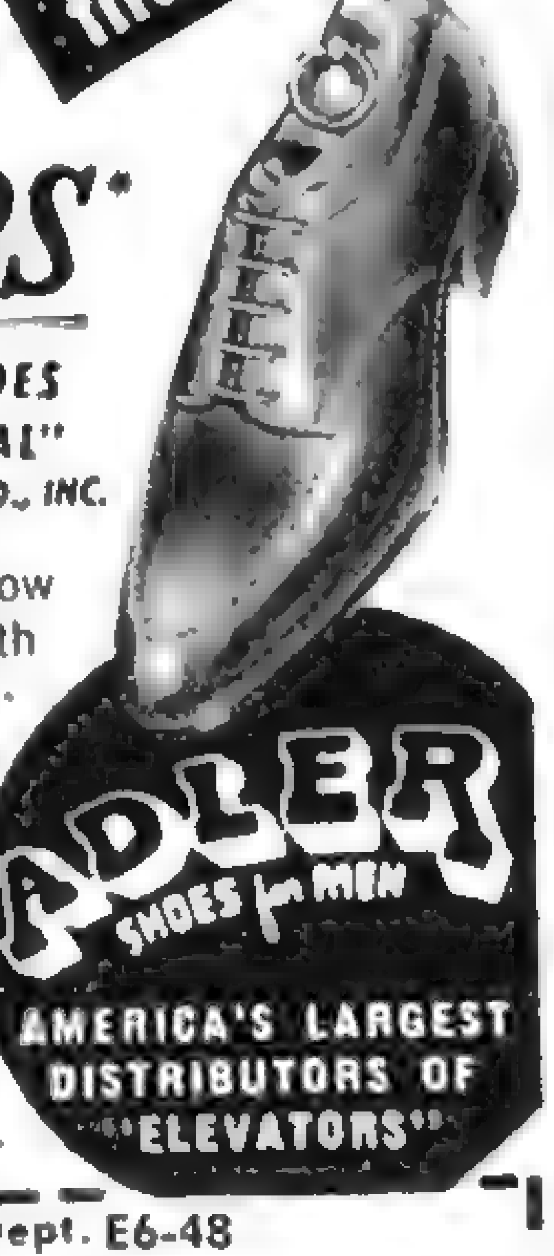
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

Now she'll look up to you. Now you can see eye to eye with men, and women, who previously towered over you. Simply step into a pair of "**ELEVATORS**"; you're **almost 2 inches TALLER** instantly. The heels are no higher. For Catalog and complete details MAIL COUPON NOW.



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Address ....
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SMARTER STYLE

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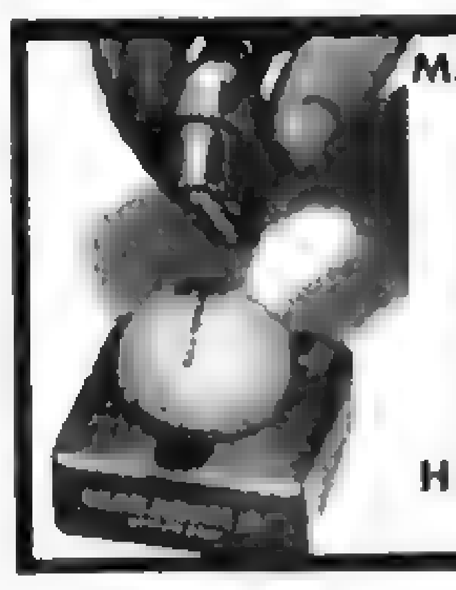

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Guide to Good Grooming

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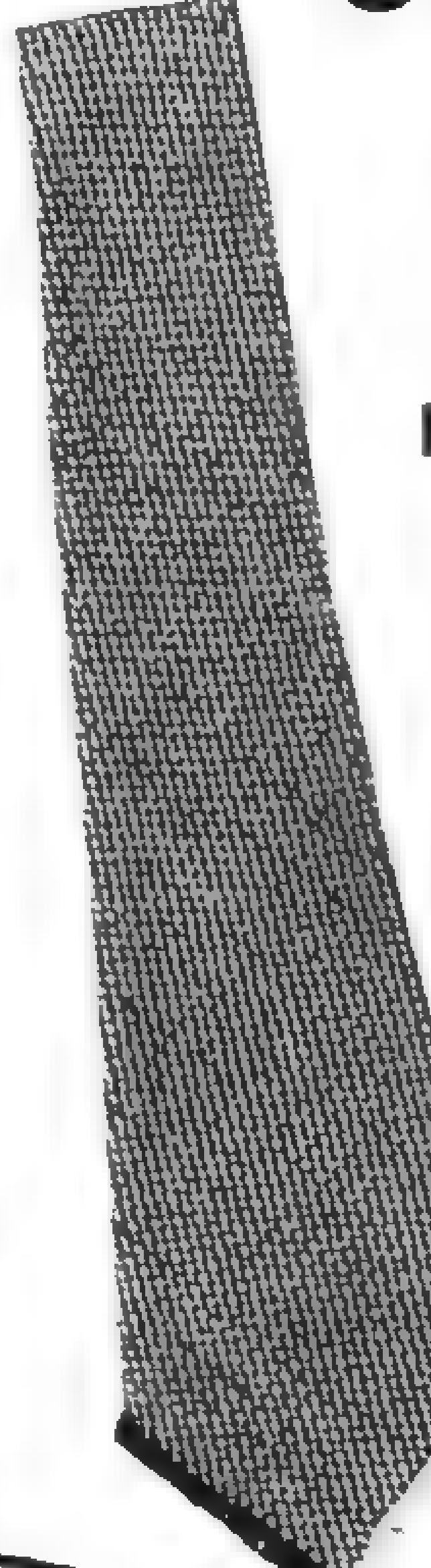
100 per cent. virgin wool, hand-woven and hand-tailored Cape Cod Ties in 29 handsome colors plus a large assortment of checks, plaids, stripes, novelty weaves. Year round wardrobe favorites.



$1.50

Write
Eton's
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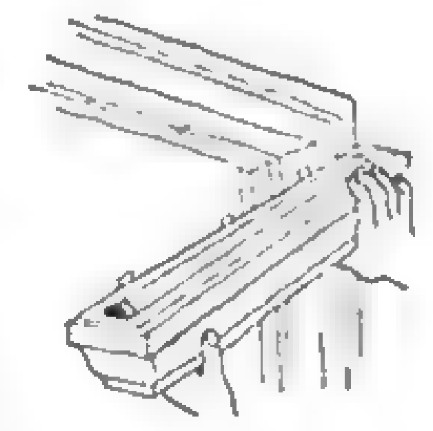
SORRY, NO C. O. D.'s

Talking Shop with Esquire



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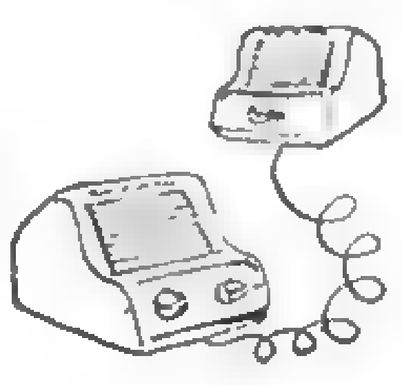

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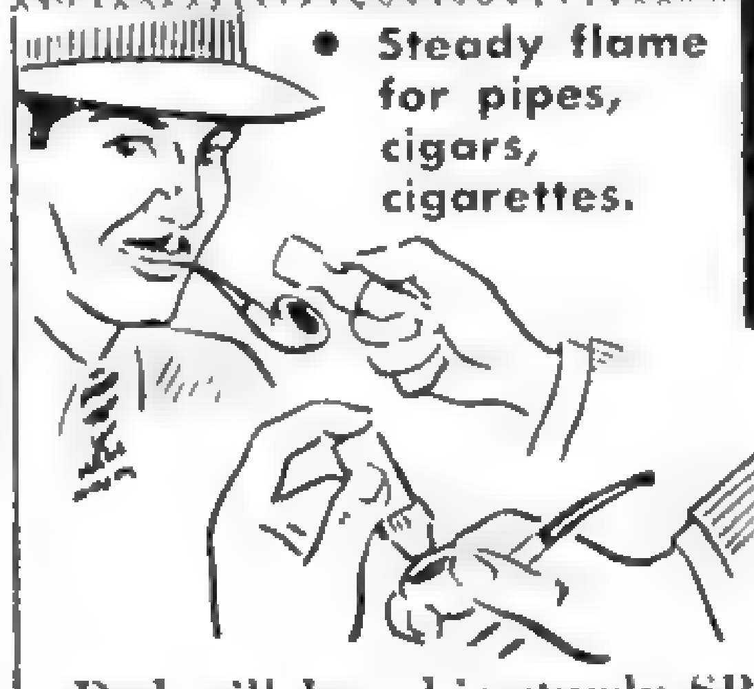

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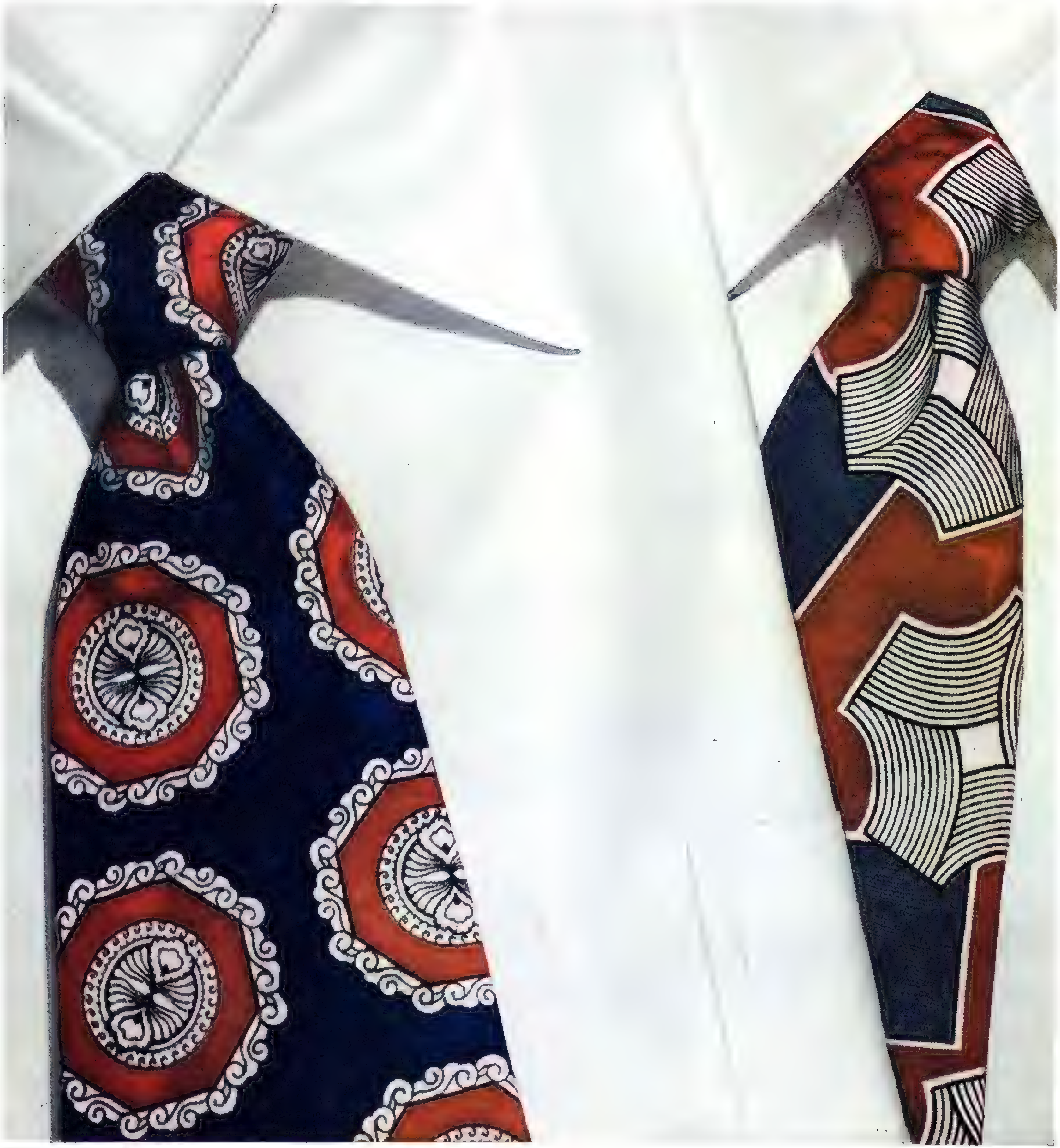

Photograph by Johnson-Sarra

Copr. 1948, The Manhattan Shirt Co.

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American fathers have beamed at millions of "Manhattan" ties. That makes us a sort of authority on likes and dislikes—we can spot a Father's Day winner at thirty paces!

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Going Places with Esquire

DOWN SOUTH, suh, the famous old Greenbrier, at White Sulphur Springs, West (By God) Virginia, has completed a postwar face-lifting supervised by Dorothy Draper. From the moment you're met at the station by the historic horse-drawn station coach, you'll realize you're an honored guest at a fine old inn dedicated to good-living. It was here that the Governor of North Carolina, dusting a frosted bit of mint from a julep across his white moustache, is supposed to have addressed the Governor of South Carolina with the now-deathless "It's a long time between drinks, sir."

AS COMPLETELY different from a quiet stopover at the Greenbrier as anything we can imagine would be a good, rugged auto trip up the Alaska Highway, formerly the Alcan. It takes seven or eight days of fairly hard driving to cover the 2350 miles from the Montana border up through Alberta, British Columbia, the Yukon Territory and eastern Alaska to Fairbanks, northern terminus of the route. The American Express Travel Service recommends the period between mid-June and mid-September for the run to Alaska. Temperature range for this season is between 35 and 75 degrees. Worst feature of the summer trip is the dust, and highway authorities are talking about treating the gravel surface of the road to make it dustless.

SPEAKING of Alaska, the Pan-Pacific Good Neighbor Tours, out in Seattle, are featuring our last frontier in its late Spring and Summer itineraries. Alaskan junkets range all the way from a four-day, all-expense, air trip to Ketchikan, Juneau and Sitka for $245, plus $26.83 transportation tax, up to a whole summer vacation special 55-day escorted tour of the whole territory by plane, car, bus and boat for $2050, plus $142.20 transportation tax.

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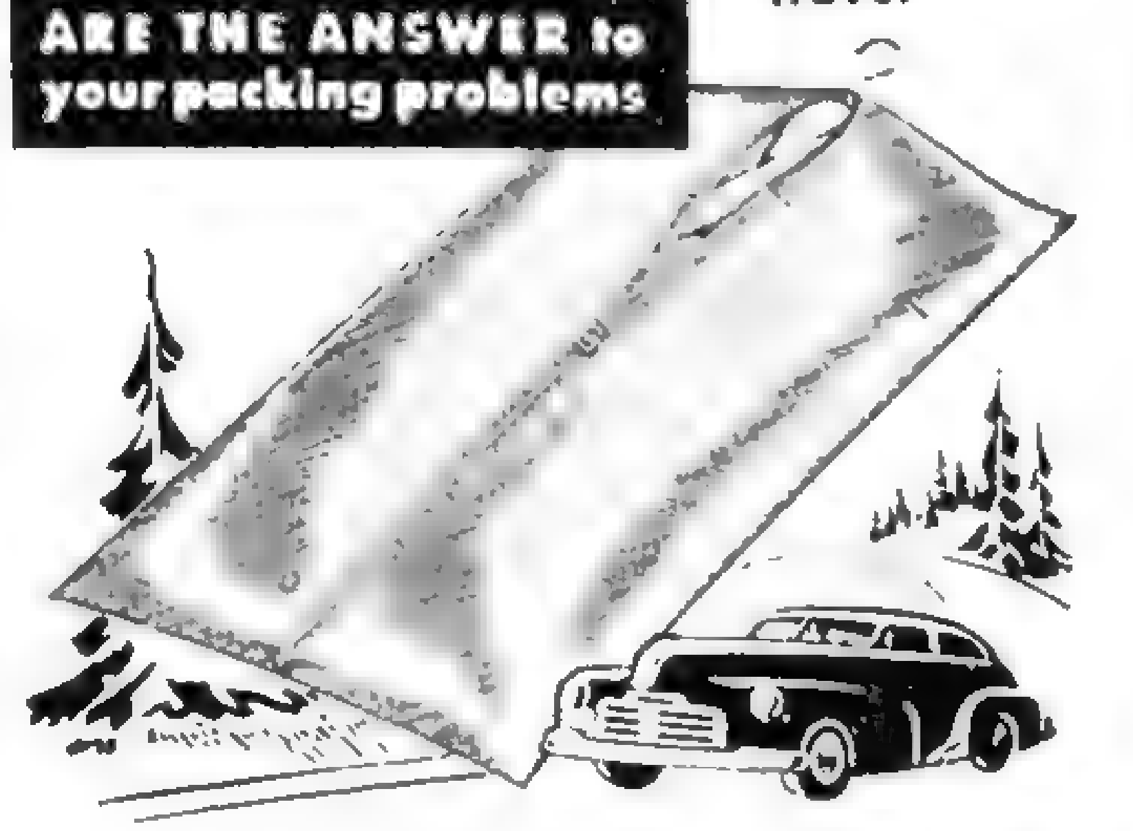

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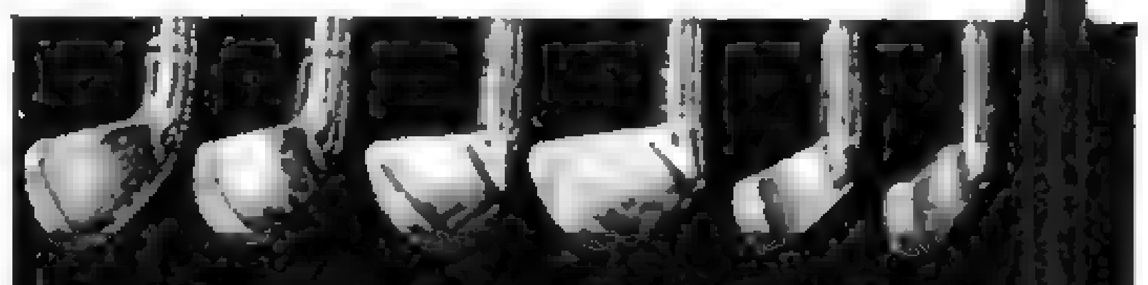

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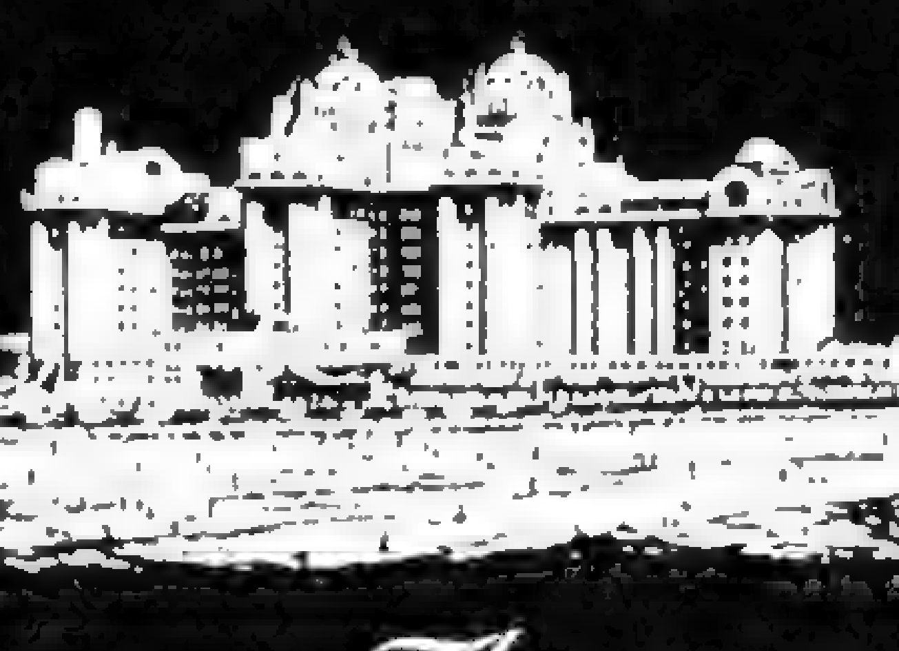

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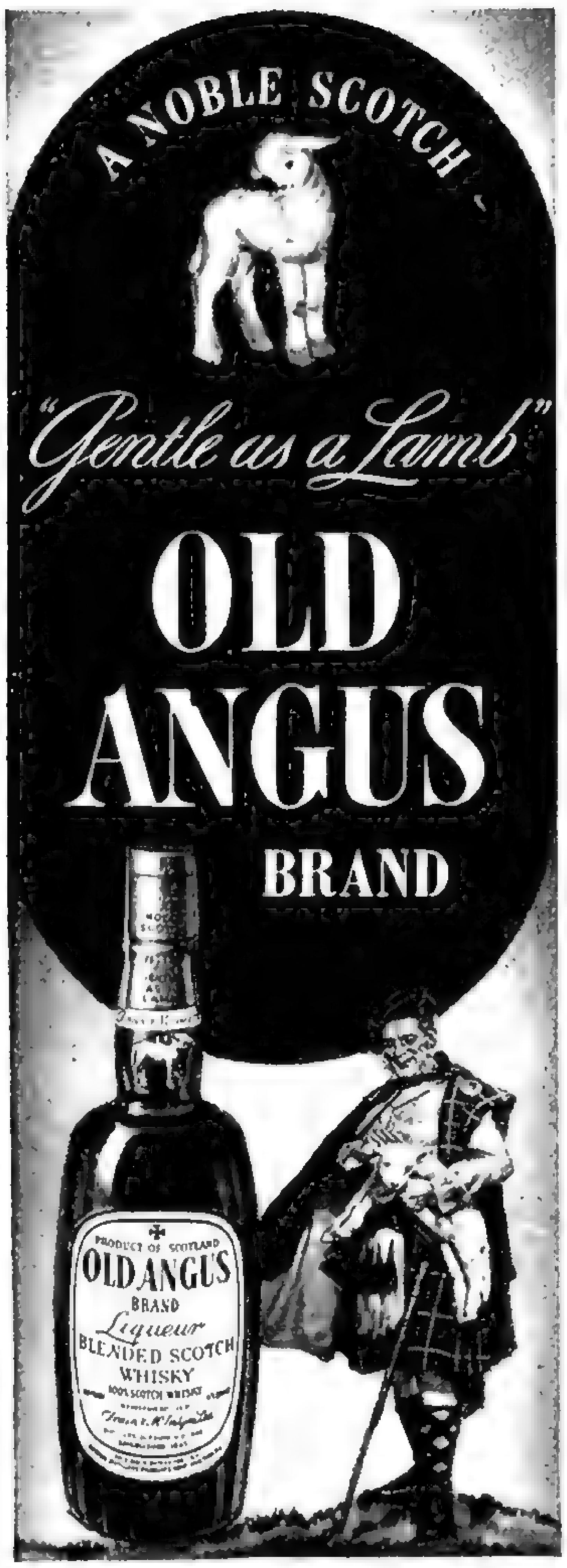
Painting the Town

OBVIOUSLY, there is not the space to list even a small percentage of the excellent restaurants in New York, but just to mention a few of the more dependable ones, they are, without any order of preference, Moore's on West 46th Street which serves wonderful steaks and corned beef, and is, by the way, expensive. Le Pavillon, which is plushy and a gourmet's delight—and expensive too. Pietro's, a small, noisy place off Third Avenue, which specializes in Italian dishes. Tim Costello's, a Third Avenue bar-and-grill, where the food is as good and as unpretentious as the clientele, which consists largely of literary people who submit their manuscripts to the critical inspection of Tim and his brother Joe, who are experts on such matters as James Joyce's collected works; and Tony's, a West 52nd Street Restaurant which offers a cuisine so palatable that you are inclined to overlook the epicene tendencies of many of the guests.

YOU MAY NOT BE A MAN whose performance on a dance floor has ever given Tony DeMarco an anxious moment, but may well find yourself feeling pretty confident when stepping to the strains of Eddie Davis' band at Larue's. Now, I know about Ellington and Goodman, and who said that the Davis aggregation is a great one? But it does provide the most danceable music in New York. Davis has been around for years, of course, and there never was a tune written that he didn't know backwards and forwards. As a result, his music is sheer nostalgia. During the holiday seasons, Larue's resembles a branch of St. Mark's and Groton, what with all the crew-cut youngsters making it their headquarters.

IT SHOULD HARDLY be necessary to point out at this late date that the Stork is generally esteemed as the greatest night club in the whole wide world. It has everything except a floor show, and you're not so sure that the customers don't provide that. The Stork has been publicized so abundantly that it's difficult to find anything new to say about it. It might be well, however, to mention that it serves lunch and magnificent lunch it is too. You'll lean quite heavily toward the broiled live lobster, which is unquestionably the best ever encountered — tender, huge, and, what is highly desirable, unshelled. Also recommended: the green salad (with a touch of garlic—*not* a little garlic, because there is no such thing as a little garlic) the superlative filet mignon, and the chicken hamburger. The drinks at the Stork are irreproachable too, but don't plan on getting potted on them. Drunkenness is one thing for which Sherman Billingsley refuses to hold still.



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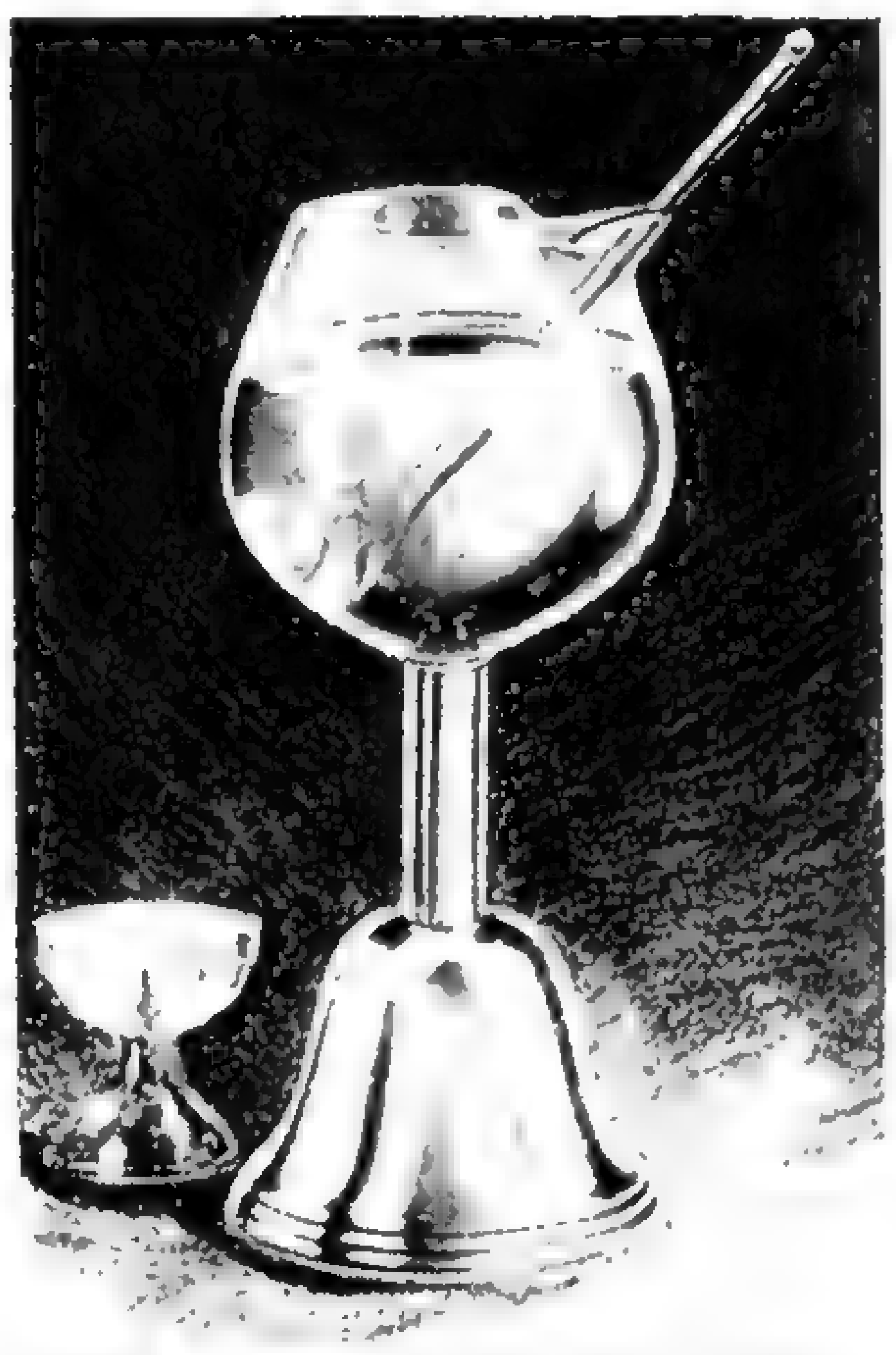

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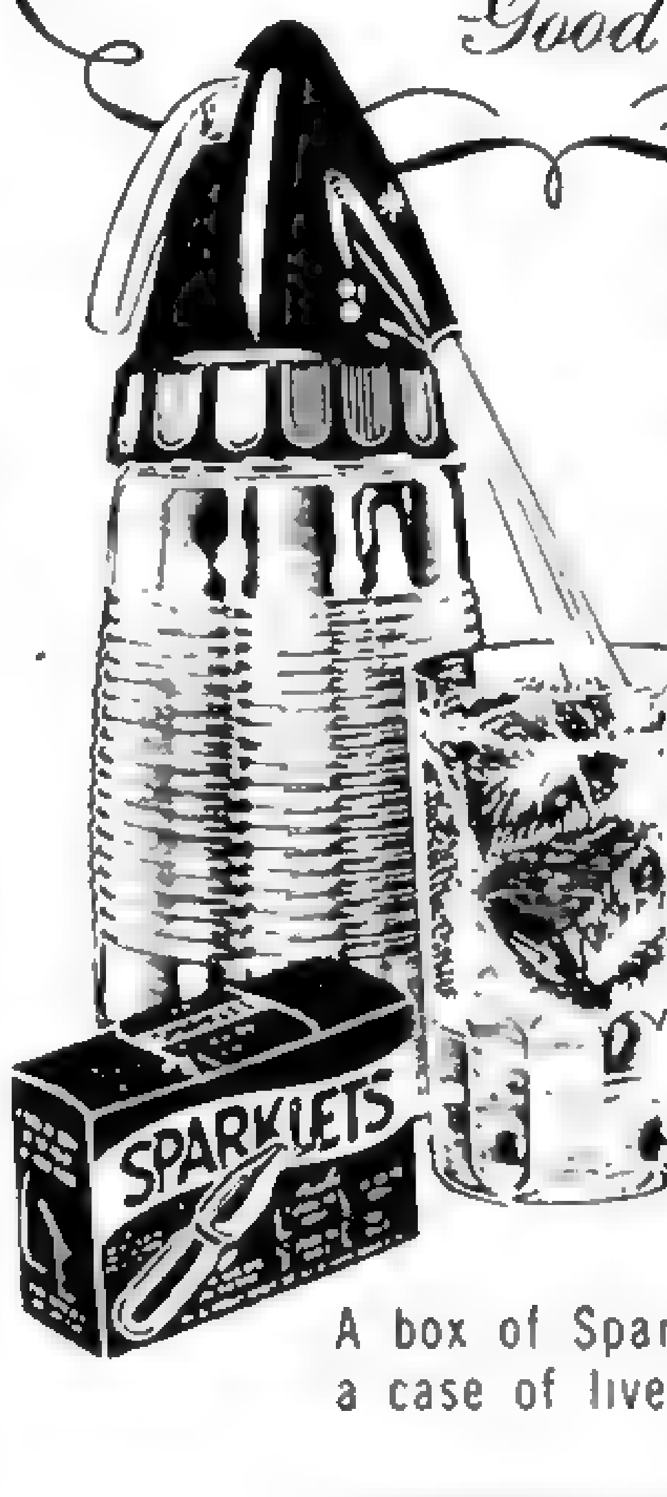

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with Esquire

THE TWENTIES and the early thirties were a magic time, and there's no point in kidding ourselves that they weren't. They had their gangster killings, of course, and their deaths from bad liquor, and certain other questionable aspects as well, but, everything considered, they were wonderful, resonant years. But perhaps we are being unduly sentimental about them. For sometimes in cherishing the past we are unjustifiably chiding the present. Which is not to imply that the splendor of the old days was ever tarnished or that the Paradise and Hollywood cabarets were anything but dazzling (because no night clubs before or since those two have ever presented girls so temptingly beautiful in the department of I love my wife, but oh, you kid). No, yesteryear was a magic time, but it can be suggested that this year isn't so bad either. There are some fine places to visit in New York these nights and you'll find it pleasurable to investigate them.

THERE IS, for example, the Copacabana. The Copa (which is what you call it if you are in the know) is, in a great many ways, a better cabaret than any that thrived in other years. The line girls (or, to accord them their proper dignity, the ladies of the ensemble) probably don't compare with what used to be on leggy display at the Paradise and the Hollywood, but they're exceedingly attractive just the same, and a couple of them are really exquisite.

WEEK IN, WEEK OUT, the shows at the Copa are just about the most professional and satisfying performances to be seen in any cabaret anywhere. And at such moments as gifted men like Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Lewis, and Henny Youngman are on hand, the proceedings achieve an unforgettable zaniness.

THERE SHOULD be a word or two about the Copa food and prices. The food—especially late in the evening when there is a so-called snack menu—is superb. Particularly recommended: the Chinese specialties and the barbecued ribs. This is hardly news, however, since there is plenty of good food available in New York. What is news, though, is that it is extremely inexpensive at the Copa. All in all, the only reservation about this cabaret is that its dance floor is disgracefully overcrowded. Anyone who survives a rhumba is certainly entitled to consideration for any all-America football team.

GIVEN MORE TIME, perhaps one could dream up an objection to the Colony, but right now it just can't be done. The food, liquor, and service are all impeccable. What will strike you as particularly interesting about the place is that notwithstanding its reputation as a gathering place for snobs, it is actually quite friendly. Not that you aren't likely to see the Duke of Windsor and his lady when you go there, but rather that they behave themselves quite affably for two who abdicated. Incidentally, make it a point to try the smoked brook trout with the sauce of sour cream and horseradish. There's nothing quite like it. If you happen to be on the wagon, you can order a Gloria cocktail.

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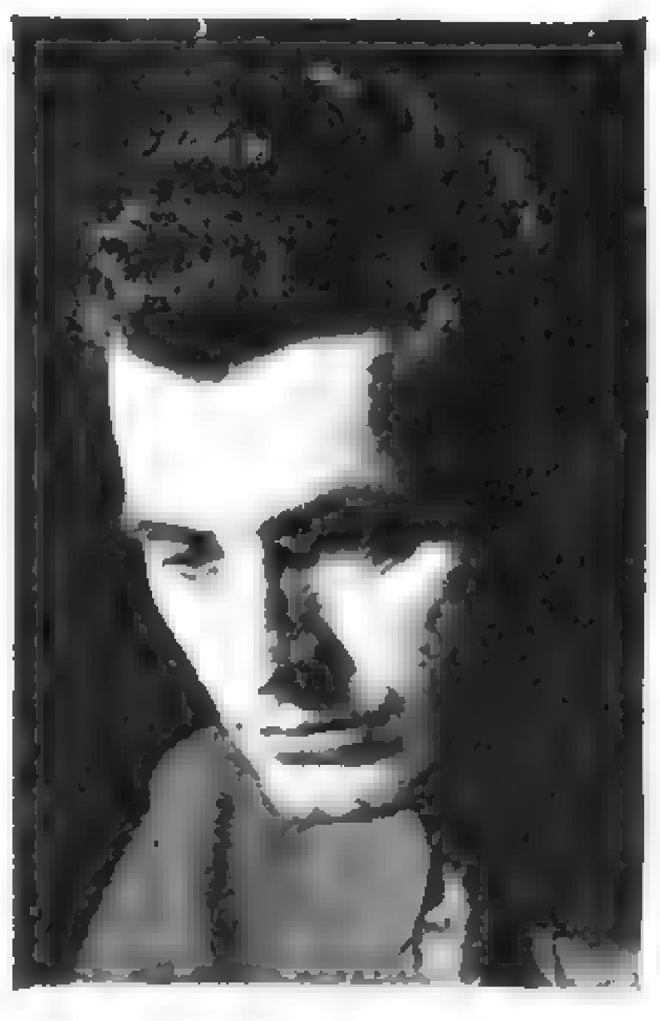


Gustav Rehberger

GUSTAV REHBERGER, whose vigorous drawings have illustrated our stories in this and recent issues, is a mountain of a man who looks more like a blacksmith than an artist. He was born in Austria thirty-seven years ago and came to this country when he was thirteen. A child prodigy in his own land, he had won ten first prizes in national boys' contests in America before his fifteenth year. While attending the Art Institute in Chicago he met and married Betty Stoddard, who is art director for an advertising agency in New York. He was a sergeant in the Army Air Forces during the war and his war paintings were exhibited in the National Galleries in London during 1944. He has a passion for Beethoven, treasures his extensive collection of rare sonata records which he plays at high volume while he paints. He plays a powerful game of table tennis, reads all the comics and doesn't think they're funny. In his opinion the average man in the street is more honest in his approach to art than the highly educated man because he isn't hampered by false, sophisticated concepts.

Arthur Herbert Bryant

ARTHUR HERBERT BRYANT's schooling consisted of Catholic grammar, Episcopalian preparatory and the University of Virginia. Following some five years spent in PTs and destroyers, he says, "I was delivered of a war novel which was accepted, but is being held for a more favorable season. I next wrote a short novel, *Double Image*, which was received with some critical applause and considerable public apathy, and am now working on two others, *The Serpentine Wall* (a long-term project with a University of Virginia background) and *The Wounded Arrow*, which will probably be issued next winter. It may be of interest that *The Thirty-Story Miracle* (page 70) is my first short story to date and was written after waking from a rather startling dream, the philosophical significance of which I have tried to relate as simply as possible."

John Keating

JOHN KEATING wants his public to know that he is neither as tough nor as arty-phony as this picture would lead you to believe. "It was taken at Makin Island in the Gilberts," he says, "on a day when I had been needing a shave for a week and the sun was hot and bright and aimed straight at my eyeballs. I spent four years in the Army, mostly in the Pacific, and the last year was the only one worth talking about. As an Army correspondent I managed to scramble over most of the ocean and for a short time became a syndicated columnist, doing *Pacific Report* with another G.I. correspondent, Jack Sher." *Experiments Perilous* is his second Esquire contribution.

George W. Morse

GEORGE W. MORSE (*A Challenge in Blonde*, page 48) writes: "I goofed around in the usual manner of hopefuls with college publications . . . Williams '38. Worked at various jobs with the Boston *Globe* during summers which weren't spent traveling and probably gave the staff a very bad time. By reason of a surgeon-father, was scheduled for the medical profession till I watched him do a few pre-breakfast operations. Graduation found me on the staff of a weekly magazine in Washington called *The Senator*. When it folded I slunk home to Boston, got married to keep my courage up and signed up with an insurance company. For several months I chased automobile accidents over greater Philadelphia, overpaying every claimant who could spell 'human interest.' Finally I got a reporter's job on the New York *World-Telegram* and during the war was a pilot in the Ferrying Division of the Air Transport Command. I have survived two years of free-lancing and still get a happy feeling when I think of people who must catch commuting trains and check in at offices. I live in a peaceful section of Long Island, where I can indulge in old clothes, hunting and fishing. I keep my hand in at flying—these days only when I feel rash and there isn't a cloud in the sky."

Green Peyton

GREEN PEYTON is the author of five books in print (most recently *For God and Texas*) and one on the presses: *America's Heartland: the Southwest*. After a few years at the University of Virginia and reporting for the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, he joined the staff of *Fortune*, then worked for a decade on *Time*, leaving to serve the Navy as an air combat information officer. At the moment, having recuperated from his latest book in a whirlwind flight around the Caribbean, he is beginning a novel, and has two other assignments to go: a Southwestern cookbook for Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, and a biography of pioneer oilman Mordelo Vincent, Sr.

London-born VAL DUNCAN, although he has lived in New York State since he was fourteen, still has the natural reserve of the English. In 1942 a P-47 Thunderbolt crashed into his home. Two months later, as if this had been an omen, he went into the Air Corps as public-relations man. Previously he had been everything from civil-service employee to newspaperman. However, his dreams always had been of becoming a writer. These dreams first started to jell when he met Howard Phillips in the Army. Phillips, born in Manhattan, was once a soloist with Ray Noble, had had his own program on CBS, and had written motion pictures before he became a G.I. The two decided to collaborate and their story, *One-Way Alley: Two Tickets*, is the first result. After the war, Duncan, a boating enthusiast, moved to Northport, Long Island, with his wife and child. Phillips married and settled fifteen miles away in Stony Brook. Back on the *Newsday*, L. I., copy desk, Duncan writes short stories in his spare time and Phillips, a par golfer, pounds out short stories, articles and radio programs.

Joseph Heller

JOSEPH HELLER, contributor of *The Girl from Greenwich*, which you'll find on page 40, first began writing between missions as a bombardier with the Twelfth Air Force. He is now in his junior year at New York University and is majoring in English, he explains: "With a view to becoming a teacher if I am unable to become a successful writer by the time I graduate. I have the background which seems to be fashionable for writers. At honest labor I have toiled unwillingly at just about everything from newsboy to blacksmith helper. And I am from Brooklyn."

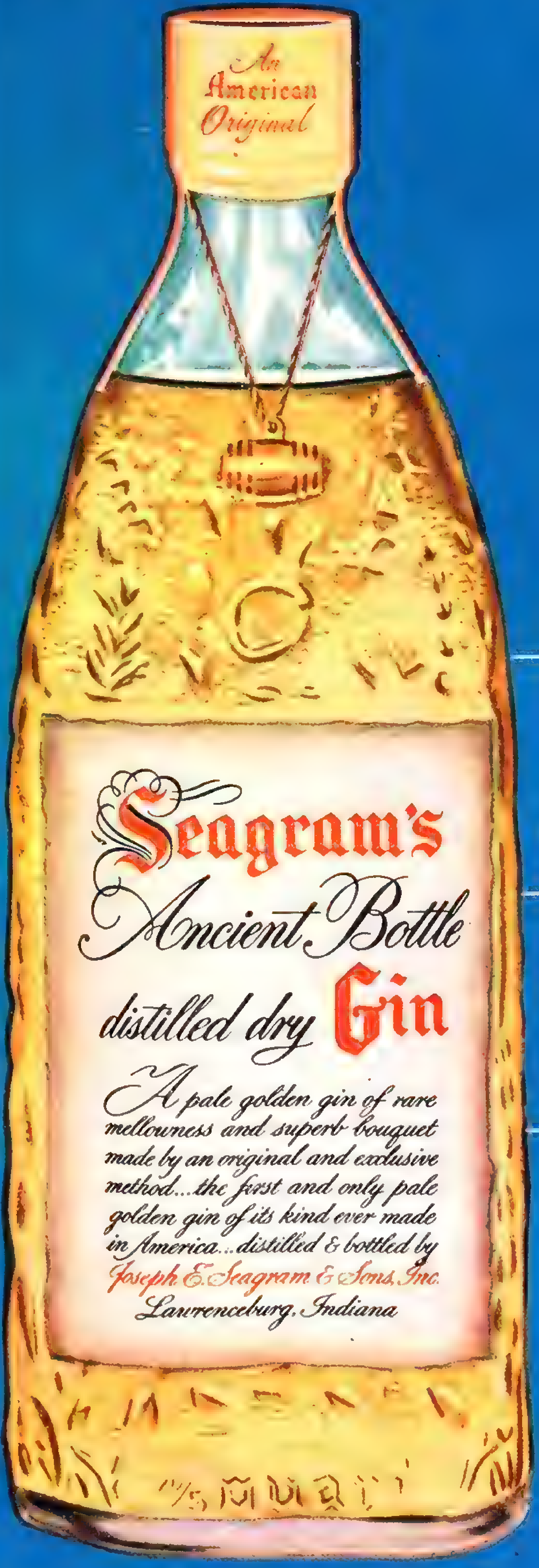
JOHN BRIGGS, Music Editor of the New York *Post*, volunteers that the business about the two decks of playing cards in *Women Wait for Winners* is based on an actual happening at a performance of *Rigoletto* some years ago. He says: "It is a tradition of Italian opera for the tenor to toss the cards over his shoulder to signal the conductor that he is about to let go his high note, so that the conductor won't bring in the orchestra too soon. *Rigoletto* is a story in itself. I have never been able to understand why, in most performances of this opera, Gilda is abducted in a white nightie and shows up at the ducal palace in a pink nightie. But that's opera for you; always an unexpected twist."

WILLIAM FRANCIS is still a member of the writers and artists colony at Laguna Beach, California. When he isn't writing short stories like *Some Girls Sing*, on page 44, he's painting—houses.

Michael Kearns

MICHAEL KEARNS believes his West Virginia background is the reason for his "obviously obsolete awe of the truth" which resulted in *Do Americans Make Good Spies?* page 43. He was sent to Europe in the first group of counterintelligence agents in 1942, and says: "Our prowess was demonstrated by the pre-North Africa mission which two of us loused up so much the British arrested us as Nazi spies." While in London he acquired a wife and a fondness for tea and Yorkshire pudding. He has contributed to magazines of every shade, from *Christian Herald* to *Cosmopolitan*, has been a reporter, city editor, photographer, radio scripter and publicist.

An American Original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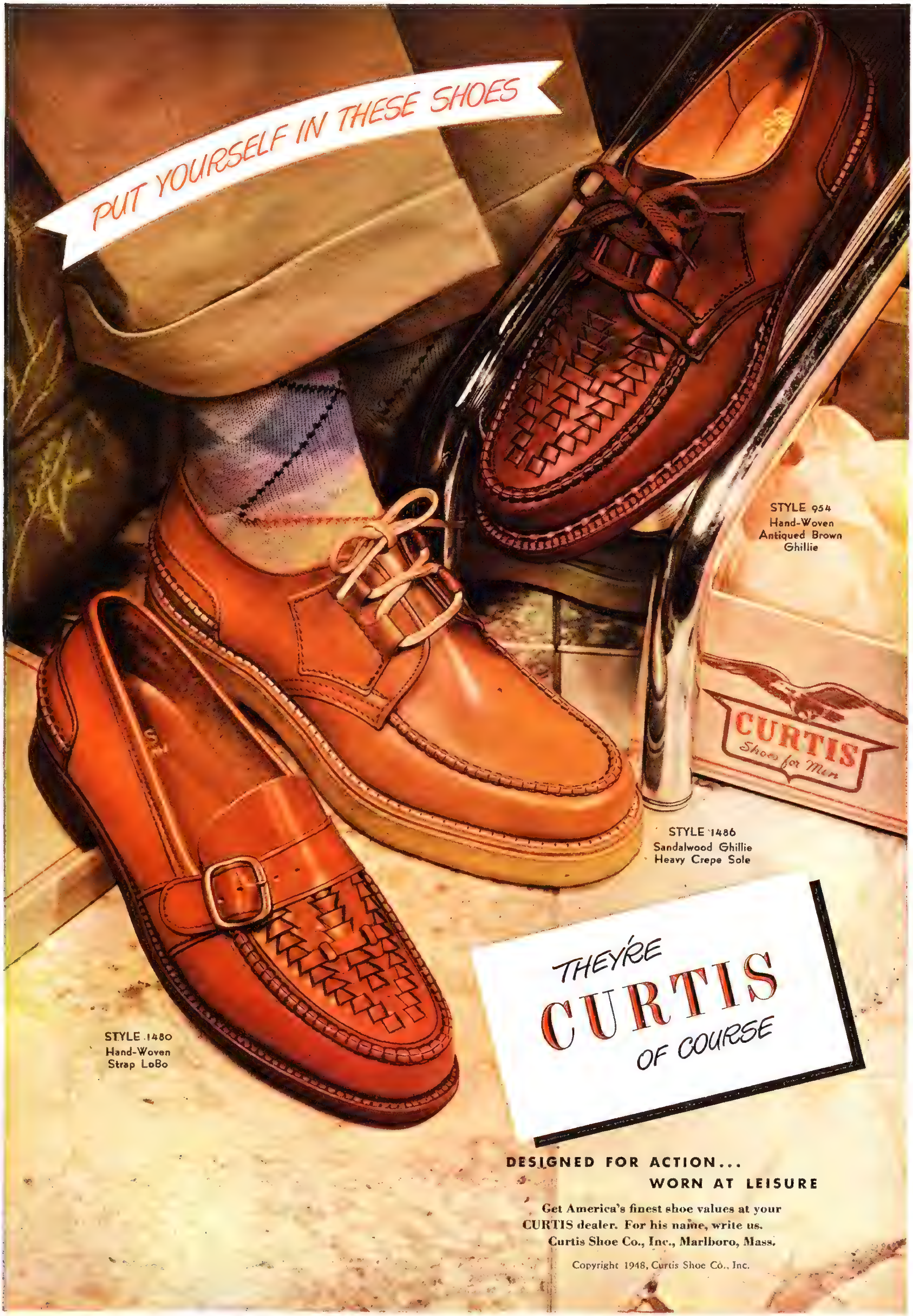
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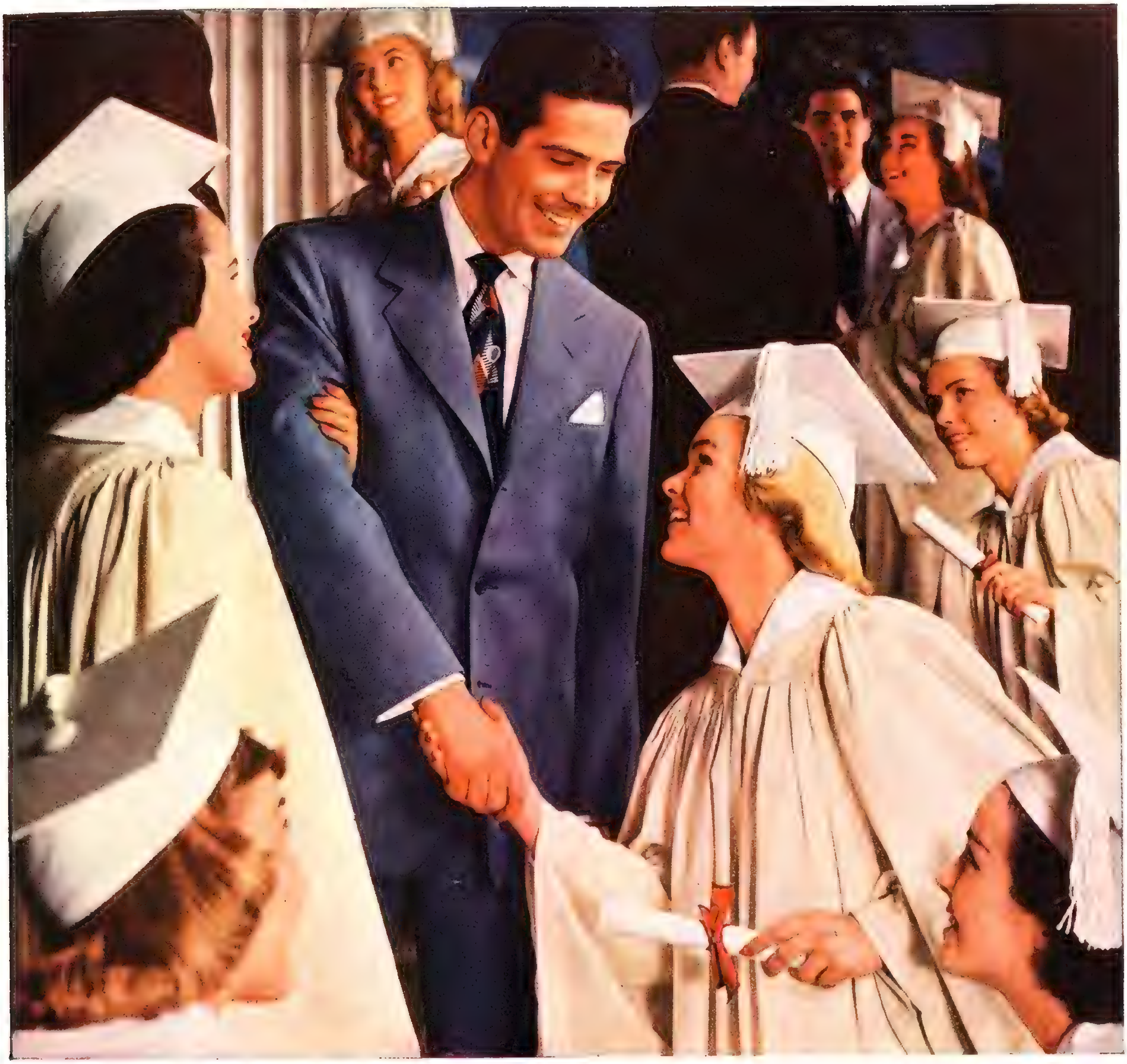

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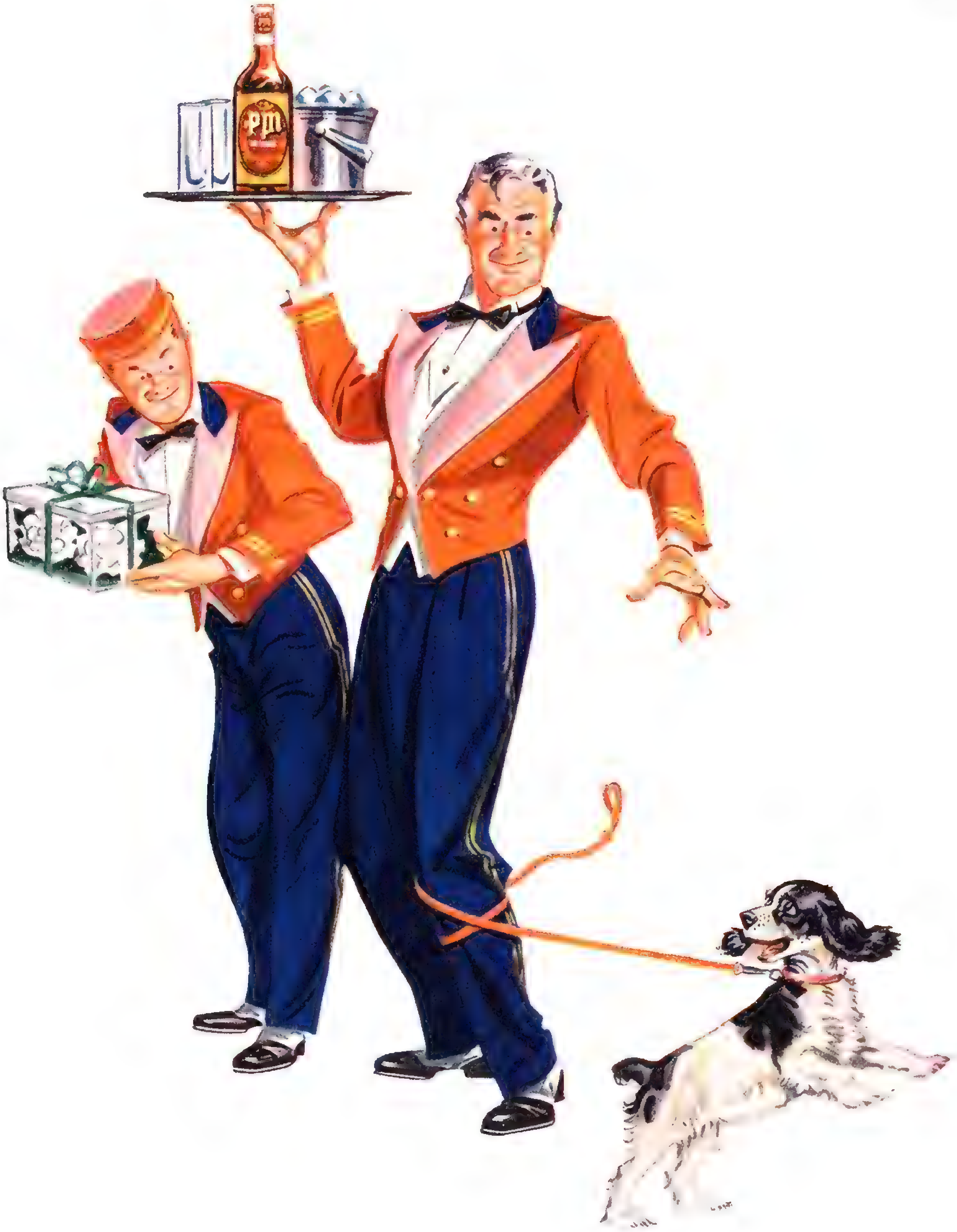

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Gourd-Time Charlies

A tottering civilization seems to find its most expressive gesture slithering over waxed planks in a Latin something laughingly referred to as a dance

An Article by

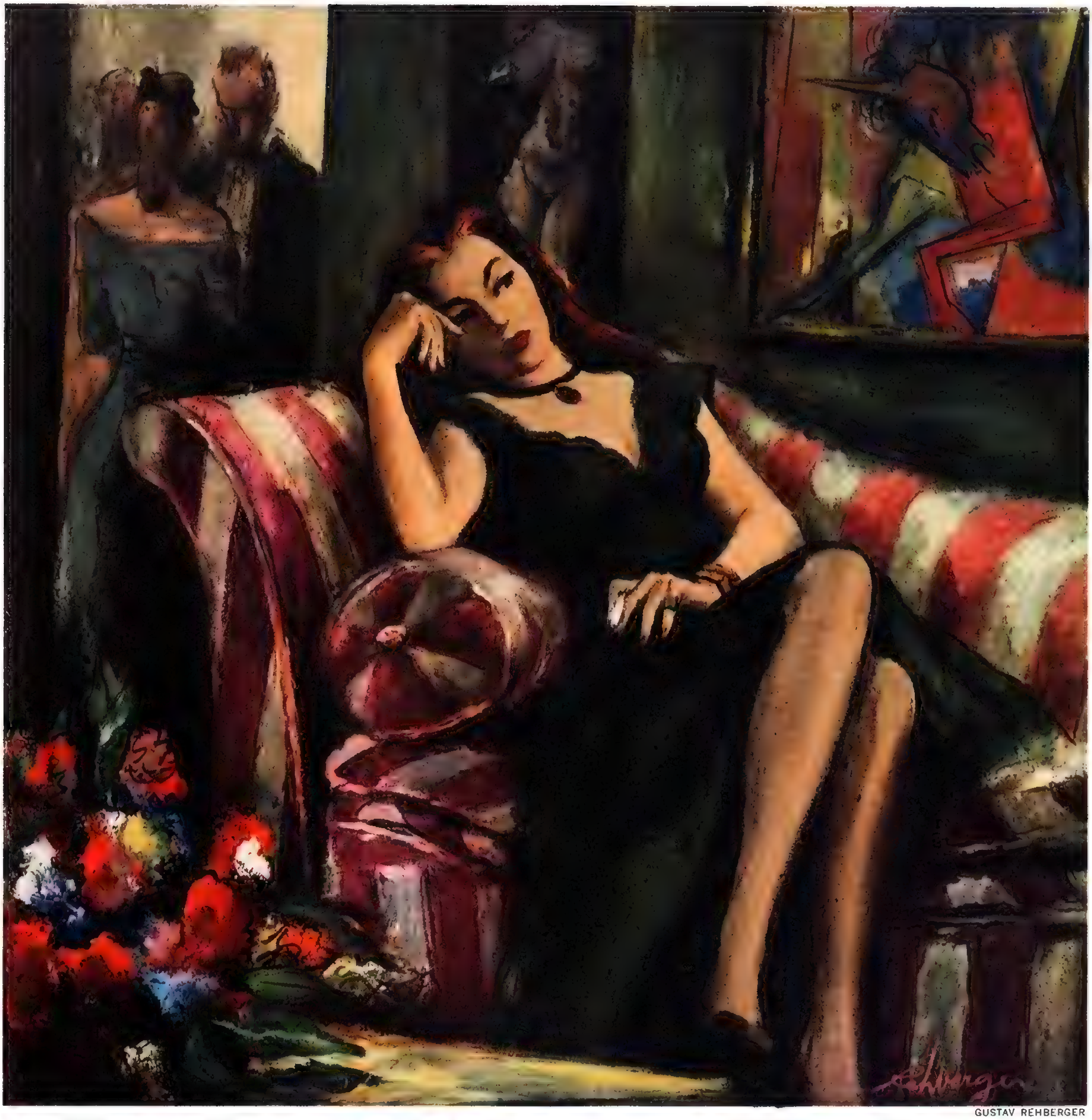
JIMMY CANNON

The majority of my friends declare insomnia to be a stanch ally of knowledge because they dedicate their sleepless hours to reading books they would never get the time to inspect if the schedule of their lives was governed by normal nervous systems. But this metropolitan affliction has not been able to diminish my vast store of ignorance and all I get out of it are the habits of a bum. I am a guy who nurses this torment in night clubs, and there I cringe while the comedians tell their smutty jokes which would get them punched in the eye if they repeated the exact routines to the same people in a private house. Wasting the lobster trick in taverns is a formula I acquired in my youth, which I mislaid in the speak-easies of the time. Six years ago I quit the grog, retiring with the title, and since then I have challenged nothing stronger than coffee, a little cream, no sugar. But I still can't organize myself for sleep before four in the morning, which is the time the saloonkeepers are compelled by law to close up their stores in New York. Continual loitering at tables has bent my shoulders into a posture of permanent dejection. I seldom rise from my chair once I have settled down and this is also a legacy from my early training in the speaks. During that period anyone who got up to dance was suspected of being a coward. Dancing was a ruse employed by weak but pretentious drinkers who abandoned the table to avoid downing a round which they thought might back up on them. But since Prohibition was repealed I have made several determined attempts to move to the music of jazz bands. Such tries have done me no good. It was Miss Jane Kean, a lark-voiced ballerina of the Broadway musical shows, who disqualified me forever from the profession of Fred Astaire. Miss Kean was goaded into her brutally inaccurate remark after I had squired her once around the rim of the Stork Club floor.

"You dance," said Miss Kean, "like a mob dispersing."

Despite Miss Kean's observation it is my calm opinion that I possess the wild and beautiful majesty of Nijinsky in his prime when I compare my dancing to those I have watched doing the rhumba in many cities of the world. At their best they remind me of Babe Herman, the old Brooklyn outfielder, who staggered in grotesque panic under any fly ball which was hit into the zone he was hired to police. But when they congregate in masses on a dance floor, the rhumbers impersonate the desperate frenzy of cinema criminals trying to yank themselves free of one section of a handcuff, the other half of which is clasped firmly on the wrist of a very healthy detective. Until rhumba dancers are lashed together in the methods used by mountain climbers, I will insist that headwaiters sit me as far from the dance floor as the dimensions of a joint will allow. I only consider myself out of harm's way when they place me out where Gionfriddo caught the ball in the '47 World Series. I have seen too many of my friends assaulted by a rhumba dancer as they sat at the ringside, as one of the most popular steps has the female spinning blindly out of her partner's embrace in a flight which is not controlled, as the rhumba is always danced with the eyes closed. Unless barricades are erected to protect the night-club patrons, they are in constant danger. Seldom a night passes that a drinker is not carried out after being knocked down by a hit-and-run rhumba dancer. The sitter hasn't a gambler's chance to avoid injury if his table is set up on the fringe of the floor. It would be considered impossible to avoid such a lunge if you were on your feet and prepared to dodge such an assault. But sitting in a chair, your senses drugged by an evening's intake, lulled by conversation or the presence of the one you love, you are a helpless target for any missile hurtling off the dance floor. You are unable to use your natural agility to escape such a sneak attack because rhumba dancers operate with the principles of the Japs at Pearl Harbor. They go along dreamily, moving slightly, until the victim is located. Then the gunner takes aim and hurls his mate at the unsuspecting dupe. If a direct hit is not scored, the chances are the rhumbers will manage to get a piece of the table and sideswipe it. Although injuries seldom result from such a collision the spilling of food and drinks is sure to run up an immense cleaning bill. Slowly this jeopardy is altering the conception of a man's importance as judged by cabaret standards. In time only the expendables will be allowed to sit near the dance floor, and the big people will be sheltered by distance from the aggressive rhumbers. It is only logical that a guy who runs a joint wants to preserve the health of a good customer on the theory that he may not get all his money the first time. So people they figure are only one-shot clubbers will be used as a shield to guard the big spenders from ambush by the felonious impersonators of Tony De Marco. My ears pain from the laments of those who run the joints. They blame the small crowds in the cabarets on a shortage of money. But it is my guess that the fainthearted who hope to enjoy their wealth have retired to the safety of their homes instead of risking their lives and limbs in the saloons where the rhumba bands slam and bang. A night-club proprietor who armed non-rhumbers with baseball bats and other weapons to defend themselves against attack would lay up a huge profit and his place would become a shrine for all those who like to stay out late in comparative peace. If the joint owners had any sense at all they would immediately start a campaign to force all rhumba dancers to be licensed by the state. They would be examined by inspectors and forced to submit to an examination based on the laws of public safety. Accidents resulting in the harm of patrons sitting down (*Continued on page 175*)

"Do you suppose Willie's fallen among evil companions?"



GUSTAV REHBERGER

Girl from Greenwich

There was one sharp moment when he knew he had won, but then he saw behind her haunting smile

A Story by JOSEPH HELLER

DUKE stood across the room, waiting, his eyes fixed on the girl from Greenwich. She was pretty and he admired her clean, young beauty, but it was her faint, enigmatic smile that intrigued him.

Sidney Cooper and some others were standing around her talking. Someone said something funny and they all laughed, all but the girl from Greenwich, whose remote smile reflected the amusement without taking shape. Then they moved off. She was alone, and Duke crossed the room, coming up behind her quietly and leaning against the back of her chair. She sensed him after a moment and turned slowly.

"Can I get you a drink?" he asked.

"Do I know you?" She spoke with a normal inflection of curiosity.

"It's all very proper I assure you," Duke said. "We were introduced before."

"Oh, I'm sorry." She looked over the room slowly at the buzzing horde of guests that milled noisily about the Cooper apartment. "It's terribly exciting, isn't it?" she said with enthusiasm.

"What is?" Duke asked.

"This." She raised her hand in a small gesture that encircled the entire gathering.

"Oh," he said dryly.

"It's a wonderful party, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "Let's leave it."

She raised her head and looked at him with new interest. "I'm afraid I've forgotten your name," she said inquiringly.

"It's Arthur Clarke," Duke said. "And you haven't forgotten. You probably never heard it."

"You mean we weren't introduced?"

"It can be arranged if you find the present relationship offensive."

"That won't be necessary," she said, and laughed lightly. "Tell me, do you write?"

"I've published several books. None very successful. Do you?"

"I've just finished my first novel," she told him. "They're going to publish it in the spring."

"Well, congratulations. I hope it goes well."

"I'm sure it will," she said happily. "It has already been chosen by one of the book clubs." She watched him expectantly.

"That's very nice," he said. "It really is. This isn't your reception by any chance, is it?"

"No," she replied, her face brightening. "Will I have one?"

"It's customary," he explained, and studied her as she assimilated the information in silence. "How about that drink?" he asked again.

"All right," she said, consideringly. "A martini."

Duke spied a maid with a tray, selected Scotch for himself and returned. She took the drink from him and stared at it reflectively. Standing beside her, he studied the soft slope of her cheek and the full lips fashioned in the arch, introspective smile, and he saw that she was very young, and very happy, and very much afraid.

"Well, here's luck," he said, and emptied his glass. He saw she was staring at hers with the same serene contemplation.

"A martini," she said softly, when she saw him watching her. "Would you believe it? I never drank martinis before."

"Do you like them?"

"Not particularly," she admitted. "Are you supposed to sip them or drink them fast?"

"You do whatever you like."

"Then I'll just go on staring at it for awhile."

"Not for long," Duke said. "I think our hostess is coming to take you away."

He had noticed Louise Cooper, her eyes fixed purposefully upon them, moving through the numerous groups crowding the room, her smile appearing every time someone caught her eye.

She said to the girl, "There's someone to see you, my dear."

"Who?" Duke's companion asked quickly.

"A man," Louise said. "I didn't know whether to admit him or not. I have him in the foyer."

The girl's face darkened as she looked toward the door. "What does he look like?"

"He's rather young, with blond hair, and he's wearing a trench coat."

The girl's face, staring thoughtfully toward the foyer, showed recognition. "Oh, yes, I know him." She smiled up at Louise in apology. "Could you tell him I'm busy and can't see him now?"

"I'm afraid it's too late for that," Louise said. She said it regretfully, but in a firm voice. "I think you had better see him."

The girl nodded and rose reluctantly. She excused herself with an embarrassed smile and walked toward the door. Duke stared after her, even when she had turned from the room, scratching his chin in a slow, unconscious movement. Then he turned to Louise and they chatted about nothing, and when someone called her away he wandered across the room, talked to another critic for awhile, had another drink, and looked around for her. She was still gone.

The jumble of conversations around him made him uncomfortable with a sense of idle loneliness. He scanned the room for Cooper and saw him in a corner with the others. He walked up behind him and tapped his arm. Cooper looked around, recognized him, smiled, stepped back and said, "Hello, Duke. Everything all right?"

"No, Sid. Everything's all wrong. Why do you throw these parties anyway?"

"It's good business," Cooper said laughing. "Where've you been?"

"Talking to your new writer. The pretty one with red hair."

"Oh, Arlene Edwards. How do you like her?"

"Is she any good?"

"She'll sell a hundred thousand copies in three months."

"That's not what I asked," Duke said. "Is she any good?"

"No," Cooper said evenly. "It will sell, but it isn't any good."

"Whose party is this anyway?"

"Max Winkler's," Cooper said.

"That hack!"

"You gave him a good review," Cooper argued. "Why don't you congratulate him?"

"To hell with him."

"Go ahead. He's standing right behind you."

Winkler was a grave, middle-aged man who had moved Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler to the Alaskan gold rush, thereby finding his own fortune. At that moment he was very pleased and proud and trying not to show it. Duke walked up to him and they shook hands.

"I'm grateful for your kind review," Winkler said.

"It was a pleasure to write it," Duke lied. "I enjoyed your book." It had been a pleasure because it pleased Cooper, and Cooper was his own publisher. "Are you working on anything new?" he asked.

"Well, yes," Winkler said, choosing his words with caution. "At the moment I am planning my next book. A serious work. Something with more depth than my last one. Something more significant."

Someone began talking with Winkler, and Duke drifted away unnoticed. He wandered through the room aimlessly, avoiding anybody he knew, his eyes returning often to the wide entrance opening into the foyer. They were all going to do serious works someday, he thought cynically.

There was still no sign of her. He recalled suddenly that she hadn't wanted to see the man, and it occurred to him that something might be wrong. He found them standing together in a corner of the next room. They seemed to be arguing vehemently. The girl looked up at the door for a moment and caught his eye. Duke caught the distress in her glance and moved forward.

"It's gone far enough," the man was saying as he approached. "It's gone too far."

"You'll just have to trust me a little longer," the girl said. "I wish you would try to understand."

"I understand," the man said. "I understand that it's out of my hands and there's nothing I can do. I wonder if you understand."

"Anyway, this is no place to discuss it," the girl said.

"I can see," the man said, as Duke joined them.

He faced Duke resentfully, his thin, tired face regarding him with hostility. He was wearing a grey, military trench coat that was a bit too large, and he had that sharp, cunning look that Duke remembered from poolrooms and prize fights. Duke smiled at him sweetly and turned to the girl.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but you're wanted on the phone."

"You see," she said to the man triumphantly. "I have to go inside."

"I'll wait."

"Please don't. I'll call you as soon as I have time."

"It isn't a question of time. It's something I have to know now."

"I'll call you tomorrow. I promise."

The man glared at Duke with anger, opened his mouth to speak, then changed his mind and, without a word, strode from the apartment. When the door had slammed behind him, the girl smiled with relief.

"A very nice character," Duke observed. "Where did you meet him?"

"I won't apologize for him," the girl answered, pressing his arm confidentially. "And I want you to promise not to ask."

"I'll promise," he agreed. "Because right now it's none of my business." They were walking back to the living room. "Do we have to go back?" he asked.

"Why, of course."

"Let's not. There's no climax to these parties. They occupy the same level of monotony from start to finish."

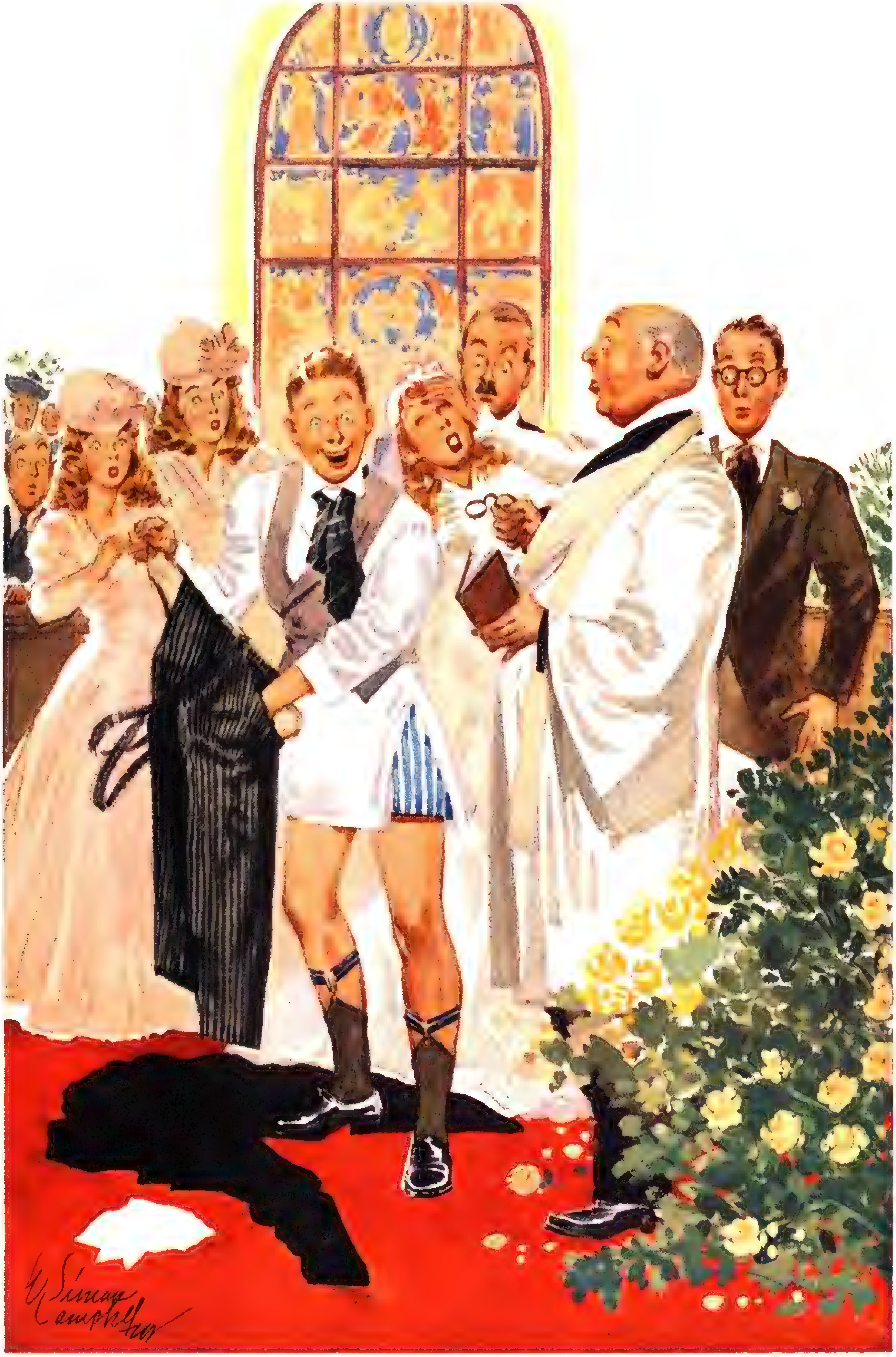
"You're very cynical," she said, with amusement. "I love parties, especially this one. I think it's glorious."

Duke was incredulous. "What's so glorious about wasting an afternoon with a lot of talkative people who have nothing to talk about?"

"That's not true," she protested. "They're very entertaining and I think it's wonderful being here with all

(*Continued on page 142*)

"Herbert's tired and wants to go home"


E. Simms Campbell

"Don't worry, I know it's here someplace!"

Do Americans Make Good Spies?

Here's enough red hot dynamite to blast the most complacent American out of his feathered armchair and send him out for new locks for the front door

An Article by

MICHAEL KEARNS

In any discussion of whether Americans make good spies the subject of sex—normally a delightful topic—becomes acutely painful to a patriotic student of espionage.

Half the reason is contained in a perfumed view of Hedy Lamarr, the European spy, leaning back in a smoke-fogged compartment of the Orient Express, her clothes disarranged in the best intriguing fashion, her handbag stuffed with drugged cigarettes, her luggage crammed with treaties, her hand curled around a dainty Italian pistol, her eyes inviting the king's messenger and the audience to come in and pull down the shades.

The other half is contained in a sterilized view of the All-American Girl, the *good* girl, enthroned upon a towering pedestal of chastity, wreathed in mythical mists of virginity, her radiant face turned to the rising dawn, her blonde hair streaming in the fresh winds, her clear, blue eyes regally inviting The Kid Next Door to a double-date coke at the corner drugstore.

Both of these visions are, of course, ridiculous. But they have become so much a part of the national mosaic that we regard (1) all female spies as beautiful, wicked prostitutes, and (2) the business of espionage as too horrid for American women. These philosophical whimsies become hard, frightening reality when it is realized that in the last war our United States hired fewer female nationals for active espionage than any major country in the world.

The ladies' department of our wartime intelligence was a kindergarten, as far as can be learned. A onetime O.S.S. instructor is authority for the statement that in the almost five months he was connected with future agents only two women attended classes. He's not sure about one, but the other was quickly transferred into propaganda. Another cloak-and-dagger veteran swears he never heard of even one female American spy in the Far East at any stage of hostilities. Still another backs the negative report as far as the Middle East is concerned. As one who spent more than three years in Europe actively engaged in both headquarters and field counterintelligence, I can match the claim as far as that continent is involved. Persistent inquiry among dozens of Army and Navy vets who dealt in intelligence fortifies the stand. All of us encountered hundreds of French, British, Belgian, Dutch, German, Polish, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and Italian female spies. None was an American. Sadly, then, it becomes apparent that most female U. S. "spies" during World War II were, in reality, typists, secretaries, file clerks, scholars, or drivers, all far behind the lines . . . *our* lines.

Here we come to our first point about American espionage: it won't be worth a Confederate dollar until our agents include American women. And plenty of them.

The female spy has been commonplace since Delilah spied upon Samson for the Philistines. Women were employed during the recent war in the thousands. One of the most successful was Marie Jeanne Achard, who posed as a stenographer; she spied on Allied agents and underground heroes from France to Tunisia. One of the most beautiful was a storybook-lovely Englishwoman who went into Germanized France because the Nazis killed her husband. Our own Counter Intelligence Corps (C.I.C.) arrested a twenty-two-year-old girl in Trapani, Sicily; she was the ringleader of a band planning a 1943 uprising against Allied forces then fighting in Italy. Plenty of brave Frenchwomen parachuted or were landed back in their native land from the British Isles. As for Germany, I remember a charming woman we arrested near Heidelberg; she typed out a thirty-seven-page, single-spaced report of her nefarious activities for the Nazis, Poles, Russians, and, finally, the Italians. One of the most valuable O.S.S. spies in China was a German frau who had worked in the Fatherland for the Nazi clique, then drifted to the Far East to operate for the Free French: she was a pro.

But most women spies have been pale, colorless versions of the Mata-Hari legend. That near-fictional character, "Margaret Zelle," incidentally, was hardly a raving beauty when picked up in her Hotel Plaza room in Paris. The French superintendent who arrested the original Mata Hari complained bitterly that she was a hag with puffy and bloodshot eyes, dyed hair, flattened nose, big mouth, yellow and uneven teeth. And records show that during her imprisonment, prior to execution, the glamorous Mata was treated constantly for venereal disease. So the Hedy Lamarr illusion belongs where it was created—in Hollywood, out of Oppenheim, by Hitchcock.

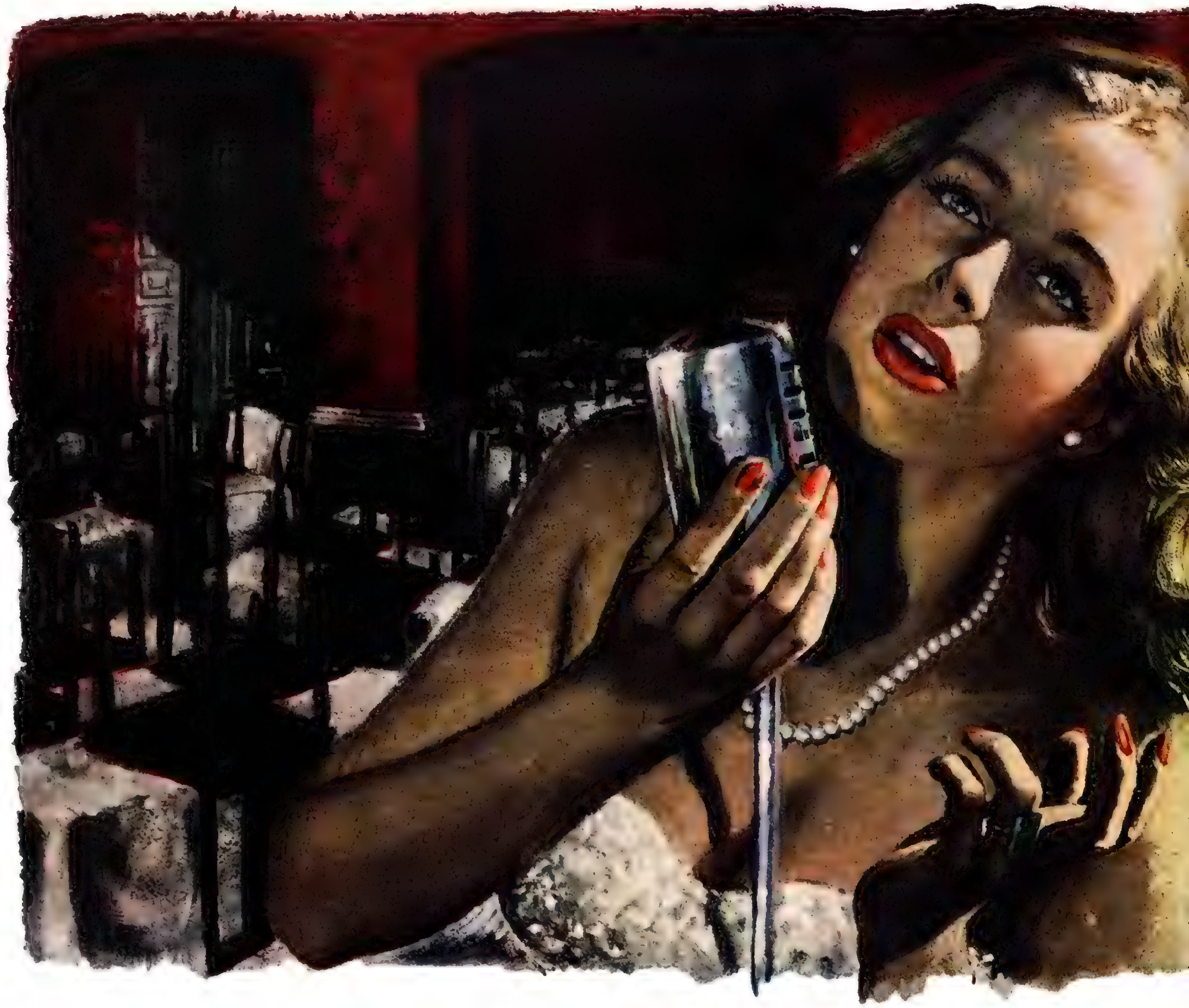
Instead, the female spies of World War II regarded their very negative greyness as their chief asset. They worked in bawdy-houses, served as chambermaids, tended bars, typed in offices, waited tables, worked on farms. Ellen Karsten, newspaper-touted by the Nazis as their luscious young Mata, was a sheepish and weary woman of forty-one when she gave herself up to British intelligence officers. The distaff side of the French and Belgian and Dutch undergrounds was composed mostly of quietly courageous matrons who hid escaping fliers a few nights, under very real threat of death, then passed the youths on to the next way station. One of the most mysterious and effective in their ranks was an elderly, white-haired, titled Lady from England.

Obviously, then, contrary to imaginative writers, every female intelligence agent isn't a cover-girl countess. Nor is she a streetwalker. With rare exceptions, none of these women in the last war was a sexy, spying seducer.

Yet American intelligence apparently believed that sort of lore. That's the only possible explanation why—with our attitude toward wicked women spies, and with our attitude toward the forever virginal glory of American women—we failed to use female nationals on a large scale. No other world power would dream of an exclusively masculine intelligence. In fact, foreign services simply refused to believe the all-male appearance of our secret service; they thought it all a very, very clever Yankee smoke screen; they assumed, without further thought, that our feminine division was as active as theirs.

How Stonewall (*Continued on page 103*)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS
Matt Curzon



Some Girls Sing

A Story by WILLIAM FRANCIS

I STARTED stooging for Nick Dimos back in the days when a college degree was just a used piece of paper so far as getting a job was concerned. I stayed on because I liked Nick.

Oh, I know what was said about him and I know all the things he was supposed to be, but Nick never let me dirty my hands on anything. He liked me too. He liked me because he was nuts about anything that had class and he thought a college education was as classy as you could go. I spent a lot of time with him just picking out his clothes and jewelry and trying to improve his language. I'll say this for him, he tried hard, and even if he wanted to wear flashy clothes he didn't because I told him not to. I got him to where he at least looked like a gentleman and he could handle most of the proper tools at the table, but I was never able to change what went on in his mind. He didn't think like a gentleman.

Another thing: Nick was honest. I know it sounds funny to say that about a guy with Nick Dimos' reputation, but it was true. He was honest in everything he did. He was especially honest about gambling and he expected the guys he gambled with to be honest too; and when Nick expected something he usually got it. I never knew him to tell a lie; well, almost never.

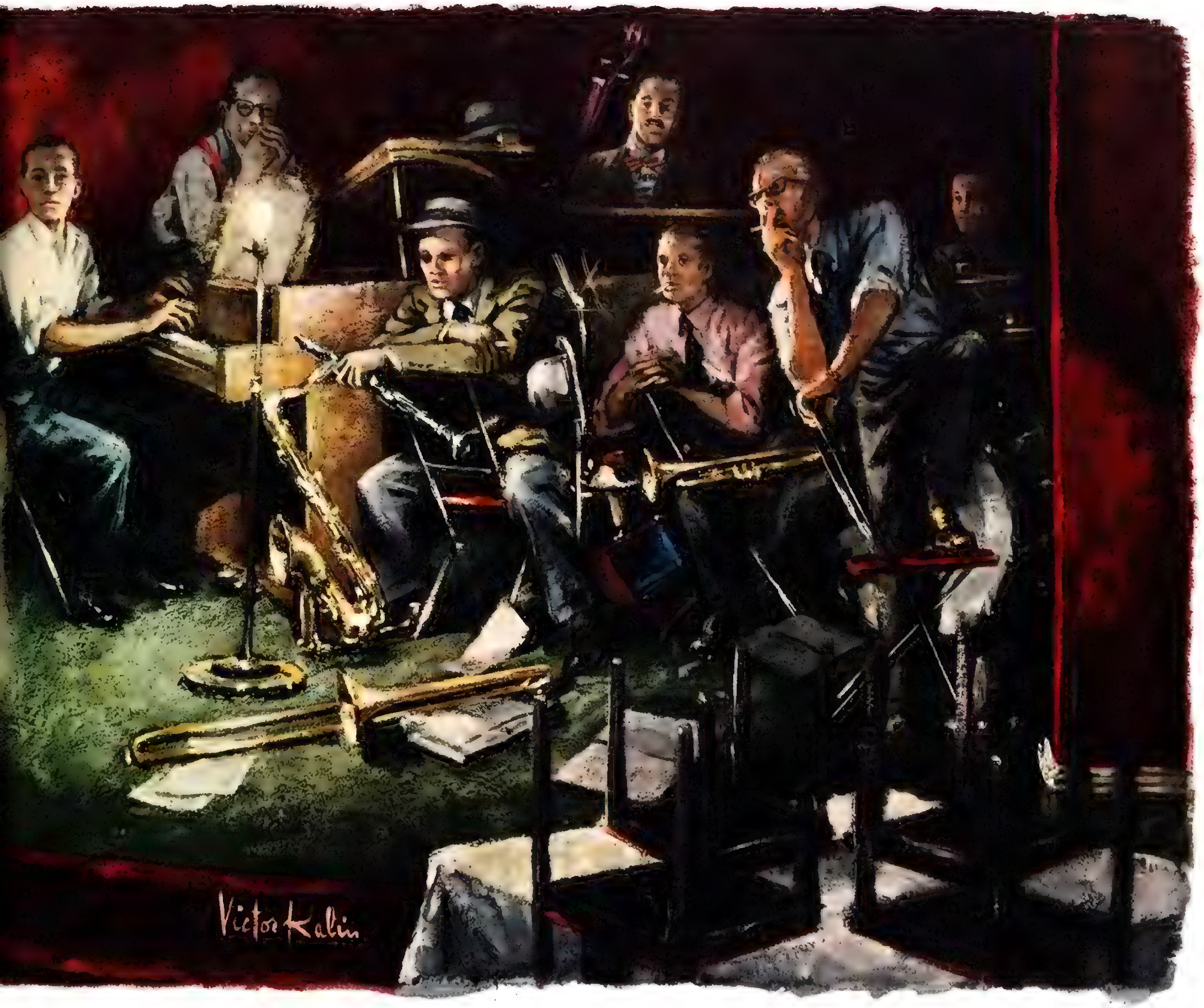
Whatever else I was able to refine about Nick I couldn't change his ideas about women.

"A dame," he'd tell me, "is for entertainment purposes only. At least," and he'd add this because he had to be honest with himself, "the dames I've got anything to do with. I like them to be looked at, see? I like guys to envy me."

I didn't argue with him about it; it wouldn't have done any good. His "dames" were always the same and they were sort of a trade-mark with him. Wherever he went in public he had a couple of them around him, usually small, well-built girls, showy, flashy and very, very affectionate. Like Nick said, they were for entertainment purposes only and like most playthings they didn't hold his interest for long. I knew that none of them meant any more to Nick than they did to me and I couldn't even remember their names.

The time I'm telling about I was running The Stag for Nick. The Stag was what Nick would call "a high-class joint." It was out on the Strip and he'd spent a lot in making it look rich. We kept it quiet and exclusive and expensive. The band didn't jump and the floor show was something you could take or leave; three acts and a fairly well-known emcee. We served good bar liquor and the food was costing us more that we made on it, but the place paid off—not a lot by Nick's standards, maybe, but at least enough. He owned two or three other joints, but The Stag was the only one he got any pleasure out of. The others made more money, but he always said they didn't have any class.

I don't know where Nick got the idea that I could run a place like The Stag, but that's what he had me doing. Actually it wasn't much of a job. Nick had a sort of interest in a food-supply outfit and he ran a linen-



VICTOR KALIN

The dames were all alike; small, well-built, flashy, very, very affectionate, and for entertainment purposes only—except one

supply company so I didn't have to buy or worry about service. Mainly I worked at keeping the place quiet and angling with the patrons. I put on the floor show too. But that was mostly routine, even where Nick's girls were concerned.

One of the acts in the floor show was always a girl friend of Nick's. And here's how that worked. Nick would send the girl over to the place during the morning rehearsal; I remember the first one, not her name, but her blonde hair and the way she curved under her clothes. I took her out to Harry, the band leader, and he asked her what she wanted to sing. I forget the number she chose, but she started before the introduction was over and she had a thin little voice and a very vague sense of rhythm. Harry stopped it halfway through and gave me a look that told me all I had to know about the girl's chances of ever being a singer.

But I knew that her lack of ability didn't mean a thing. Nick wanted her in the show and she'd be in the show. We worked it out this way; we poured her into a shiny blue dress that was cut way down to here in front and had a slit in the skirt up to her thigh. Harry knocked out a simple tune that wouldn't tax her excuse for a voice and I wrote some suggestive lyrics, nothing crude, but a double meaning if you wanted it. With her body attracting attention and the lyrics holding it, she didn't do bad. Nothing sensational, but at least no one walked out on her. Sometimes even, if the customers were boiled enough by the last show, she'd get called back for an encore.

She didn't last long enough though; Nick passed the word that if she wasn't really needed we could drop her. We did, and her place was taken by a redhead Nick sent over. It was the same deal except that this time the dress was white and the girl couldn't sing at all, so we had her talk her lines in front of a soft piano.

I don't know how many there were in a year's time, but we gave them all the same treatment. That was one thing you could be sure of at The Stag; there'd be a sexy dame in a sexy dress singing or talking a naughty song.

I didn't mind; they didn't cause any trouble. Nick kept a car out in back and right after their numbers in the last show they went right home—or someplace to Nick. If he was at The Stag they sat at his table; if he wasn't, they stayed in their dressing rooms. If anyone made passes at them I never heard about it.

Then Toni Lane came along.

It was one of my off days or I'd have noticed that things were different with her. In the first place Nick brought her to the place that morning. I should have seen right away that she wasn't like the others. Oh, she had a nice body, but it wasn't built all curves. She had wide shoulders, and long slender legs and wore a sloppy sweater that didn't outline her figure. She had natural brown hair, sort of golden brown, and it was soft-looking and it was worn down around her shoulders. Her eyes were greenish blue and her mouth was a little big. I didn't notice all

(*Continued on page 129*)

"They Always Come Out Like I Say"

A Sports Article by

ARTHUR DALEY

The author, who inhabits the Sports Desk at that venerable sheet where they print "All the News that's Fit to Print," sticks his neck out to prove that Stanley Ketchel was one of the greatest performers ever to pull on a boxing glove. If you disagree, you might tell it to The New York *Times*, but Esquire won't be held responsible for the consequences

The system was practically foolproof. Kid Tracy, the roistering welterweight fighter in the Butte, Montana, honky-tonk, hadn't had to pay out a dime. His offer seemed generous enough—$10 to any man who could last four rounds with him. For a month he'd been meeting all comers on the dimly lit stage and deftly belting them into dreamland.

If any of the volunteers proved more troublesome than expected, the careful Mr. Tracy maneuvered him against the curtained backdrop. Thereupon Texas Joe Halliday, proprietor of the honky-tonk, thoughtfully brought a sandbag in brisk contact with the bulge in the curtain caused by the victim's head. That was always the convincer.

The explosive hitting prowess of Tracy was the talk of the mining camps—until the blond-haired Polish bus boy from Butte's Copper Queen Saloon elected to try for the ten-spot. On the stage with Tracy, the seventeen-year-old youngster with the appealing baby face flew at his opponent so savagely that Texas Joe Halliday rushed in alarm to his sandbag station. The innocent-looking boy was a fighting fiend. He drove his rival across the ring with a two-fisted body attack and lashed so fierce a right to the jaw that Tracy's knees buckled. Desperately Tracy clinched and wrestled Ketchel toward the curtain—and the rendezvous with the sandbag.

But the youngster twisted away and hooked a left to the chin that sent Tracy reeling against the curtain. The curtain bulged and the thankful Halliday swung the sandbag with gentle care. It caught the Invincible One on his sconce and young Stanley, entering into the spirit of the occasion with unexpected gusto, hit Tracy flush on the jaw as he fell face downward.

That May night of 1903 Kid Tracy established his only claim to ring immortality: he was the chap who officially launched the professional career of mighty Stanley Ketchel (born Stanislaus Kiecal), one of the greatest performers ever to pull on a boxing glove.

Ketchel's start was meteoric. His career was meteoric. He blazed across the fistic firmament as no man ever had before or has since: one vivid, blinding flash—and then extinction. "I'll die before I'm thirty," he once confided. But he overestimated his life span.

Ketchel fought for just seven years. He fought during the era of the greatest middleweights our country ever has had and was the greatest of them all. He was such a tremendous hitter that he actually knocked down Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion. He was so clever that he won a decision from that wraithlike light heavyweight, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. In sixty-three bouts he blasted into unconsciousness the astonishing number of forty-seven opponents.

The young Polish boy had established a reputation even before he won ring renown. He had run away from home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, at an early age, and headed for the Wild West. While still in his teens, he was visiting a Billings, Montana, rancher friend, Jack Stagel, when one moonlight night a rifle bullet whined through the air. The rancher fell, wounded in the shoulder. Undaunted Stanley whipped out his trusty six-shooter—the true Wild West touch—and fired back. He didn't have to be told who the would-be slayer was. A half-breed Mexican, wanted for murder, had been pursued through the hills for almost a week. The price on his head was high—$1000 dead or alive.

Young Stanley could barely discern the desperado advancing cautiously from the underbrush, too far away to be reached by a revolver bullet. The murderer drew another bead with his high-powered rifle and fired. Immediately Ketchel reeled and fell on his back, arms outstretched. Edwin Booth never did a better job of acting. With complete confidence the gunman strode toward the wounded Stagel and the inert Stanley.

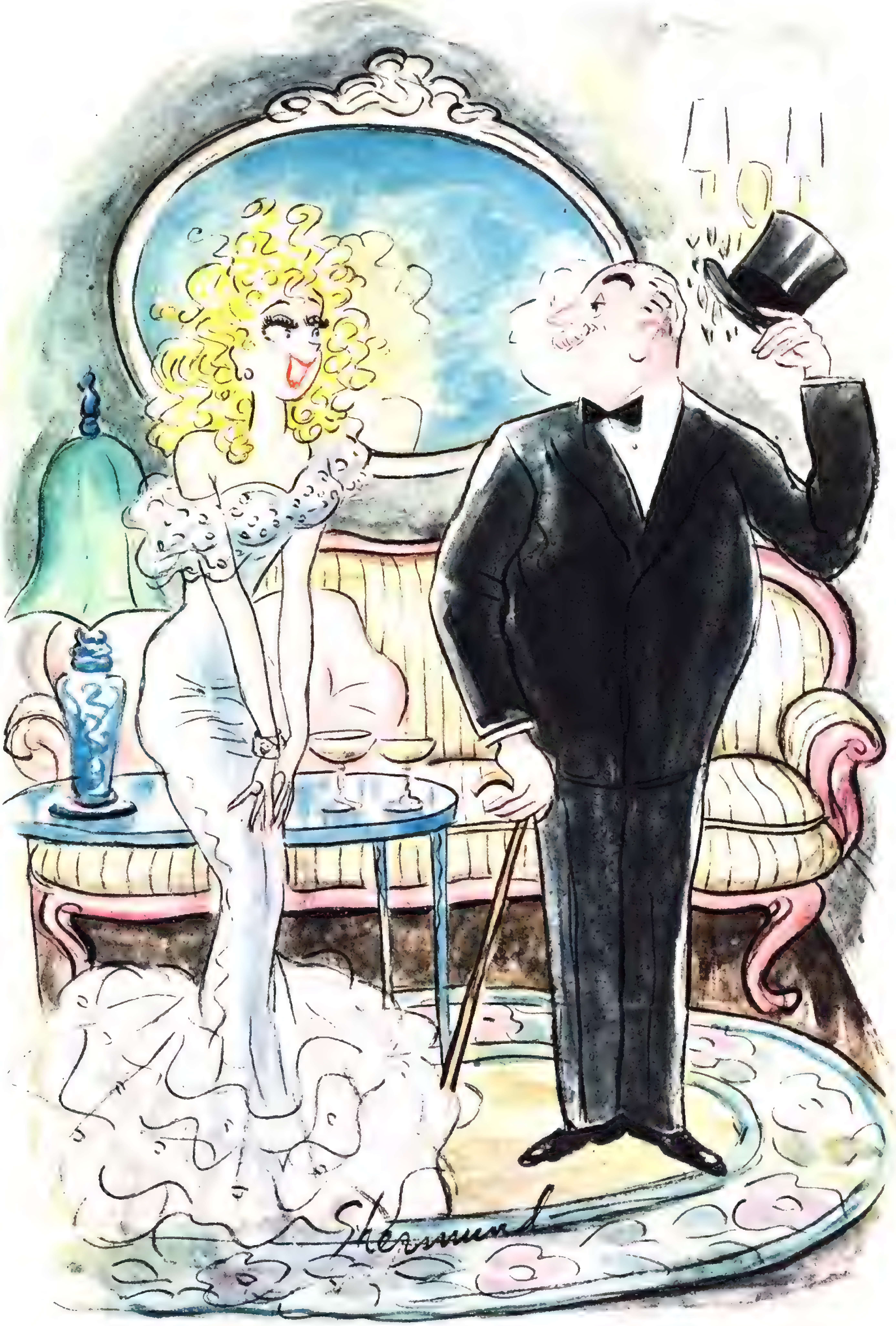
He glanced at the boy and stepped past his outstretched hand toward the rancher. Suddenly his ankle was caught in a viselike grip and he was violently jerked off his feet, his rifle flying from his hands. Ketchel undoubtedly should have used his six-shooter to subdue the hunted man, but he was much too fundamental for that. He made a tigerish leap atop the half-breed, ground his knees into the killer's stomach and squeezed him relentlessly by the throat. That seemed slow, however, so the youngster slugged him on the jaw. One punch was enough. The desperado lost both his desperation and his consciousness.

Young Stanley then tied his prisoner hand and foot, patched up Stagel's superficial shoulder wound, and dumped the deflated bad man into a buckboard wagon for delivery to the sheriff. So great was the excitement caused by this exploit in Butte that the authorities had to hire a dance hall to accommodate all the Ketchel admirers when the youngster was formally presented with the $1000 reward for singlehandedly bringing the outlaw to justice.

The Ketchel fame as a fighter really blossomed from his first match with Joe Thomas, the feature of a Fourth of July celebration at Marysville, California. Twenty-one-year-old Stanley still had no more than a local reputation around Montana's mining camps when he went into this bout. Joe Thomas, however, was one of the cleverest middleweights of his time—a deadly two-fisted hitter of such class that he was deemed the logical successor to Tommy Ryan, the middleweight champion who'd just outgrown his division and vacated his title.

Totally unimpressed by the Thomas reputation, the cocky *(Continued on page 151)*

"I don't go for that modern stuff!"



"I shouldn't ever invite you again, Mr. Kalway—you're much too clever for me"

A Challenge in Blonde

Her arrogance in handling a plane almost cost him her life, but this quality was quite another matter when she was safe on the ground, for he knew how to fix that

A Story by

GEORGE W. MORSE

The second she gets out of the roadster and walks towards the hangar I feel trouble. It's the arrogant way she walks, the smooth swing of her hips, the disdainful tilt of her head. So help me, she's a challenge to everything male.

Beside me Chuck whistles. "Dish," he says.

"I'll go," I say, but Chuck pulls me back. "Who runs the business end of this field? Remember?"

I can't help it; I hang around. After a while she comes out and climbs back into the roadster, supple, full-bodied, and drives off. Then I'm inside. Chuck turns away from the window, and he looks awed.

"That," he says softly, "is our break, Pete. Sylvia Weston. *The* Westons, of Prentiss Hill."

I slide onto the packing case we use for a desk. Casual. "And what did Miss Weston want? The ladies' room?"

He's over the desk, grinning like his throat is cut and pumping my arm. "Flight lessons! Flight lessons, no less."

Prentiss Hill means top money in this town. Chuck and I are doing all right with a hayloft, a civilian suit apiece, and some battered trainers till one of the big chain operators leases a field near by. A plush field with lounges and restaurants and a fleet of shiny new airplanes, and suddenly he's getting Prentiss Hill and most of our regular students besides.

"With Miss Weston," I say thoughtfully, "a man could die happy."

Chuck glares. "Pete, keep your hot little hands off this one. Flight lessons only. We can't even pay the gasoline bill this month."

I promise with a sigh, "Strictly good behavior, Chuck."

She's there early in the morning, cool-looking, molded slacks and that soft, tawny hair. Chuck puts on a formal introduction. "Mr. Norton," he finishes, "will be your instructor. I'm sure you'll do well with him, Miss Weston."

Chuck leaves. I wait, but she says nothing. After awhile I ask, "Have you ever flown before?"

"No."

"Well," I say, "the first ride is pretty much orientation. Ready?"

We walk out to the trainer, and I explain the controls. Then I strap her in back and we're flying. The earth flattens into a green and brown patchwork; there's a bright blue sky and everything's normal, except for my temperature. After awhile I speak over my shoulder. "Put your hands and feet on the controls. Follow my motions. We'll do some gentle turns."

I feel her touch on the controls, first awkward, then strangely light. Then I make a few turns and say, "Yours," and settle back waiting for the beginner's slips and skids.

They don't come; I sit up. I watch her in the rearview mirror; her face is deep concentration and the turns are good. I hear my voice, puzzled, surprised: "Make them steeper."

She falls out of the first steep one, but not the second, and I go tight inside. Laddie, I have seen students from impossible to the best, but I have never seen instinctive co-ordination like that.

Thinking of business and Prentiss Hill I start to compliment her. Then she looks away, and there's that little disdainful tilt to her head. That same arrogance that's in her walk. I change my mind. I say gruffly, "I'll take it."

Just Married
B TOBEY

"Oh, darling, I think I'm going to enjoy married life!"

Our eyes lock, then we land. She says, "Thank you, Mr. Norton. Tomorrow at the same time?"

"Yes." I light a cigarette, like conversation, and look up. She's climbing into the car. Gone.

I think afterward it starts the first time our eyes lock; from then on there's something electric growing between us. For me it's in the way she handles that long, slim body, the way she brushes against me when she gets in the trainer. I think of Chuck, and business, and I fight it, but I'm restless. And it's worse when I discover something is basically wrong with her flying.

Sylvia Weston carries that cool arrogance with her into the air. She's cocky, and in an airplane cockiness means danger.

It keeps me tossing all of one night, and it's daylight before I've thought it out. I wish she wasn't Prentiss Hill and I wish there wasn't that electricity between us, but I know what I've got to do.

The next afternoon I try to sound casual. "Miss Weston, I believe in showing a student all an airplane will do. It builds confidence."

"Yes?"

"We'll pick up a couple of 'chutes and take the biplane. For a little while you'll be just a passenger."

I lead her around the hangar, uneasy, hoping Chuck is busy, inside, but he sees us as we are climbing into the ship. He calls me aside, and he's furious. "'Chutes? The biplane? With Prentiss Hill?"

I try to be careful. "She's cocky; you know what that means."

I go back to the biplane and yank it upstairs. She's in the front cockpit, her blouse wind-ruffled against the slip stream, and I think grimly, *the works.* I get a few thousand feet of empty air underneath and pick up the speaking tube. "Set, Miss Weston?"

She nods. I do a violent snap roll, a falling leaf, a wild over-the-top spin, in quick succession. The engine shrieks; the ship shudders and strains and I wait for a reaction that doesn't come.

I think, *okay, she asked for it.* Dirty. I try to keep my voice low. "Next, inverted flight. And to give you confidence in your safety belt, I don't want you to hang onto anything at all. Stretch your arms over your head as soon as we're upside down."

I kick rudder and roll. Slowly her arms come over her head.

I leave it upside down, until it sputters, then I roll out. She frames the words, "All right?" I think it's almost mocking.

I do everything in the book, cursing, taking it out on the ship, then I'm in a long, snarling dive for the field. I slam it onto the ground, beaten, and climb out. She follows, excitement in her eyes. "It was wonderful, Mr. Norton. I tried to follow you through, but sometimes my feet fell off the rudders!"

I'm hanging onto (*Continued on page 170*)

Désirée

ODACHROME BY PETER FLAND

Watch That Ball!

Next time that you tee up, win the service, or wait for the kick off, you might pay a quick tribute to the greatest invention in all sports history—the ball

A Sports Article by

GEORG MANN

WHAT the wheel has been to technology, the ball has been to sports. Ball games of one sort or another have been found on every continent, stretch back through thousands of years of history. But the modern ball is as different from those used by our ancestors as engineering and research can make it, and it's specialized for some two hundred games. It's a far cry from the Dane's skull that was kicked back and forth by Anglo-Saxon boys to start football to today's pigskin, the precisely designed prolate spheroid, accurate in size to half an inch, in inflation to within a pound. Or from the rough, rounded pebbles rolled down German cloisters at crude clubs, to the modern bowling ball, with a maximum standard of a precise 8.59 inches; and the modern bowling pin which has a tolerance in its height of 2/64th of an inch and in its diameter of 2/64th over and 1/64th under.

Most sports involve kicking, batting, punching, or otherwise maltreating a ball. That includes Cherokee Indians beating each other over the head in a game of stickball—and paying incidental attention to a ball little bigger than a walnut. It also holds good for Willie Hoppe bending over a billiard table, solving complicated geometrical problems, using a touch as delicate as a surgeon's. Modern balls can be as simple as the willow-root ball used in polo, which gave the game its name. Or they can be as complicated as the hotly debated arrangement of cork, yarn, rubber, and horsehide whose probable flight causes the outfield to shift over when Ted Williams comes to bat.

Changes and improvements in the ball itself have transformed at least three of our major sports in the last few dozen years. Footballs, for example, have been steadily getting slimmer and more cigar-shaped. This slimmer football has altered the nature of the game. For one thing it's easier to control in passing because the passer can grip it better. As a result the Lujacks, Luckmans, and Waterfields are having a series of field days, passing the opposition punchy.

On the other hand the slimmer ball is harder to control in drop kicking, has nudged this art out of the big-time game. Place kicking is in one sense easier, although it contains the possibility of error of three men—center, holder, and kicker—rather than two. Drop kicking still flourishes in Australia, where a larger, heavier ball is used. The Aussie's record drop kick stands at around eighty-three yards, almost twenty yards further than the American record.

In the hands of a good passer, off the toe of a good kicker, the modern football, inflated to 12½-13½ pounds pressure, becomes a moderately painful projectile. A kicked football has been timed at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. But I know a couple of ex-tackles who will rub their jaws gingerly as they think back and swear that the ball was traveling ten times that fast when they stopped it with their faces. Bob Waterfield of the Los Angeles Rams had the speed of his passes timed. The ball traveled a little under seventy miles an hour for the first sixty feet. And a fifteen-ounce ball traveling at that speed compares favorably in its lethal impact with a baseball pitched by Bob Feller.

Manufacturers have never been able to produce a football absolutely proof against what anybody chooses to do to it in the course of a game. They've found better rubbers, such as Butyl rubber, which keeps air in, leaks less. They figured out ways of stitching the cover, improved valves. But, even so, accidents happen. In 1946, during the Georgia Tech-V.M.I. game, the ball collapsed completely. And during a Washington and Jefferson-Geneva game in 1939, the ball broke in half lengthwise during a try for the goal. Half the ball sailed through the goal posts, and the kicking team was willing to accept the result of that half. But the hardhearted referee insisted that the point be replayed.

Golf has been changed even more by improvements in the ball. The early golf ball was made of wet feathers, stuffed inside a leather cover. What the putting was like after the ball had been knocked around the course a bit was probably enough to make a modern golfer break down and cry. A century ago the gutty ball, made of gutta percha, came along and dominated the game. Real distance was impossible, but there are those who will swear the heavier gutty ball was truer on the greens.

The gutty ball, however, did lead to one great discovery; after a few rounds its relatively soft cover became nicked and dented. To their amazement, the golfers found that a certain amount of these nicks and dents made the ball travel farther and faster. The manufacturers soon caught on, began nicking the covers themselves in mesh and dimple patterns, which served to keep the ball on the straight and narrow.

Since around 1900 inventors have had a field day tinkering with the modern ball to get more distance, keep it true. The modern golf ball has about one hundred feet of rubber wound around its core. At one time or another there have been golf balls whose centers contained compressed air, acids, liquids of one kind or another, sponge, hard rubber, honey, dry ice, and various types of "needled" centers. As for the cover, science bears out the conclusion that thin-covered balls travel further; heavy-covered ones last longer.

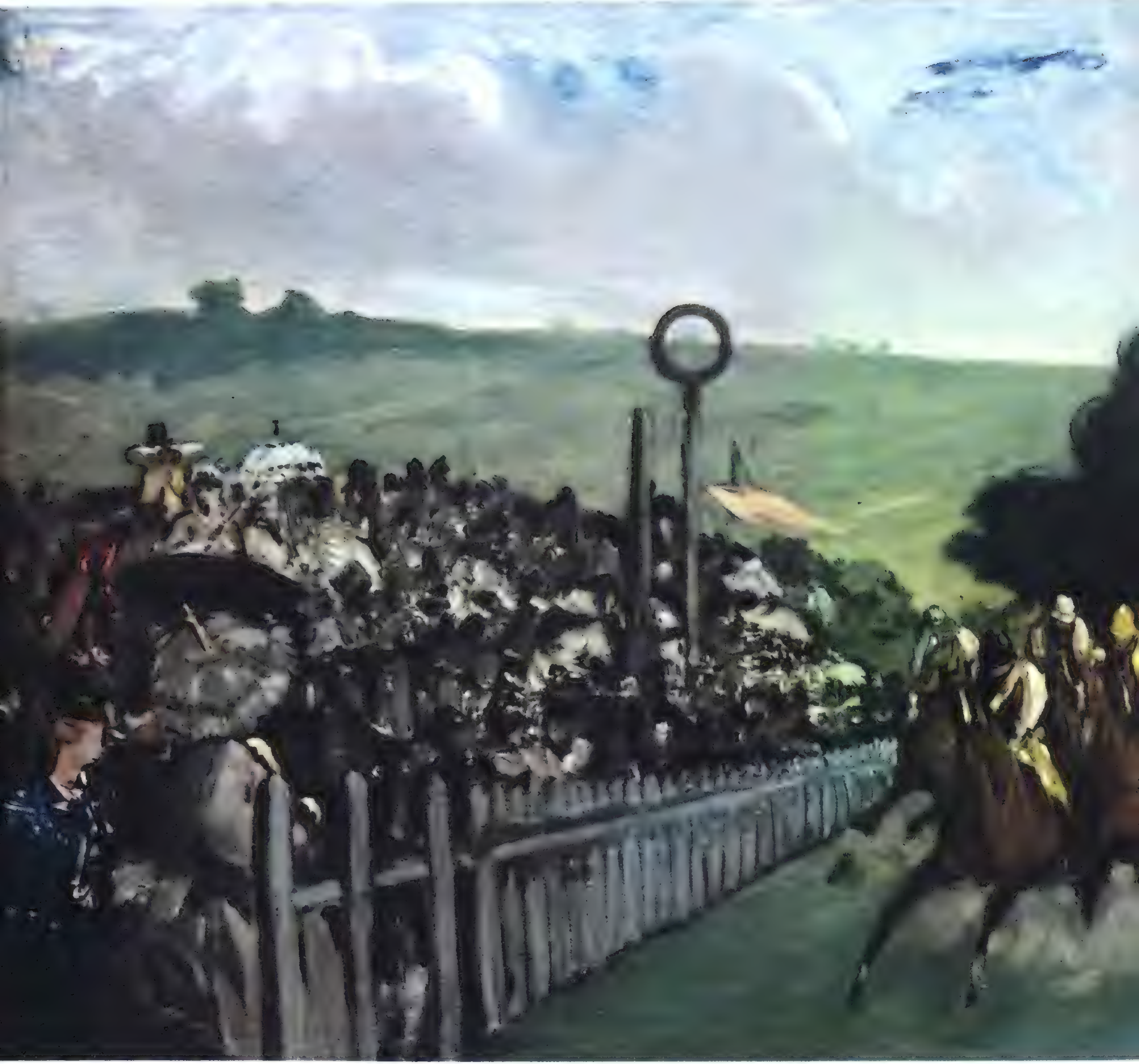
Modern golf balls hit their low during the war, when the Armed Forces got most of the synthetic rubber balls, and the golfer was offered a fine assortment of recovered balls. Reprocessed balls added interest if not accuracy to what happened during play. As the temperature dropped, so did the distance the synthetic ball traveled. However, a test has been made of golf balls covered with a substance mixed with natural or synthetic rubber, and it has been found that they travel from three to five per cent further than the normal golf ball.

How far can a golf ball be driven? The record seems to have been set by Craig Wood at St. Andrews in the early 1930's. Without the help of wind or a downhill roll, Wood laid into one, and the ball wound up 430 yards from the tee. As for speed, a ball smacked off the tee by long-driving Jimmie Thompson has been clocked at 135 miles an hour.

Wood's record agrees with experiments of Professor H. A. Thomas of Carnegie Tech, who ran off a series of tests using a large wooden bullet driven by compressed air to swat the ball. Thomas figured that a ball couldn't be driven much further than 250 yards in the air, with a chance for an unlimited roll on dry ground.

A well-hit drive often looks as though it's floating in the air just before it starts to fall. Well, it is floating. When the ball is teed up, the driver hits it below the center of gravity, (*Continued on page 132*)

"What makes you think I give haircuts?"



URTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

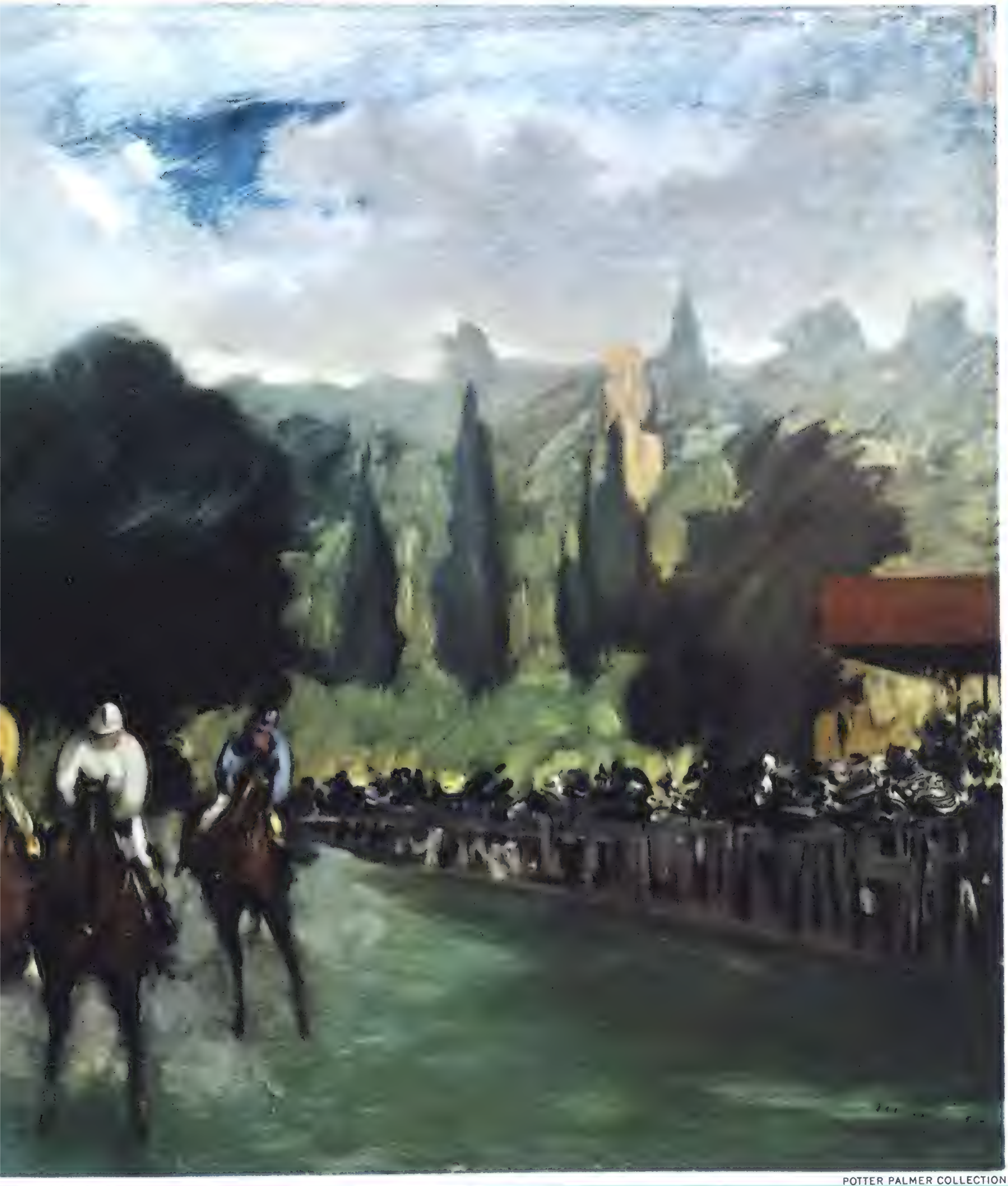
RACES AT LONGCHAMP, PARIS

by

EDOUARD MANET

1832-1883

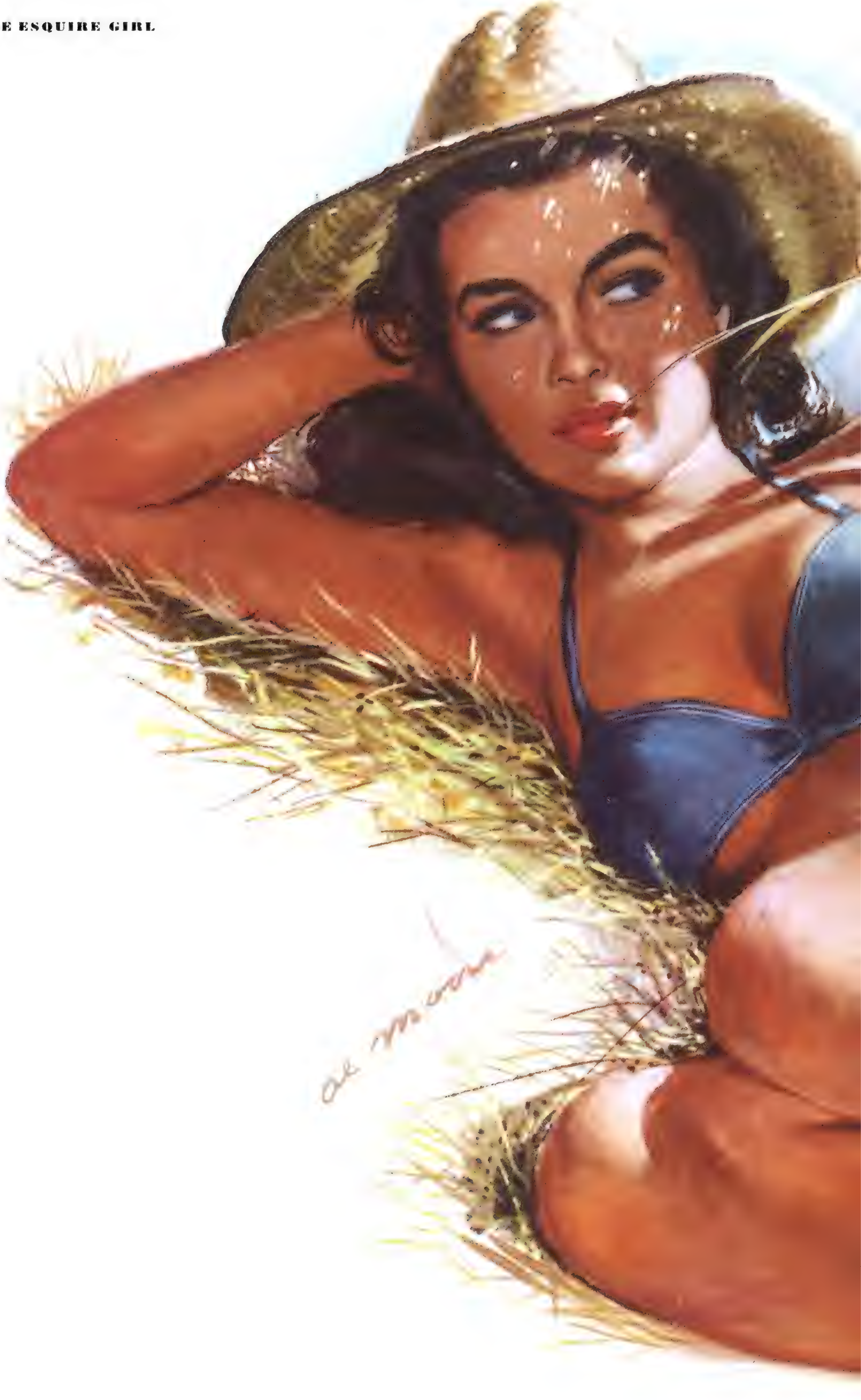
MANET, who was never quit
dissociated from the aims
ture gives us an example of t
thinking about. They had ta
its focus on a sunshine world
well as at the track with its r
ancy and fiesta, its quality of
modernity, could the brush c
conjunction of events. The fo

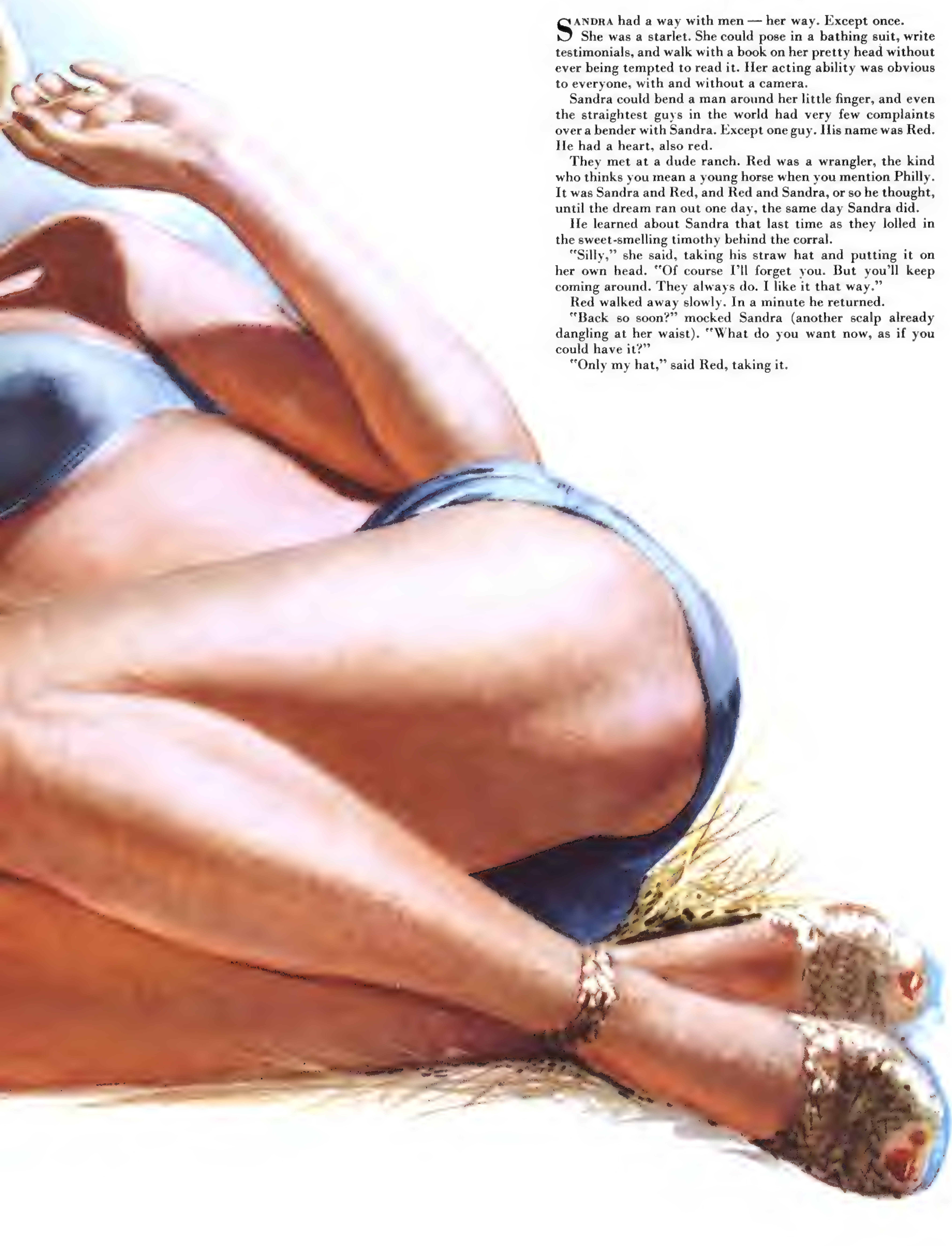


POTTER PALMER COLLECTION

e the impressionist yet never completely
s of the movement, in his race-track pic-
he things the painters of his day were
ken art out of the studio and trained
of mood and movement. Nowhere so
massed colors, its atmosphere of expect-
happiness under the sun, of tempo and
of the impressionist find such a happy
ocus of the picture, of course, is in the

horses and their riders; the receding edges of the track form the triangle which isolates this motif. The triangle is repeated, diminished, in the plunging forelegs of the horses and, cleverly, in the ascending spires of the cypresses. But the circle prominent to the left of center carries the composition over to the massed crowds behind the barrier where the lady, foreground, left, is a simple suggestion evoking the whole crowd which, because of her, may be treated almost amorphously. Manet is here at his virtuoso best in a painting that enlisted his brilliance as a colorist and his mastery of composition.


al moore



Heyday

Sandra had a way with men — her way. Except once.

She was a starlet. She could pose in a bathing suit, write testimonials, and walk with a book on her pretty head without ever being tempted to read it. Her acting ability was obvious to everyone, with and without a camera.

Sandra could bend a man around her little finger, and even the straightest guys in the world had very few complaints over a bender with Sandra. Except one guy. His name was Red. He had a heart, also red.

They met at a dude ranch. Red was a wrangler, the kind who thinks you mean a young horse when you mention Philly. It was Sandra and Red, and Red and Sandra, or so he thought, until the dream ran out one day, the same day Sandra did.

He learned about Sandra that last time as they lolled in the sweet-smelling timothy behind the corral.

"Silly," she said, taking his straw hat and putting it on her own head. "Of course I'll forget you. But you'll keep coming around. They always do. I like it that way."

Red walked away slowly. In a minute he returned.

"Back so soon?" mocked Sandra (another scalp already dangling at her waist). "What do you want now, as if you could have it?"

"Only my hat," said Red, taking it.

Women Wait for Winners

From the third row center the opera looks like a nice soft touch, but sometimes a tenor finds out that he's singing for more than applause at the end of the aria

A Story by

JOHN BRIGGS

Charles Parker, slumped on a prop table backstage with his arms folded across his chest, tried to relax and forget that he still had to get through the last act of *Rigoletto.*

Across the stage he could see Alan Merrick, ready to go on, striding back and forth with the jester's long black cloak billowing behind him. The baritone hummed softly, feeling his cheekbones to see if his resonance was right. He acknowledged Charles with a wave of his hand. Charles nodded, too tired to lift his arm. The first two acts had done him in: and his hardest work was before him. The buzzing in his ear was exquisite torture.

A patter of applause beyond the curtain told him Vincenti had returned to the pit. Charles felt in his doublet to make sure he had the deck of cards which every tenor, by long-standing custom, scatters about the stage after *La donna è mobile*—perhaps to emphasize the fickleness of women.

Wearily Charles got to his feet as the music started. The footlights blinded him for a moment; then he saw Vincenti, grinning encouragement from the pit, and behind him Yvonne in a proscenium box.

He began the opening phrase with Vincenti's downbeat. He tried to flip off the recitative rapidly and casually. It wouldn't go, though he sensed that Vincenti had slowed the beat to help him.

He took a deep breath as the orchestra began the bouncing waltz rhythm in B-major. Here goes nothing, he thought. . . .

"*La donna è mobile*
Qual piuma al vento . . ."

The B-natural was coming. Charles, straining overtaxed muscles, arched his palate to meet it, rose on the balls of his feet and tried to get it rolling. For a moment he thought he had it. Then he saw Vincenti, his left fist a ball, pleading with the orchestra for a fortissimo to cover up the disaster.

The Casino Russe was packed with a gay after-theatre crowd. Charles sipped his highball with relish. The tension of performance was gone, leaving him tired but relaxed. He smiled at Yvonne. "It was a good idea," he said. "I'm glad we came here. Bright lights—soft music—a gorgeous girl. What more could a man ask for?"

Yvonne looked at him steadily. "You might want to have a better Rigoletto under your belt than the one you sang tonight."

Charles patted her hand. "Don't worry, baby. I got through all right, didn't I? With that guy Merrick on the stage, I was lucky they even knew I was there. He's got everything, including a terrific voice, and he's in shape to sing."

Yvonne said quietly, "Alan Merrick didn't start out having everything. He delivered ice and stevedored to pay for music lessons. Nobody handed him anything on a silver platter."

"All right," Charles said. "So I was a famous boy soprano. So I won a $5000 scholarship when I was seventeen. I worked and I studied and I spent every nickel of the five thousand and I still didn't know how to sing. It's a tricky game. It's one per cent work and ninety-nine per cent plain luck."

"If it's luck, you've had more of it than most people have."

Charles kept his temper under control, while he signaled the waiter for another Scotch and soda. "Look," he said patiently, "you've knocked around with singers enough to know what a complicated game it is. It's not like playing the piano—you have to develop your instrument along with your technique. Most of the great ones, like Caruso, were largely self-taught. It's trial and error until, if you're lucky, you hit on something that works. I never hit it." He twirled his glass thoughtfully. "The Navy," he said, "found out I have executive talent and I'm going to use it. I sang tonight only because Vincenti needed a tenor fast. After I sing the Newark show I'm through."

"You're going to Newark?" Yvonne said. "I remember once when you sang there. That was when everybody thought you were going to hit it, as you say, any minute."

"When was this? I don't remember."

Yvonne looked him full in the face. "That was when the critics were calling you the coming American Gigli. I suppose they were as disappointed as everyone else when they found they were wrong."

Alan Merrick, in white tie and tails, shouldered his way through the crowd and sat down at their table. "Hello, people!" His deep resonant voice made near-by diners turn their heads. "You did a good job tonight," he told Charles.

"Have a drink," Charles invited. "You don't have to kid me, Merrick. But thanks anyway."

The waiter brought a wine list, but Merrick laid it aside. "Drinking and smoking finished many a singer before his time."

"You're right," Charles agreed, flicking ashes from his cigarette. "How about a glass of milk?"

Merrick said thanks, he had to get home and rest. "Got an audition tomorrow," he boomed, "and I want my voice to be at its opulent best."

"You must have read that somewhere," Charles grinned.

"That's right," Merrick said. "It's a quote from one of my reviews in the press." He turned to Yvonne. "Just wanted to check on tomorrow night. Is it still a date?"

Yvonne nodded. "Any time after eight-thirty."

"Grand." Merrick stood up. "See you then. Take it easy, Parker." His big shoulders thrown back, he swaggered out.

"That's a gorgeous big hunk of baritone," Charles said.

"I do believe you're jealous."

"I don't know. Should I be?"

"It's up to you," Yvonne shrugged.

"Well, well," Charles murmured. He was beginning to feel the drinks a little. "Score two for Merrick."

"I can guess part of that," Yvonne said. "What's the other one?"

"Oh, nothing," Charles said, "except he pretty nearly broke me up this evening."

"Broke you up? How do you mean?"

Charles hesitated. He had been feeling the drinks, all right. He hadn't meant to tell anybody that part, not even Yvonne.

"It was just an accident," he explained carefully. "I'm not accusing Merrick of anything. And it's not the sort of story I'd want to get around."

Yvonne looked hurt. "As if I'd repeat it. I wish you'd tell me about it, if you feel like it."

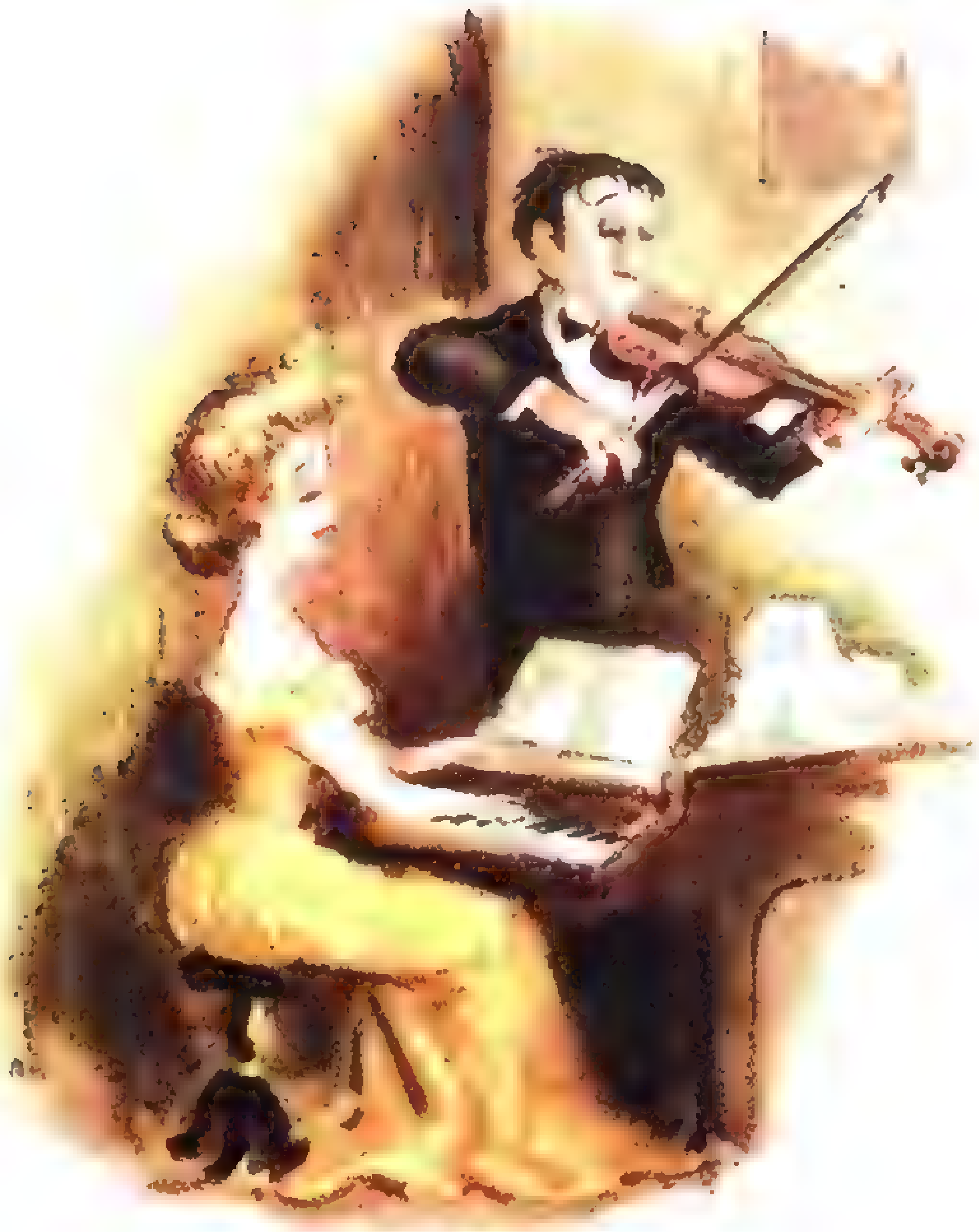
Charles touched the lobe of his left ear. "This is my Achilles heel," he said. "I got a little too much high-caliber gunfire at Okinawa. It's all right unless somebody sings directly into it, as Merrick accidentally did this evening. Then it starts ringing and I nearly go crazy."

"It's a good alibi," Yvonne said slowly.

After a moment he said in a stiff and unnatural voice: "Yvonne, can you get home all right? I'm pushing off."

"Of course. Don't worry about (Continued on page 144)

"I do think I like this one better than that one"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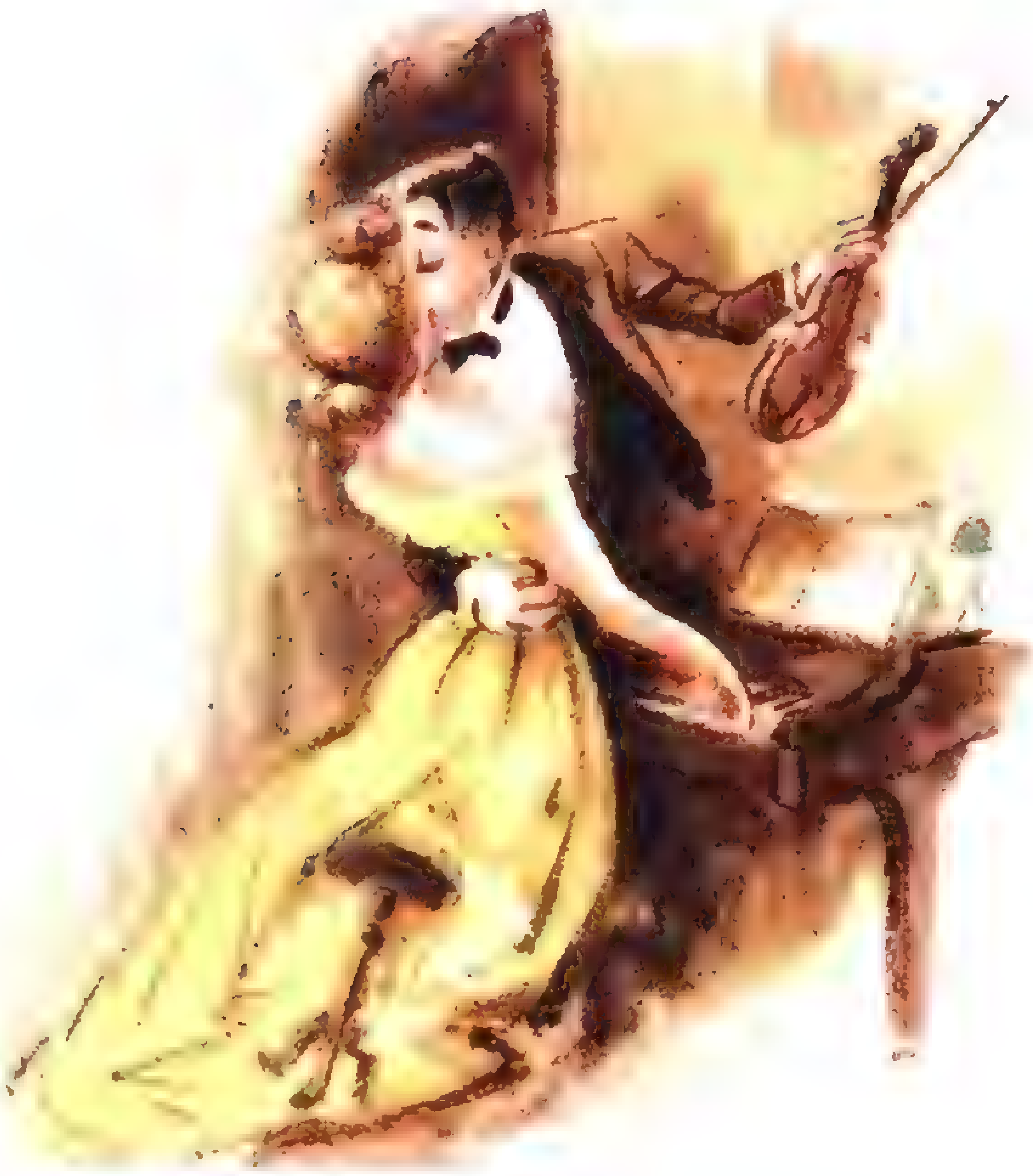
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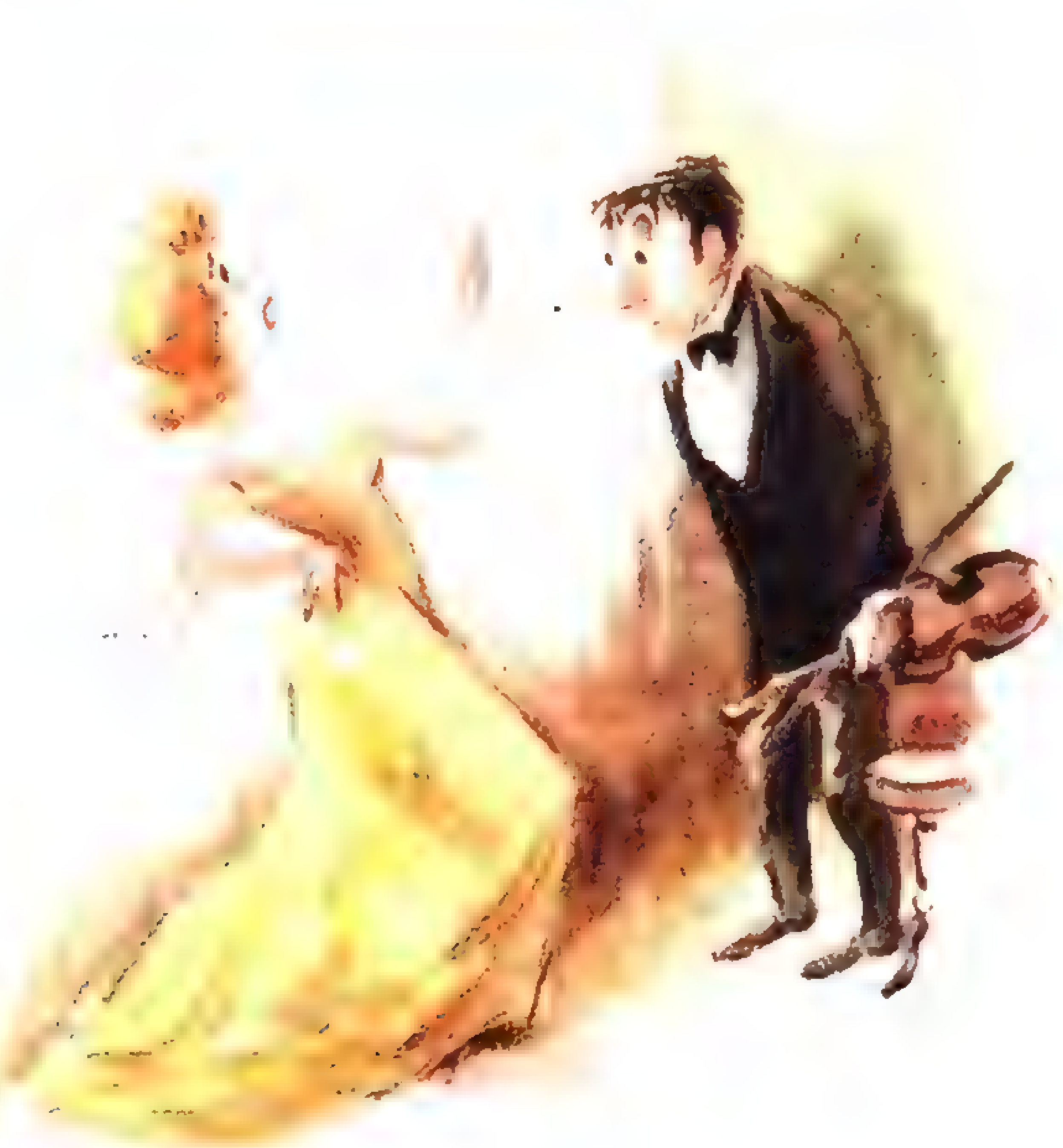
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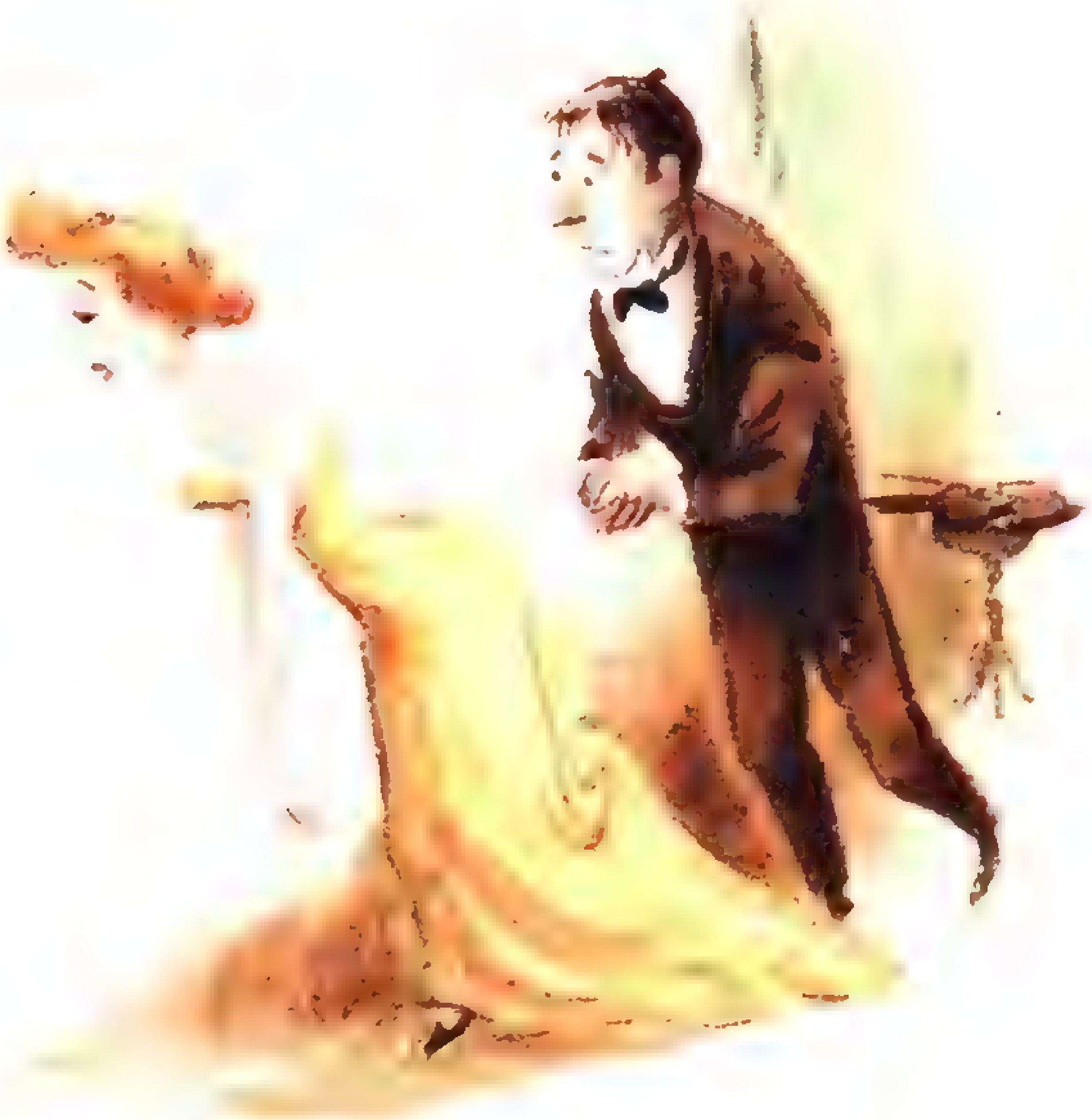
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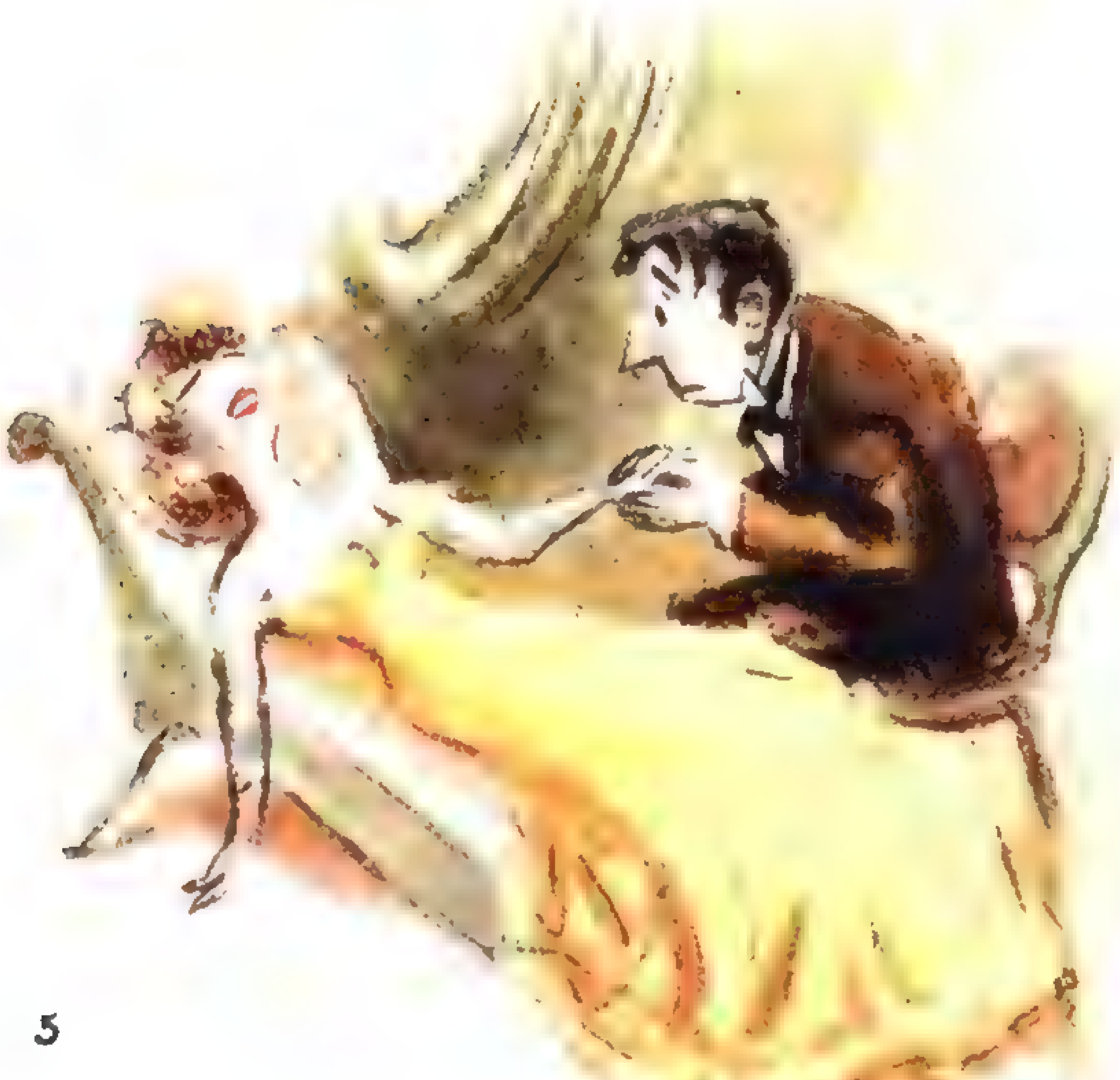
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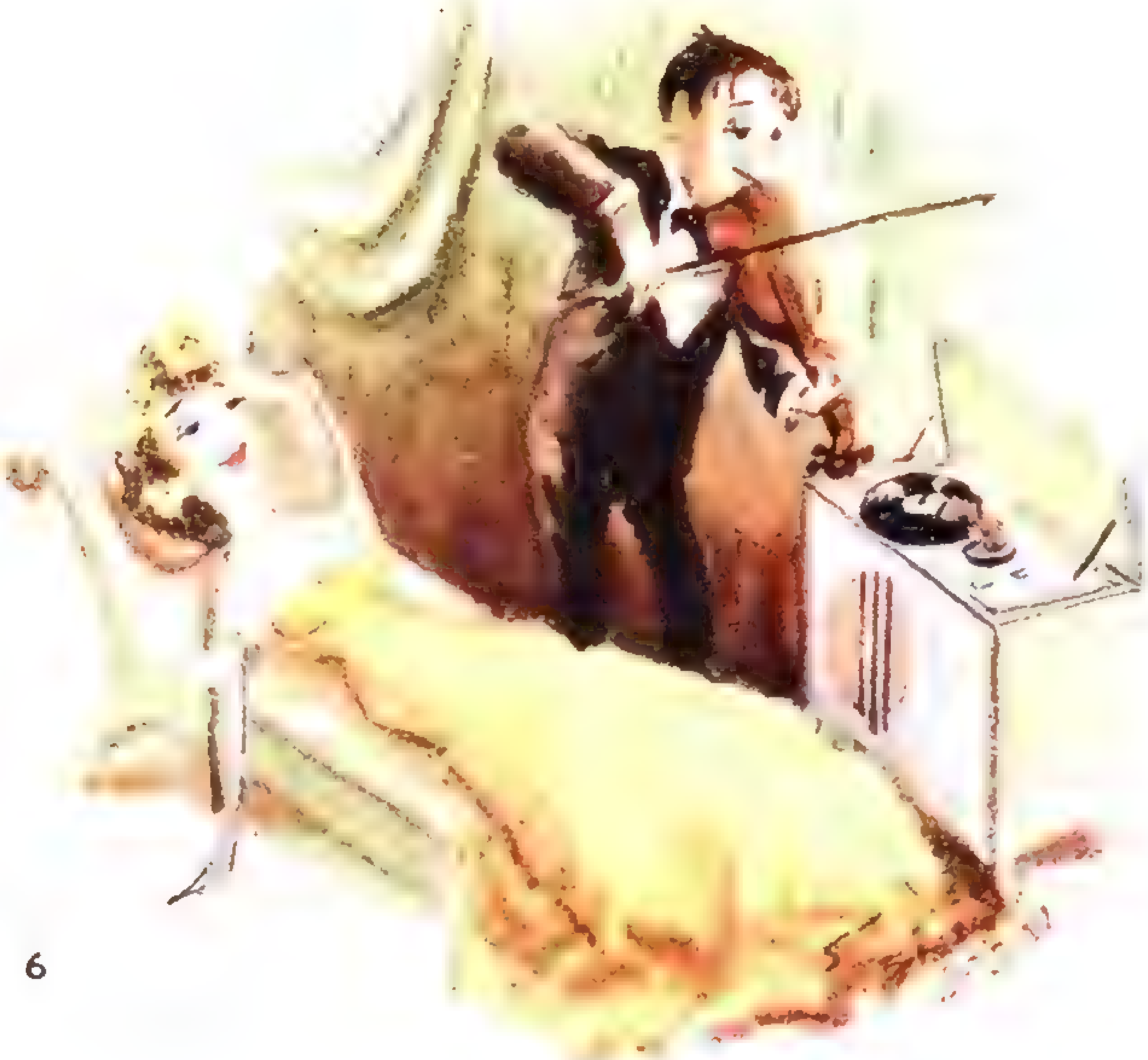
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My Good Friend Pierre

A man, especially a Frenchman, has to watch out when a beautiful woman has a large-muscled husband around, even if he looks the other way and isn't interested

A Story by

LEE ROGOW

ORDINARILY I sit in the dentist's waiting room cursing the evolutionary bungle which gave us such inferior choppers as compared with, let us say, the crocodile. But the other day was different. I met my friend Pierre in the dentist's waiting room.

Let me see if I can list the endeavors at which Pierre Dubois is, by his own account, a master: writing, love-making, literary criticism, the compounding of salad dressings, fencing (including foil, saber and épée), love-making, the intimidation of headwaiters, gin rummy, love-making, figure skating, contract bridge and making love.

"If I have any fault," Pierre has frequently assured me, "it is that of excessive modesty."

The other day Pierre looked much as usual—as if he had had a high lacquer finish applied to himself after completing his dressing. But his usual incandescent smile was partially blockaded by a swollen lower jaw.

"Hello, my friend," I saluted him. "How do you carry yourself this day?"

Pierre made a face. "Like some sort of cheese." He shrugged. "I have decided that I do not like very well this country. They do not understand me here. What is more, I do not understand them. What is more . . ."

"Whoa, Pierre," I said. "Last time I saw you you were nuts about the good old OO-Ess-Ay."

"No more," sighed the writer. "I have come to understand I will always be a stranger here."

"How come?"

Pierre put down the dentist's copy of Esquire, in which he had been studying the drawings most carefully. "You know this town of Rock Pile, in Arizona? They raise here the great cows for the butcher shops. What formidable beasts, these! Monsters, *alors*. In this town they are organizing a literary society. For the culture, you understand. Naturally it is necessary that Pierre Dubois come here to lecture. Five hundred dollars they pay. They pay also the fare for the airplane which hurts so much my ears.

"I go to Rock Pile. I make the lecture on the Influence of Existentialism in Modern Literature. After the lecture there is coming up to me a Mrs. Nancy Bingham. She is—how shall I say it—more beautiful than the night. This Mrs. Bingham invites me to a party in my honor at her house. I have plane tickets back to New York for that afternoon, which the literary society have arranged—but I am not made of stone, you understand."

"I understand, Pierre."

"Do not leer at me, simple one. It is not becoming to you. When Mrs. Bingham goes away, another woman speaks to me. Miracle of miracles, she is a Frenchwoman! From Paris. She is teaching French in the local high school. Her name is Jacqueline. She is plain, but also attractive, as a schoolteacher should be. Jacqueline tells me she must explain something to me for my own safety. In Rock Pile, Arizona, she informs me, the men do not like for a foreign gentleman to come and play games with their ladies. Especially this is true of Mr. Bingham, the husband of the lady who is giving me the party that night. Jacqueline says Mr. Bingham has been known to give a fellow a strike in the face for looking crossways at his beautiful wife. I must be very careful not to look crossways at Mrs. Nancy Bingham if I do not wish to get a strike in the face from Mr. Bingham."

From the dentist's room there came a drilling noise like that a buzz saw makes when it is going through a pine knot. Pierre shuddered.

"That night I go to the party. The best society in Rock Pile is there. My friend, I am truly a lion. I am everywhere in the room, like four Pierres. Soon every lady in the room is sighing and simpering at me. For everyone I have a smile, a compliment. But not for Mrs. Nancy Bingham. Because I have seen Mr. Bingham. He is more grand than me by this much. Two meters high he stands. Every time I look in the direction of this man, I make again the resolve and am more careful to be merely polite to Mrs. Nancy Bingham. Jacqueline, who is also at the party, assures me that I am doing well."

The door of the dentist's office opened and a middle-aged lady came out. She smiled a ghastly smile at us as she passed through the waiting room.

"Imagine," said Pierre. "We pay money to him for this."

"I get even," I said. "I bite him. But tell me, what happened to you in Rock Pile, Arizona?"

"At about midnight," said Pierre Dubois, "this Jim Bingham comes up to me and invites me to step out in the garden with him. He says he wishes to talk to me. But when we arrive in the garden I find out that he does not wish to talk to me. He merely wishes to strike me in the face. This he does. Most efficiently. Observe. Two visits to the dentist this jaw has cost me already."

"I don't get it, Pierre."

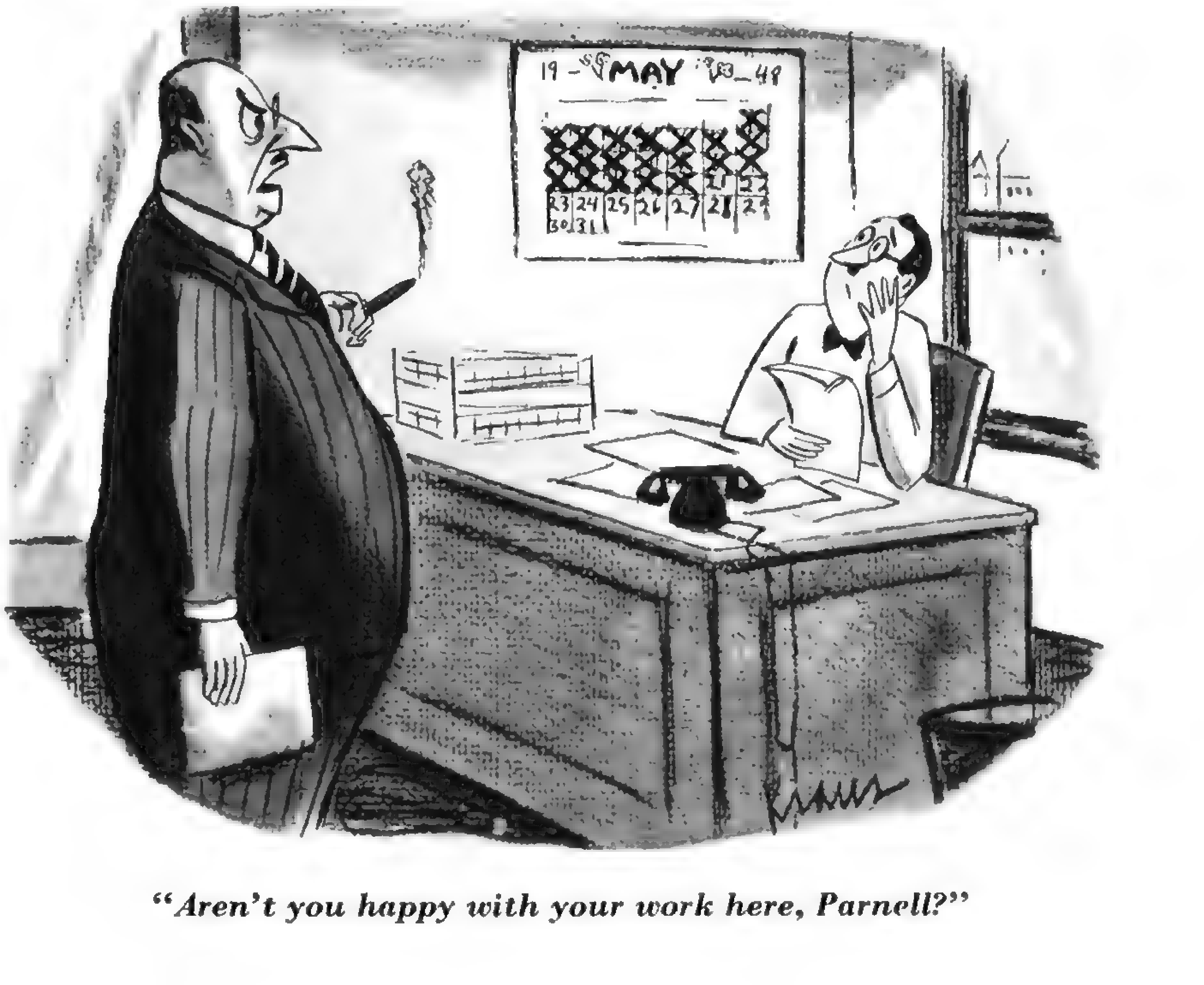
The Frenchman shrugged. "A crazy American. You are all crazy. It must be the barbaric foods you eat. This giant of a Bingham expresses himself as follows: 'That's what you get for fooling around with another man's wife in Arizona.' 'But Mr. Bingham,' I protest. 'I have not gone near your wife all evening.' 'That's how I knew,' said Bingham. 'I'm on to your French tricks.'

"I swore by my mother that my attitude toward his wife concealed nothing. He thinks about this for a moment and then bang! He gives me another strike in the face. 'That,' he says, 'is for your poor taste and bad manners in flirting with every woman who is at the party with the exception of my wife.' I pick myself up. He knocks me down again. 'What is that for?' I inquire. 'For not paying your war debts,' he says."

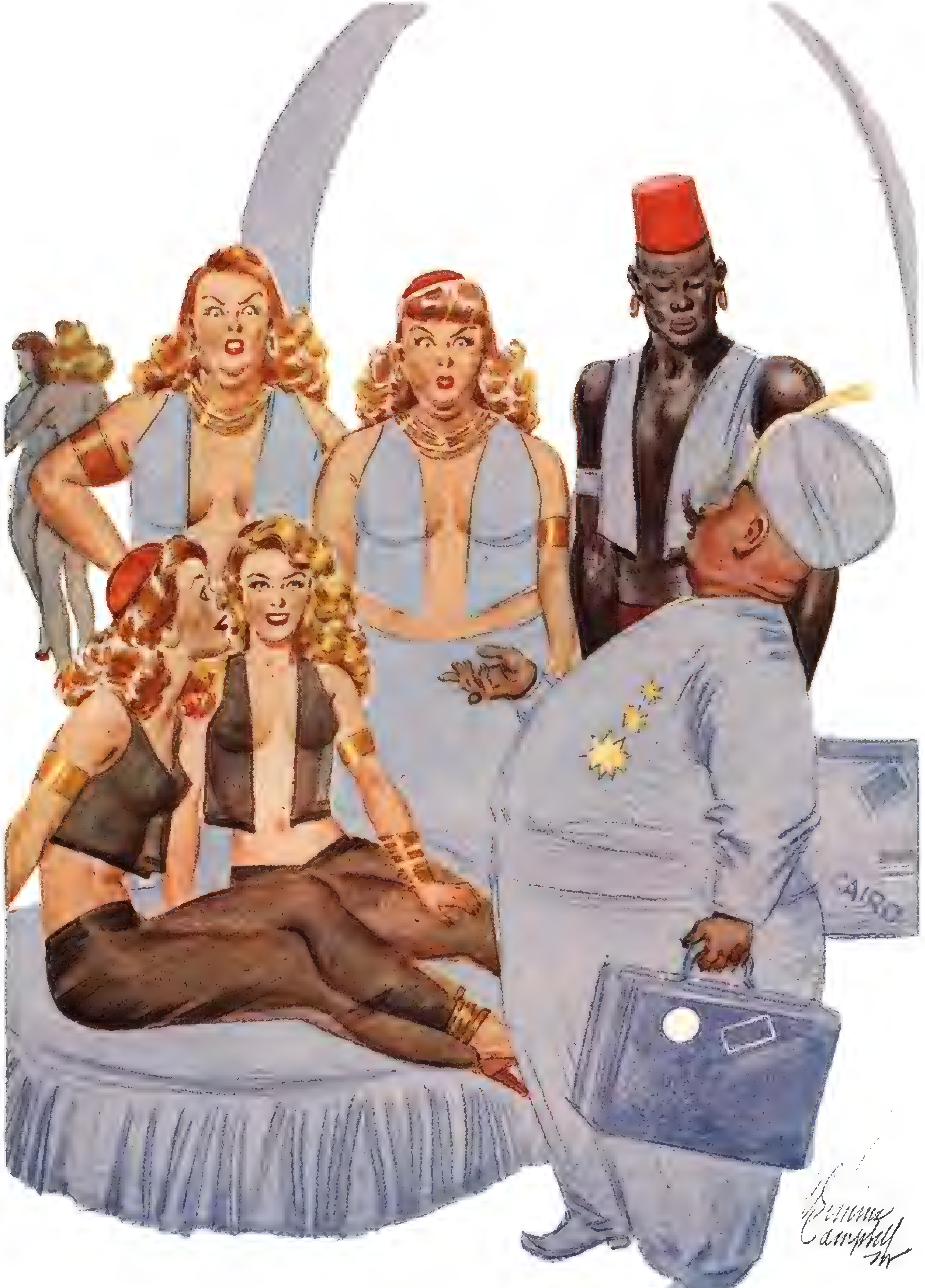
The dentist came out and beckoned to Pierre. The Frenchman stood up.

"Unlucky Pierre," I said. "You get the bust in the jaw without getting the satisfaction of flirting with the lady. A total loss."

"Total loss?" smiled my friend. "Did I not mention Jacqueline, the schoolteacher, who so tenderly ministered to my wounds after the party?" ⋕



"Aren't you happy with your work here, Parnell?"



"I'll take Gloria and Vivian—I'm traveling light this trip"

Experiments Perilous

If anyone thinks the men who risk their lives every year in the Indianapolis Speedway Classic do it for fun, he's pretty close to the truth. But that's only the half of it: those stripped-down, hopped-up racing heaps are the testing grounds for those future improvements you'll find in the family convertible, sedan, or the streamlined station wagon

An Article by JOHN KEATING

At first glance the annual 500-mile automobile race at the Indianapolis Speedway seems to be the closest thing to the old Roman circuses, where Nero fiddled while the lions lunched on Christians, that the American sporting scene has yet developed. The gaudy Memorial Day spectacle has all the qualities of throat-clutching excitement and savagery which made the ancient Neronian clambakes the awesome spectacles they were.

It is speed-soaked saturnalia in which the crowds mill around aimlessly, the hucksters peddle popcorn, and the contestants play hide and seek with a tombstone. Death rides at the elbow of every tight-lipped driver on the track. For them, as for the great majority of the 100,000 or more fans who attend each year, the motor marathon is hell on wheels, suicide for money, all out for the jack pot and may the devil take the hindmost.

Actually, it is much more than that. The Speedway has been the blood-soaked crucible in which the modern passenger car has been perfected. It has been, as its founders somewhat grandiloquently prophesied, the automotive industry's greatest outdoor laboratory and testing ground for new ideas.

The wide disparity in looks between the stripped-down, hopped-up racing heaps and the stock models which the butcher, the baker and the hardware salesman drive sedately down the streets of Anywhere, U.S.A., has served to obscure the close relation they actually bear to one another. In almost every case what has been found good for the trim racers with which the De Palmas, Shaws and Meyers have scorched the ancient bricks of the Indianapolis oval has been found equally good for the average man's station wagon, sedan or convertible coupé.

Out of the blood, sweat and terror the wild boys of the racing road have experienced in their pursuit of the $20,000-plus the Speedway corporation hangs at the end of the 500th mile, there has come a tradition of experiment and invention which has given the big ride a special, important place in the history of the automobile.

It is a tradition which had its beginning in the very first race in 1911, when the automobile was still a horseless carriage. Indianapolis was the Detroit of the day, and the majority of Americans were not at all sure that the newfangled gas buggies would last for five hundred miles, much less be able to race that far at top speed.

There were forty cars on hand for that first marathon. There were Nationals and Fiats and Amplexes, Loziers, Jacksons and Appersons, some of them fresh from the designer's machine shop, some of them ancient heaps held together with friction tape, hope and a prayer. They were all big-motored, square-fronted two-seaters, each complete with begoggled driver and riding mechanic. All but one, that is. The lone exception was a Marmon Wasp which a former dentist named Ray Harroun had brought to the track as a "mystery car." It was a single-seater!

Its presence on the track created quite a stir. Harroun was a nervy little guy, a veteran of the dirt tracks and highly regarded by all the *aficionados* of the death-defying "horseless-carriage" racers.

There were a lot of people present who had picked Ray as most likely to succeed in this first Memorial Day marathon. But riding alone, how was he going to tell who was behind him and where, as he skidded around the treacherous turns? And how about ballast? Wouldn't his car be likely to turn over as it roared its two-wheeled way around those same curves? Why did the officials let him on the track anyhow? A single-seated racer was a menace to safety, his own and everybody else's. It was against the rules, surely, and if it wasn't, it should be.

That had been the attitude of the judges, too, when Harroun had tooled his "mystery car" onto the track for the qualifying trials. They had taken one look and then suggested that he lead the thing gently back to its stall.

"Why?" the thin Harroun had asked.

"It's against the rules," the judges promptly replied.

"No, it isn't," Harroun answered, handing them a copy of their own rulebook. The judges thumbed their way through it from beginning to end and had to admit at the finish that the driver was right. There was nothing in the rules which said there had to be a mechanic or anyone else, for that matter, riding with the driver during a race.

The officials, however, felt that it was unsafe to have a one-man car on the track, slipping around turns with no knowledge of what other cars might be near. How would Harroun be able to tell whether the track was clear for him to cut over from the outside to the rail, or to make any of the other cross-track maneuvers which would, of necessity, come up during the race?

Harroun didn't take his car around the track that day, but sometime before the qualifying trials ended he presented himself to the judges again. He wanted to make his trial runs, he told them.

"Sure, Ray," the head judge said. "You've got yourself a rider, I suppose?"

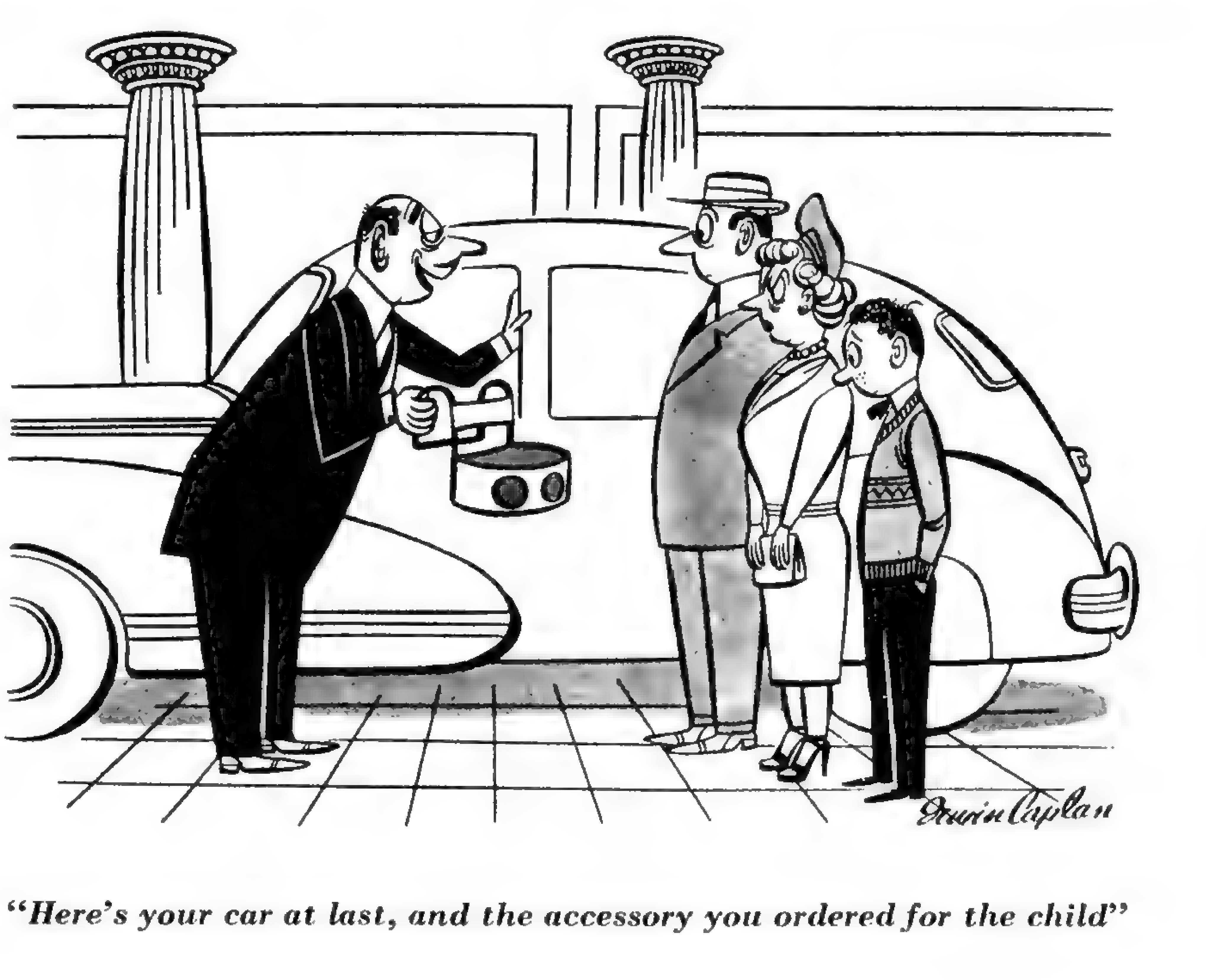
"Nope," Harroun answered laconically. "But I've got something just as good as a rider."

"What do you mean?" the judge asked.

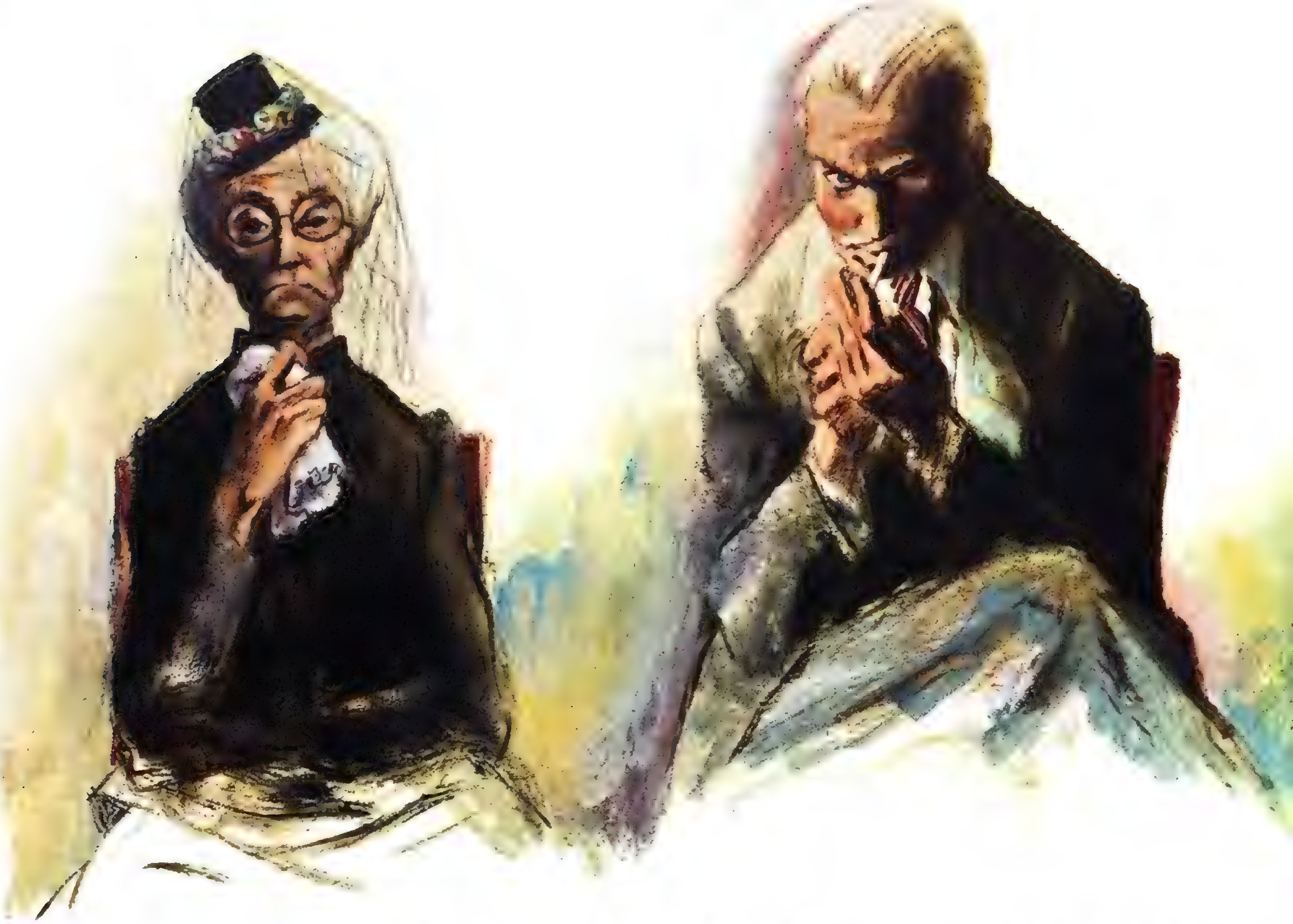
"Come and take a look," he answered.

He then proceeded to demonstrate to the judges how, with the aid of a mirror bolted onto the top of his front windshield, he was able to see clearly all that was taking place behind him on the track. They were still dubious, but gave him the green light.

The big race provid- (*Continued on page 164*)



"Here's your car at last, and the accessory you ordered for the child"



Suicide Is Scandalous

A Bedside Murder Mystery by HENRY KANE

Editor's Note: In our January issue we annihilated all Esquire precedent when we published Henry Kane's full-length novel, *Armchair in Hell.* The reader response on *Armchair* was so terrific that four men and a girl quit in the mail room just because they refused to carry any more fan letters around the office. When our next BEDSIDE murder mystery arrived a few weeks later, clutched in Kane's hamlike hand, we shoved Henry into a soft chair and turned our attention to Pete Chambers. While Kane leered at the Esquire girls we ran along with our bedroom-eyed private eye and met up with the characters spread out above in the usual order. Mrs. Bentley, we discovered, was pretty much what she looked like: a twangy old lady from the Middle West who just couldn't believe her lovely daughter could have committed suicide. Michael Zetz, the distinguished-looking gent lighting the cigarette, wrote detective stories—how good, we can't say. Then there was Delores who sang and was just too beautiful for Pete to believe she was innocent, especially when she admitted she never liked her dead sister and could, besides, have gone for Gino Stark, the dark man in striped pajamas. It added up to stuff as tough as *Armchair.* We did what you would have: we raised some more Kane.

THEY sat across from me on the awkward side of the edge-burnt desk: two nice people, a lady and a gentleman, meek as the taste of water. The gentleman was straightaway across the shoulders and dapper, handsome even, in an iron-grey hair-do and a full florid face over a fetching disarray of artistic long loose collar. The lady was little and old, with a wispy smile and cream-white hair and a cockeyed hat in the middle of her head.

I smiled. Reassuringly.

The gentleman hawked in his throat.

The lady's wispy smile widened to sick, embarrassed, false-toothed grin. But it wasn't grin. It was grimace. It was the stiff spread of silent hysteria. It was a dentured smear of agony. It hung like mirth on a corpse with its lips writhed back.

Then the tears came. "The poor, poor girl . . ."

It gusted from her, while she bent her head, sobbing into her arm angled on the desk, the cockeyed hat quivering. I looked at the gentleman. The gentleman looked at me. I wondered about the sparkle alongside the spray of kerchief in the showpocket of his jacket. I stood up and I went around the desk to the windows and I looked out into the sunny street. I waited until she stopped crying.

"I'm sorry," she said. I came back and I sat down and I watched her dab at her face with a frail lace handkerchief. "I'm very sorry," she said.

I didn't say anything.

"I'm Mrs. Bentley."

"How do you do?"

"This is Mr. Zetz."

"Glad to know you."

He hawked, nodded.

She put the handkerchief away. "The lieutenant sent us."

"What lieutenant?"

"The man downtown. The detective-lieutenant."

"Parker?"

"Yes, sir. Lieutenant Parker."

"A real policeman."

"A fine, good man."

"The best."

"He said this was where to throw it."

"I beg your pardon."

"That's what he said."

"Throw what?"

"My money. That is, if I insisted on throwing it away."

"I *beg* your pardon."

The smile came back, very tired among the faint wrinkles on her face, and it did something to you, no matter you're a cynical wise-guy private richard battened down behind a desk over which too much evil has spewed. It got to you, in a corner inside of you, like *Stardust* on strings in a sawdust saloon after a good many brandies. I grunted.

"How much?"

GUSTAV REHBERGER

Her eyebrows peaked. "How much?"

"How much do you insist on throwing away?"

"Oh. He said you were expensive. He also said you were a crook."

"Look, lady . . ."

"He was joking, of course. A thousand dollars, perhaps fifteen hundred . . ."

"Oh." Good-by *Stardust*, because business is business, and you have got to have the pretzels for your beer. On the other side of the desk sits your sucker—always; they wouldn't be on the other side of that desk if they didn't need you—badly. Either you squeeze them, or they squeeze you: you learn that early. Always, on one side of the desk, sits a sucker. Could be me.

"Two thousand," I said.

She brought up a vast pouch of handbag from off her knees and she took out a checkbook and she wrote a check. "Tell you the truth," she said, "the lieutenant said you wouldn't handle it for less than five thousand."

So all right. So the sucker rode the good side of the desk.

"Why?"

"Because I have recently inherited upwards of fifty thousand dollars."

Then she laughed, screamingly, stood up, holding the edge of the desk with white-knuckled fingers—and fainted away, dead. We got to her, Mr. Zetz and I, and we brought her to the couch and he rubbed her wrists while I went for water. "She's been through a lot," he said. "A helluva lot."

When she came to, she insisted upon going back to her chair. We arranged ourselves again, the three of us. She made a joke. "Put it over on you, didn't I, sir? You were too quick to drive your bargain. But if you help me, Mr. Chambers . . . I'll pay you the balance. Up to five thousand. As the lieutenant suggested."

"Sho nuf," I said, real Southern. "Now what's this all about?"

"My daughter. Sally Bentley."

It had been in all of the papers, only a couple of days ago. A suicide in a dollhouse on Park Avenue. It had been in all the papers, with pictures. It had been in all of the papers *because* of the pictures. Sally Bentley hadn't been half bad. In fact, from the pictures, Sally Bentley had been gorgeous.

"She didn't kill herself, Mr. Chambers."

"Uh huh," I said, and I was fairly happy that I had garnered the two thousand. I wasn't ever going to get the balance. Mothers do not believe that daughters kill themselves. Never.

"She didn't?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"She couldn't."

"Couldn't she?"

"You're smug, Mr. Chambers."

"Listen, lady. Please. It's a big city, New York. I've lived here all my life. A lot of people commit suicide. Every one of them had a mother, positively, but the mothers don't believe it. Not usually. They just don't ever do."

"She didn't, Mr. Chambers."

"All right. She didn't. Why didn't she?"

"Because I was with her the evening before. Saturday night. She is supposed to have shot herself at about eleven o'clock Sunday morning."

Maybe she had something. Most mothers who do not believe their daughters killed themselves at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning weren't in their company on the Saturday night previous. "She didn't kill herself," Mrs. Bentley said. "She had big plans. Look."

Up came the ponderous handbag. Out came an envelope. She handed it across. I opened it. It was a ticket for a one-way passage on the *Queen* to Southampton. "It's a ticket," I said, bright, "for passage three weeks from today."

Pallidly she said, "I bought it for her."

"When?"

"Early Monday morning. Just before they got word to me."

"Where?"

"In Chicago."

"Why?"

"We live in a small

(*Continued on next page*)

town, Pierceville, near Chicago. Saturday night Sally was full of fun and grandiose plans. She was to spend a few weeks with me at home, and then off for a long vacation in Europe. She asked me to arrange for the ticket in Chicago: she would pick it up from me when she came home. That was Saturday night. I left her at nine o'clock, an eager young lady, a vibrant, happy person. She did not kill herself the next morning, Mr. Chambers. Not Sally."

She pointed a finger at me. Convincingly.

"How come they let you know, the police, on Monday?"

"I stayed with a sister of mine all day Sunday, slept over, then went for the ticket, and when I arrived at home the telegram was waiting for me."

"Who's he?" I inquired. I meant Mr. Zetz.

"Mr. Zetz."

"Who is Mr. Zetz?"

"Michael Zetz."

"Michael Zetz," I said. "Not *Michael* Zetz. Not Michael Zetz, the author." Nobody said otherwise. I leaned over, and we shook hands. "Well," I said, "Michael Zetz, the whodunit boy. Mr. Zetz, I am one of your devout fans."

"Thank you."

"What do you know?" I said. "Michael Zetz."

Mrs. Bentley said, "The moment I received the wire . . ."

"Just a minute, please."

She flustered. "Yes, sir?"

"I don't get it."

"What, sir?"

"What's he doing here? Mr. Zetz. You grist?"

"Grist?"

"Grist for his mill? Is he picking up material?"

"Oh, no. The moment I received the wire, arrangements were made for me to fly to New York. The first person I went to see was Mr. Zetz. Mr. Zetz is a good friend; he was Sally's employer for a good many years. She was his secretary. Mr. Zetz took me to see Lieutenant Parker."

"Oh."

Zetz shrugged. "Unfortunate. I don't know what to make of it."

"Suicide?" I asked.

"Apparently. The police are firmly convinced of that. She left a note. I've seen it, the police showed it to us. It seems incontrovertible. Yet, in the light of what Mrs. Bentley tells us, it seems psychologically impossible."

"What were you doing in New York?" I asked her.

"It was a surprise. I came here for one day. To see my daughters."

"Daughters?" I said. "I mean . . . plural?"

"Yes. My other daughter, Delores. She sings at the Café Jenz. I spent the afternoon with her, and then I went to Sally's."

I came out from behind the desk and I marched for them, up and down the carpet, like I was practicing for a parade. I scraped the usual knuckle against the usual chin. "All right, what do you want me to do?"

"I want to find out what happened to my daughter."

"Why?"

"*Why?*"

"Why?"

"Because suicide is scandalous. That is why."

"What's murder?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Murder. She either killed herself, Mrs. Bentley, or someone killed her. I'm asking. If suicide is scandalous, what's murder?"

"Murder, murder . . ."

"I mean—what is it? Why do people rake it up? You've told me what you've told the police, I'm sure. Is it that you want A Killer To Pay? Something like that. A perfectly competent cop tells you it's suicide. So you go over his head, or under it . . . See what I mean?"

She sobbed, violently, and Zetz, after one punitive glare, went to her, comforting. The thing in his showpocket flashed like sunshine on a drum majorette.

I kissed off my conscience. Two thousand berries, paid in advance, for a job that would wind up in a statement that policemen know their business, especially when it's suicide—well, that was the way she wanted it. "Okay with me," I said. I stood up straight and pontifical. "I accept the case," I said. For two thousand berries, for nothing, I stand straight and pontifical and I deliver, "I accept the case," with baritone authority.

I shoved a sheet of paper at him. "I want names and addresses, please. Everybody's." Sure enough, the thing in the showpocket was a fountain pen and he did it for me in a thin backhand scrawl with everybody's name and everybody's address, including his own. "Remarkable," I said.

"What?"

"The pen. I've never seen anything like it."

He handed it to me. It had diamonds, one on top and one on bottom, each at least four carats, and in the middle it was all spun gold. "It was made for me," he said, "in Denmark. I have it many years. A gift from royalty. In appreciation of my work."

"Exquisite."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Bentley said: "There's more. I can tell you more . . ."

"Did you tell the cops?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then don't bother, Madam. No use working yourself up again. I'll do what I can. I'll let you know . . ."

I got them out of the office, finally, and I sat around and rattled the rocks in my head. I put her check away. I looked at addresses. Distastefully. Like a guy peering through a wrong pair of glasses. Sally had lived at Two-Ninety-Six Park and the old lady was staying at the Roosevelt and Zetz lived at East Tenth and the sister, Delores, lived over on West Seventh-ninth.

Delores.

That's a nice name.

I got my hat, and I went to Delores.

Delores wasn't home.

I went downtown to Headquarters.

Detective-lieutenant Parker detected out of a barren third-floor office which he filled amply: Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker, a growl behind a screen of cigar smoke. He was black-haired and square-jawed and grittily genial with a dark rosy face and an expressive cigar amongst strong white teeth. He had a figure like a trimmed-down butter tub, dressed in fashion, and the wedges of stand-up cigars in the vest pocket were part of standard equipment, like blocks for the baby. He was quick as a very rapid cat, upstairs and downstairs; wise, intelligent, practical, incorruptible. So right away he said, "For how much did you do in the poor widow?"

"Widow? Nobody told me."

"How much?"

"Two thousand."

"Thievery."

"With more to come. If I do it her way."

"What's her way?"

"Murder . . . I suppose."

"Why?"

"Who's asking the questions?"

"Me. Right now."

"Oh."

"Why?"

"Because suicide is scandalous."

"*What?*"

"That's what she said."

"She's got a better reason."

"I'm listening, Lieutenant, with both my pretty ears."

He recited for me like junior exposed to company with his arms stiff in the parlor. Without the curtsy. "I let her spend her money because she's looking for trouble. Understand? Trouble. With you, she'll find it. Plenty. Right where it hurts. In the pocketbook."

"Louis," I said, "please . . ."

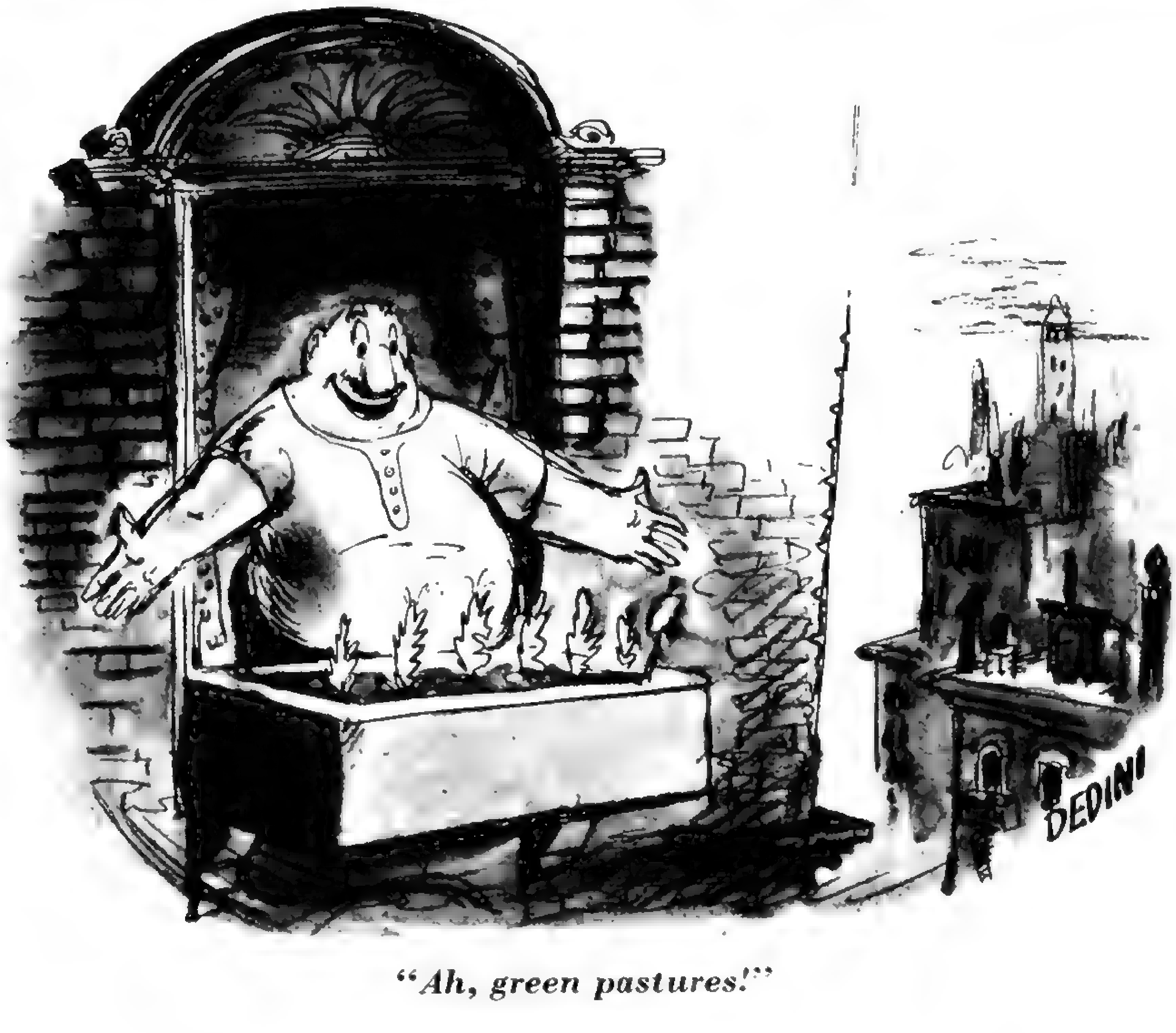
"Don't start with the 'please'. . ." He put his feet up on the desk and he put new fire to the diminishing cigar. "She would like it to be murder. She would like it to be this other cookie. This Delores."

"Delores. It's a beautiful name."

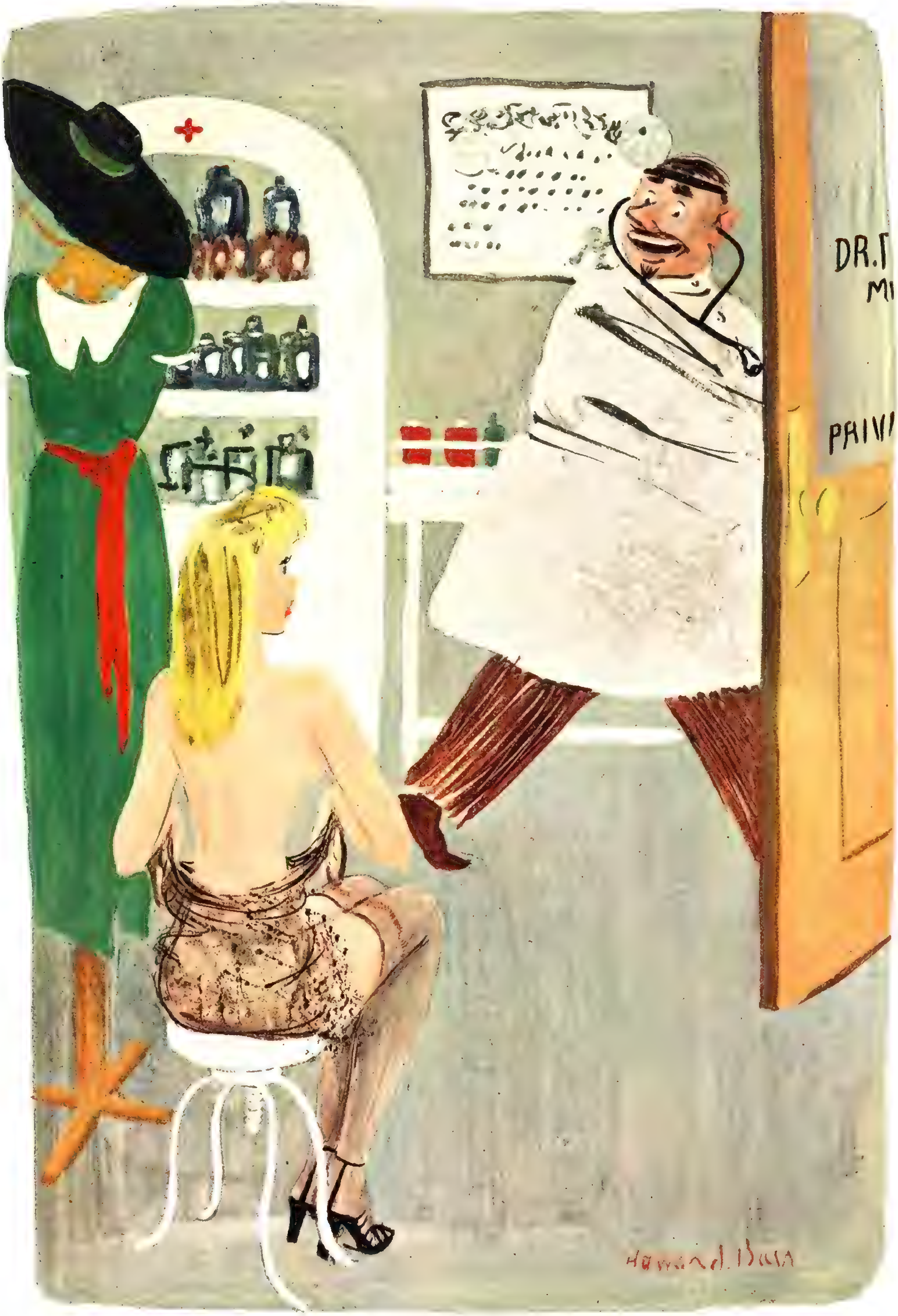
"Wait till you see the lollipop. You will forget the name. You, especially. Guy vulnerable as you."

"Vulnerable," I said. "Lieutenant, you're stepping out of character . . ."

Impervious the lieutenant said, "She is looking for trouble, the old lady. She is knocking hell out of cops about a simple suicide. And when (*Continued on page 108*)



"Ah, green pastures!"


DR.
PRIV
Howard Baer

"Just a moment—I'd like to call in Dr. Smalley, Dr. Halifax, Dr. Grosbeak, Dr. O'Ganni and Dr. Poolman"

Operation Airborne

With fourteen surplus Army cargo planes, plenty of surplus enthusiasm and confidence, the Slicks have managed to make freight-via-air a paying proposition

An Article by

GREEN PEYTON

At five o'clock on a crisp Autumn afternoon in 1945, a few months after the Japanese surrender, a couple of young men just released from the Army Air Forces were dressing for dinner in a New York hotel room when the phone rang. Lieutenant Earl Slick reached for it with a languid hand and answered.

"Yeah?"

"This is the office of the War Assets Administration in Washington," said the voice at his ear. "We have nine surplus cargo planes, and another buyer waiting. Be here with a certified check for $247,500 by five tomorrow afternoon if you want them."

"Roger. Wilco," said Earl Slick, as he dropped the phone back in its saddle.

Earl was one of several thousand pilots who had thought it might be a nice idea to start a little air-freight line as soon as the war was over. What distinguished him from most of the others was that he had done something about it. On his way to New York, to celebrate his exodus from the service, he had stopped off in Washington and put in a bid for surplus aircraft. He hadn't expected to be taken up on it in such a hurry.

Being a youth of considerable resources, both personal and financial, Earl Slick put in a quick call to a bank in Oklahoma City. The next afternoon, while the hometown banker completed arrangements with an associate in Washington, Earl was boarding a plane at La Guardia field. At five o'clock precisely he walked into the offices of the War Assets Administration with a certified check for $247,500 in his pocket. Twenty minutes later he walked out, minus the check, but clutching the titles to nine twin-engine Commandos in his moist young palm.

They comprised the most essential item of equipment of an infant transport line, known as Slick Airways, which presently took off on its first tentative flight from a nest at San Antonio's Alamo Airport. The line has mushroomed fabulously since that afternoon. On March 4, 1948, Slick Airways was two years old. Its routes already span the nation from coast to coast, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. No other aviation business organized by veterans of World War II has enjoyed such beanstalk growth.

On the first day of January this year Slick carried its thirty-three-millionth ton-mile of air freight—a ton-mile being, as you've already guessed, a ton of freight which somebody has toted for one mile. In twenty-two months of hectic operations, Earl Slick's line became able to establish the claim that it carried more air freight (air cargo other than mail and express) than any other air line.

How did a twenty-seven-year-old graduate of the Army Air Forces get to be top brass of the air-freight industry in two years? Well, to begin with, he had the money to do it, though that isn't by any means the whole story. Earl Frates Slick, a slender, six-foot youngster with sandy hair and the sober, diffident look of an ambitious office boy, is the son of the late Tom Baker Slick, an Oklahoma oilman. It was Tom B. Slick who discovered the rich Cushing Field southwest of Tulsa, and came to be known as "The King of the Wildcatters."

With his thirty-two-year-old brother, Tom Slick, Junior (whose hobby is raising blooded cattle), Earl was a successful oil operator in his own right before he was out of his teens. Both boys served in the Armed Forces—Tom was in the Navy—and both had a yen to distinguish themselves beyond the easy job of basking in the golden light of their father's millions. They were also uncommonly endowed with good sense.

The Slicks originally came from Pennsylvania. Tom Senior was an oil-field roustabout until he brought in the Cushing pool in 1912. He saw to it that none of the other oilmen swarming over Oklahoma got a look at what he found by hiring all the livery rigs in Cushing and locking them up in the stables. When the wildcatters bought up leases around Cushing anyway and tried to register them, they found that Slick had sent all the notaries away on a paid vacation. The same kind of ingenuity has taken care of Tom's boys in the crowded skyways of America.

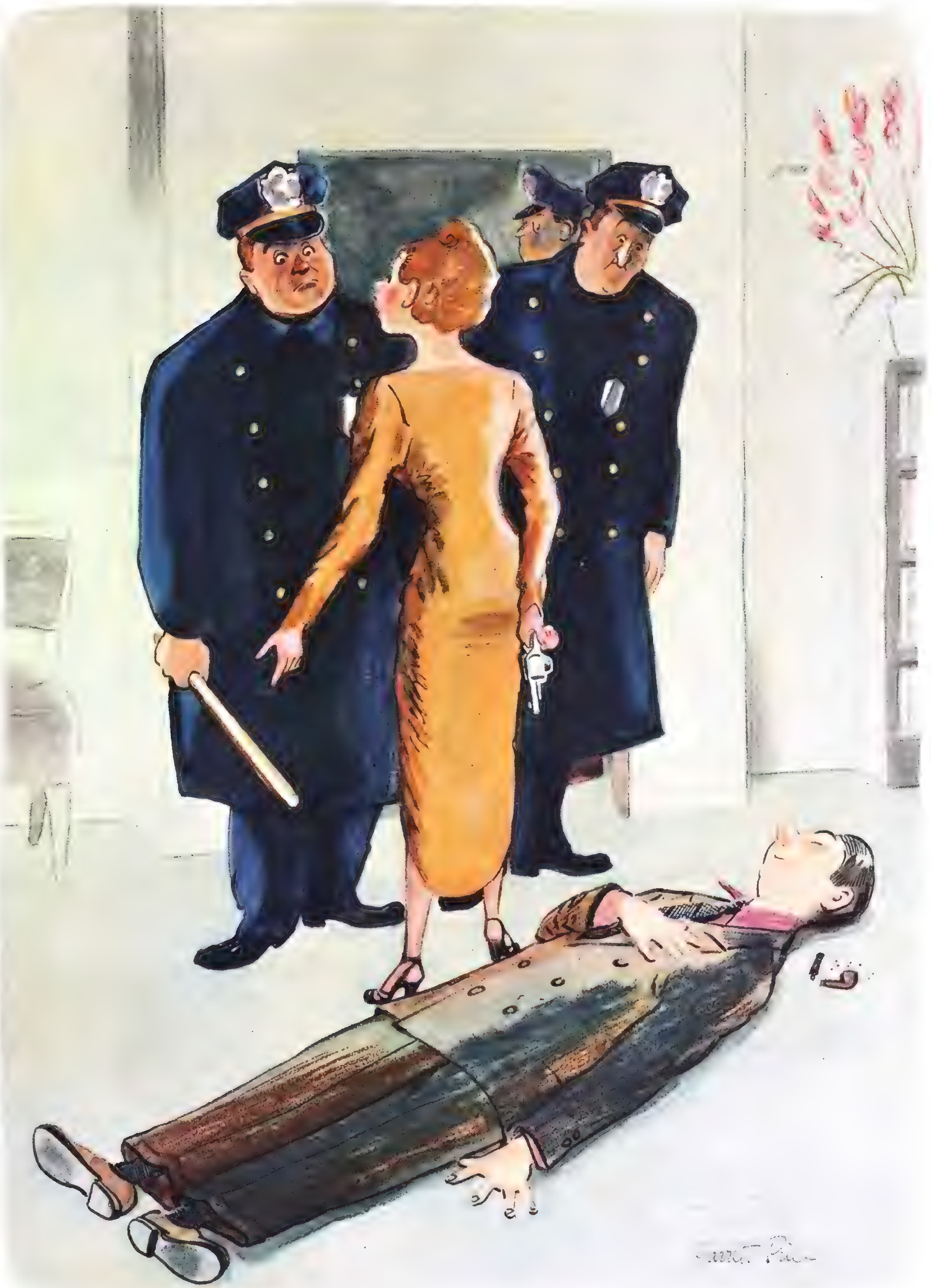
With shrewd Charles F. Urschel as his partner, the elder Slick parlayed the Cushing pool into an independent oil enterprise whose value was once estimated at eighty million dollars. Slick and Urschel were not only partners. Charlie Urschel married Tom Slick's sister, Flored. When Slick died, in 1930, and Flored followed him in 1931, Mrs. Slick became the second Mrs. Urschel.

It was rather as if Urschel had followed the old Oriental custom and had married his brother's widow. The uncle of young Tom and Earl—and trustee of the Slick estate—was now also their stepfather. Their cousin Charles Urschel, Junior (a year younger than Tom), became their brother. Thus family ties among the Slicks, though mighty confusing, are also exceedingly strong. Young Urschel, mild but smart, is a partner in one of the oil companies that Tom and Earl started. He is a vice-president of Slick Airways. Together, the Slicks and their kinfolk make a team which in no way belies their name.

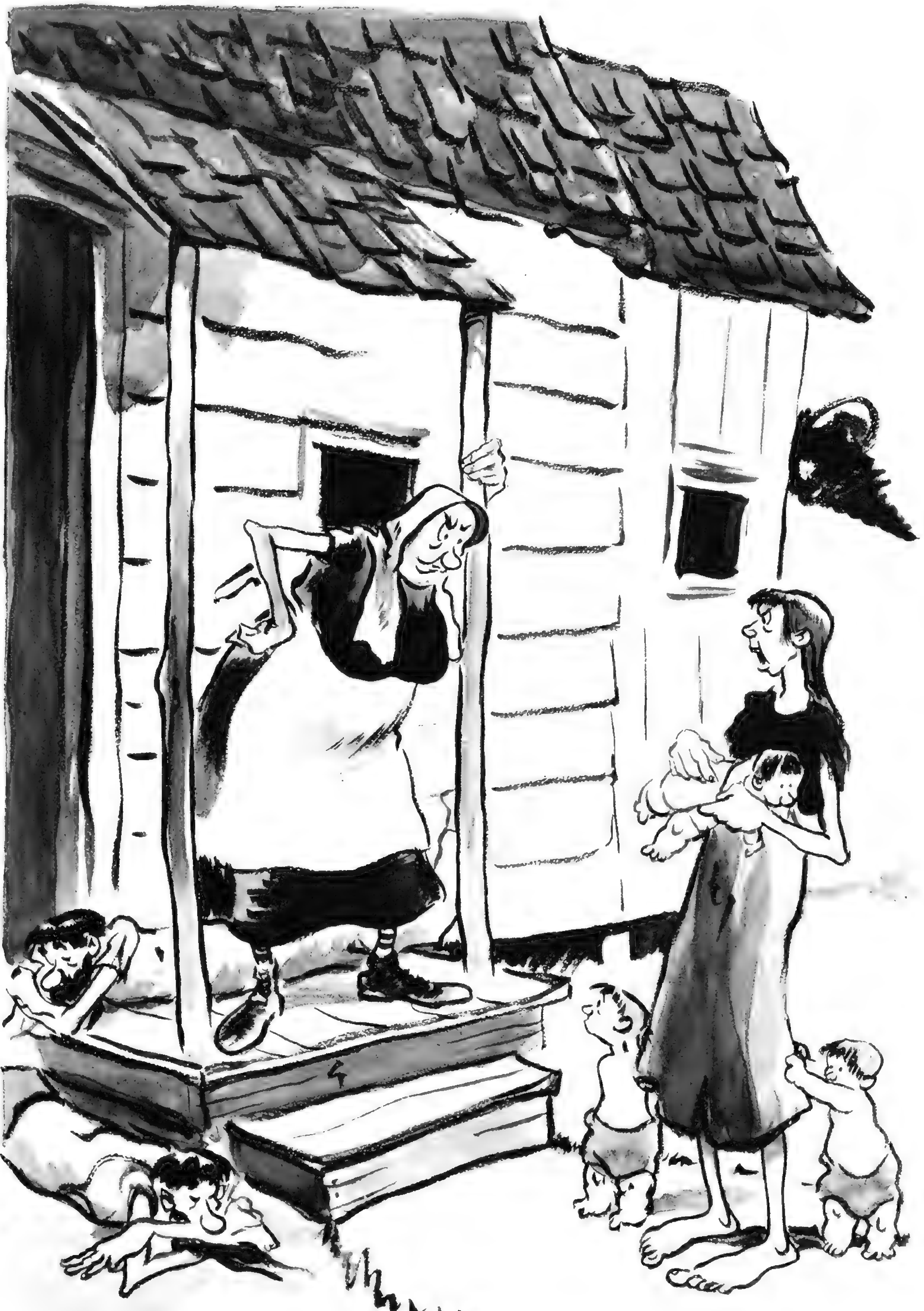
It is just conceivable that they got their interest in airplanes from an accident which put the well-oiled family wheels out of gear for a few weeks back in 1933. One sultry July evening Stepfather Urschel was kidnapped. He was playing bridge in the library of his huge, white mansion in Oklahoma City when two men armed with machine guns appeared at the door. They hustled Urschel, in his shirt sleeves, into a car, taped his eyes, and drove him over back roads for fourteen hours. Somewhere in the broad reaches of the Southwest they deposited him in a shack and kept him under guard for nine days.

The family paid $200,000 ransom to get him back. On the last day of July his captors thrust him into the car again, drove for twelve hours, and put him out on a rainswept highway outside of Norman, Oklahoma. At a near-by barbecue stand Urschel called a taxi and went home. Except for the distance he had traveled, he could give only one important clue to the spot where he had been held. Every day, at the same hour, a transport plane had droned by overhead. With this frail key the FBI searched the countryside until *(Continued on page 139)*

"Do you think we'll ever be able to fly like humans?"



"He forced me to it . . . kept on buying more and more life insurance"



"Ah'm gettin' sick o' thar promises—ah wanna git wedded up"

Rye Whiskey: Jug of Empire

And if anyone dare attempt to remove the jug from our favorite shelf, let him now start polishing the irons. take ten paces, and get himself ready to meet the end.

An Article by

SCOTT HART

A GREY moon lay like a wasting ghost in the sky above the silent Mississippi River that night; and "Colonel" Plug, the swaggering raider of flatboats and broadhorns, was mad as hell about his wife's carrying on with Nine Eyes, his otherwise faithful lieutenant in crime. The colonel, of course, could do things only one way. If he wanted to rob a boat he'd simply bash somebody over the head and rob. And if somebody monkeyed around with his wife he wouldn't sift the elements of blame. Quick violence was much easier. So in his uncomplicated way Plug now handed Nine Eyes a rifle, grabbed one himself, sat a bottle of Monongahela rye liquor between them and announced that the survivor would take a drink.

The rifles blazed and both men staggered, wounded, toward the bottle. And there, with magnificent acknowledgment, "Colonel" Plug proclaimed that Nine Eyes was a Man, which, after all, was of more importance than a row over a woman. They polished off the rye in the ghost light of the moon, drank it down in the enormous gulps men took in those years when the trees were being cut, when America was being fashioned, when the nights were always dark and dangerous and when most things seemed lost in one hour, but were found again in the next.

Sometimes, indeed, after exhausting efforts whole communities got drunk, including the preacher, and grew encouraged to face the conditions again. They leaned equally upon the rifle, ax and jug—so noticeably the jug that one historian noted, "In many parts of the country you could scarcely get out of sight of the smoke of a stillhouse." Mark Twain, pondering the realities, always believed that people confused a star with a jug, that the phrase should read "Westward the Jug of Empire takes its way." And considering the general situation everywhere Bismarck once cried that "Beer is for women, wine for men and rye for heroes."

But the pioneers, unconscious of any heroics, looked on themselves as mere "borderers," and upon rye whiskey only as Strong Water to Relieve the Inhabitants. It relieved them, and ofttimes in the stretches saved them. As bourbon broke the discomfort and anxieties in early Kentucky and rum melted ice in the New England attitudes, so rye whiskey, sloshing along in battered jugs, was the tonic of the debilitating migration across America. It made the cold Star of Chance, which was the dangerous Star of Empire, beautiful and womanlike and worth the costs of following.

Rye whiskey was all of this for a number of reasons. It was pleasant to the taste, and to the borderers was reminiscent of the big ripe fields they had somewhere left behind. But, more importantly, it had the unfailing character of a big fist blow. Its effect was always immediate, lasting and pleasantly genuine. It was packed with satisfaction rather than subtleties. And the appeal, universally, was to the tough strong character of the borderers who did all things for pure effect alone. The chief effect they wanted, of course, was relief. So they tried hard always to carry along enough rye liquor for this commendable and imperative purpose. And, when properly belted, they became more convinced of the pastors' promises of rest for them all in the hereafter, the Indian became less terrifying, and the coarse baggy clothes hung actually seductive. The whole cruel exercise of flailing down a wilderness was lightened. They were indeed, enabled, amidst the whole tortures of living, to hose themselves down with dippersful of revitalizing rye and raise their voices in the wild dance shout.

Mush-a-ring-a-ring-a-rah
Whack fol'd the dady-O!
Whack fol'd the dady-O!
Thar's whiskey in the jug!

The excellence of rye liquor involved it with all kinds of people, and this general popularity naturally entangled it in the economic hullabaloos of the straining young nation. America had just then a relatively large public debt and our more meticulous forebears conscionably wanted to correct it. The conservative Alexander Hamilton, searching for relieving measures, clamped an excise tax on whiskey. The instantaneous howls of the farmers grew into a roaring wind. They cried Ruination, as they always do. For they had always converted their rye (and corn) into whiskey as a medium of trade and, being unbridled men to begin with, they wanted no tax collectors prowling among them.

So, in 1794, some 3000 people revolted in Pennsylvania's western counties, but were soon dispersed by the militia who used, as the liberal Thomas Jefferson complained, a meat ax to kill a spider. In any case, liquor, and rye chiefly among it, had become not only a drink and a spiritual and physical prop in a harsh land, but a commodity that *had* to be sold as a stabilizer of crops. Rye, of itself, was difficult to sell. And when men looked about their undeveloped country it became apparent that the transportation of heavy things like lumber and hogs and beef over distances was economically impossible. A horse, however, wouldn't crumple while carrying, say, a pair of eight-gallon kegs of booze to the bereaved, the lonely, the tired and thirsty. It just became the thing to do, a business of necessity and demand. The prices, of course, varied with regional conditions. But ofttimes in the West a tired man could throw down twenty-five or thirty cents and go home with a gallon of fortifying rye; and in the more competitive East a humble burgher paid about double that price, but was soon anaesthetized against too much reflection over the cost of essential things, an advantage whiskey has for itself in every time of inflation.

So rye liquor, men cried triumphantly, was established, come taxes, dissatisfactions, booms or busts. And from the great Eastern distilleries they moved it laboriously over mountain passes on muleback, down rivers on flatboats, across the plains on covered wagons and eventually by primitive railroads to sweating men at the end of steel.

A half century or more before the railroads even came, men in the sparse settlements not only practiced the goodness of helping each other claw out a patch of land, but undertook the enterprise of raising a community still

(*Continued on page 167*)

"I know what—let's make some ginger ale!"

Revolution and Mrs. MacDougall

The sad fate of a wise guy who happens to get mixed up with a rich and lonely widow, a bald skipper with a red beard, and a fiery but lovesick revolutionist

A Story by

FRED LANE

I do not approve of revolutions. There is not enough money in them. Also, a revolution is very likely to wind you up in the pokey like this Mr. Ohnimus I meet in Brisbane. You would think he would try some other business where he can lay away a nest egg for when he comes out of jail. But Mr. Ohnimus has not even the price of a gasper the third time they let him out, which is when I meet him. I am watching a Queensland mail steamer come up the river when this Mr. Ohnimus comes up to me and says: "I am informed you are a shipowner. Are any of your ships bound for the Solomon Islands?"

I explain that I am no longer a shipowner on account of I find underwriters unpleasant people to do business with and so I am now in the pearl business. I do not say that the beautiful pearls I expect to sell for five hundred pounds each do not sell for even the five shillings each I pay Mr. Yamaguchi for them, because it is unwise to inform people you are not financially sound.

Mr. Ohnimus seems most depressed when he finds out I am no longer a shipowner and I watch him shake his head. He has a very large head and it bulges in front. He has cream-colored hair and eyebrows. His mouth will not close all the way because he has very large teeth. His blue eyes stay open all the time like he is seeing a sea serpent.

Being possessed of a keen business instinct, I sense Mr. Ohnimus wants to go somewhere on a ship that is owned by a trustworthy person, such as myself. In that case, I kid myself, he is wealthier than he appears and might possibly purchase one of my exquisite pearls.

I take him by the arm and we go to the Goldenlip. It is not until I buy him three drinks and show him my pearls that I find out he is in the revolution business. I find this out when he climbs up on a table and says that bloodsucking capitalists, such as I, ought to be liquidated. Nobody pays much attention to him until he starts making further unkind remarks about other customers in the Goldenlip. In no time at all, Mr. Ohnimus is no longer present.

After we get through picking up the chairs and putting the tables right side up, I hear considerable about Mr. Ohnimus. A couple of gentlemen from Melbourne state that he has been making speeches in the Solomons.

"Blime, chum," one of the gentlemen says, "that cove has stirred up them fuzzy-wuzzies for fair in Malaita and San Cristoval. If some trader in Gela hadn't conked him and loaded him onto a schooner, there'd been a first-class barney in the islands." I hear further, that the British Colonial Office is not at all eager to see Mr.Ohnimus return to the islands.

This is when the proprietress of the Goldenlip, Mrs. MacDougall, has her say: "Now, this is a free country and Mr. Ohnimus has the right to say what he likes. I do not approve of you gentlemen kicking him in the pants. He is a very sincere person of much feeling and I can understand his view because I am a woman of much feeling also."

There is no doubt that Mrs. MacDougall is a woman of much feeling and this is what causes her to have little red eyes and a large rosy nose, although at first I think it is gin. But Mrs. MacDougall cannot afford gin, she tells me. She says: "I am just a poor widow woman and with high taxes and early closing hours, the government makes it most difficult for me to make both ends meet."

I put my hand on her shoulder and console her. I find widows very fine people to do business with as a rule. But Mrs. MacDougall has no great flair for investments like most widows. She will not buy a single one of my pearls, although they are extremely large and handsome, having been made by a Japanese scientific gentleman who places marbles inside of oysters and pretty soon the marbles get a coating on them and they look like pearls if you do not look too close.

Then one of the gentlemen remarks: "You listen to me, Mrs. Mac. Comes the revolution that bloke talks about and he'll see to it you are shot full of holes. You got a good business and you got a tidy pile salted away. You are a capitalist."

"Oh, I am only a poor, hard-working widow, trying to get along," Mrs. MacDougall says, and there are tears in her eyes. "Surely, they would not shoot a woman, would they?"

"Well, maybe not," another gentleman says. "Not if she was very poor. And young and beautiful, too."

Mrs. MacDougall relaxes somewhat. She pats her head and says: "I have not got a single grey hair." Which is quite true. There are all kinds of colors in Mrs. MacDougall's hair and these colors no doubt come out of bottles, and none of them are grey.

After Mrs. MacDougall leaves us, we carry on a deep political discussion. We discuss revolutions and I say: "Revolutionists must be insane. Why, the idea of working for humanity for free."

One of the gentlemen says: "Mr. Ohnimus is not barmy. He is not working for free, either. He is getting boodle from Moscow, like the rest of them."

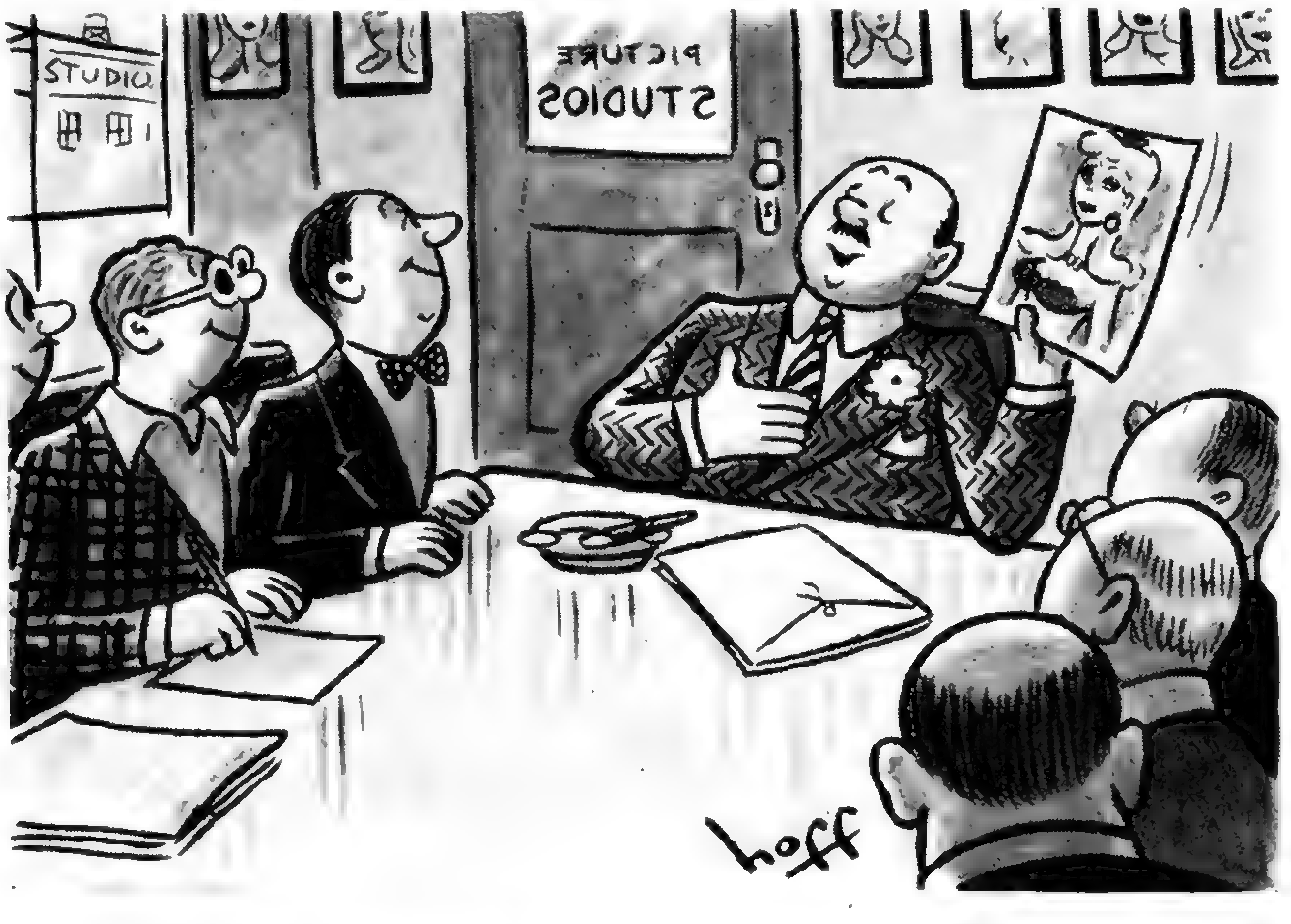
Another gentleman hiccups and says: "Moscow, hell. What about the money them Yanks left behind in the Dollar Invasion of '44? I hear them fuzzy-wuzzies has got it buried all over them islands. Maybe that's why that bloody cow is trying to get back to Malaita. He must of got run out before he could pick up all them dollars he talked them fuzzy-wuzzies out of to run their revolution."

The gentlemen argue heatedly about how much money Mr. Ohnimus buries in the Solomons and one of them says it must be a hundred thousand dollars, at least. I deftly change the subject, buy several more drinks, and then put my pearls on display.

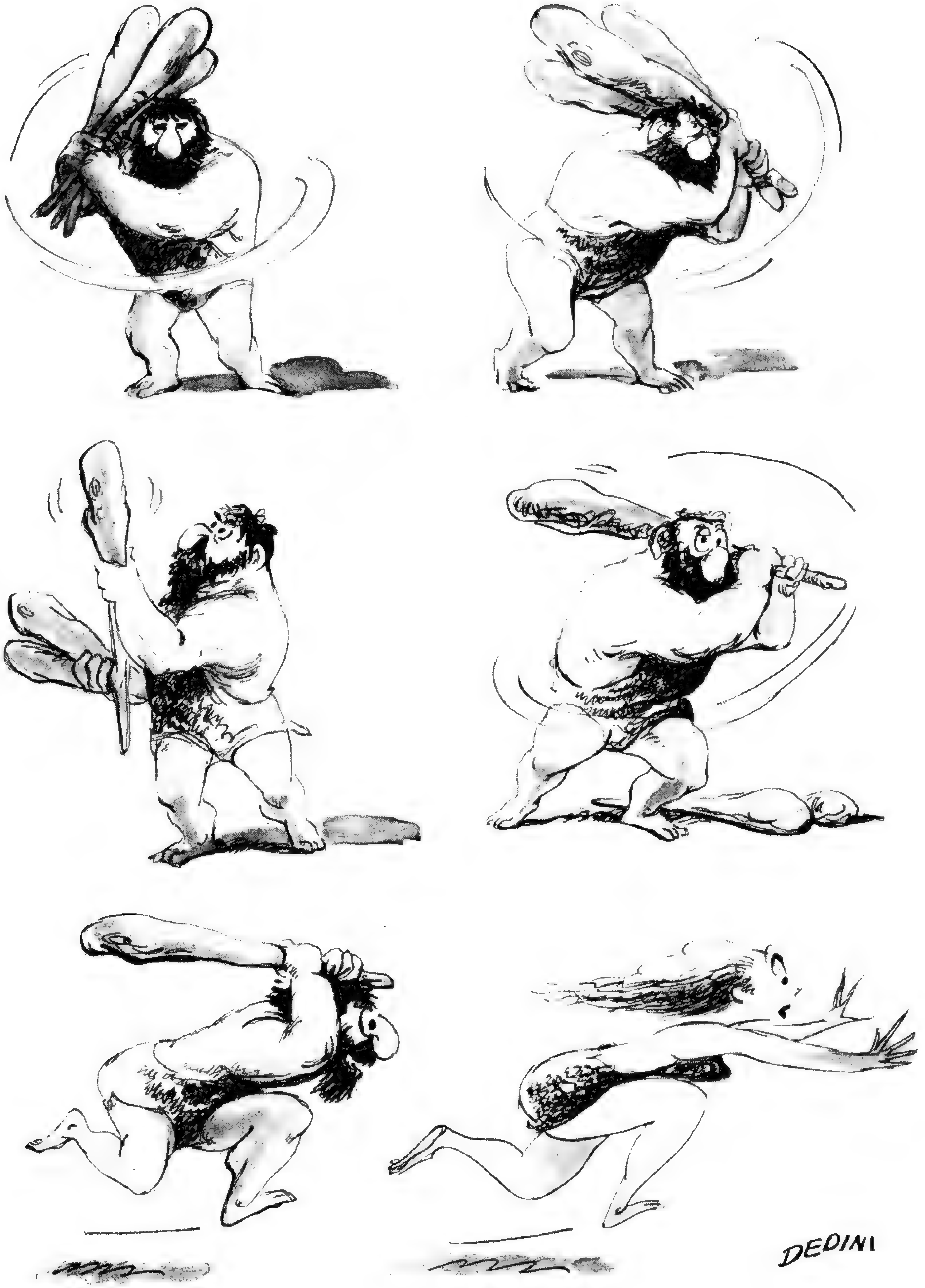
Since Mr. Ohnimus has exposed me as a capitalist, the gentlemen are, naturally, very shrewd in their business dealings with me. They positively will not pay more than fifty pounds for one of my pearls.

As soon as I conclude this transaction I leave the Goldenlip to look for Mr. Ohnimus. I finally locate him near the river front and I walk with him behind a warehouse where I say: "Mr. Ohnimus, I am most eager to go into partnership with you.

"I admit," he says, (Continued on page 147)



"This gal is so terrific we have to put in a stunt man for all the love scenes"


DEDINI

The Thirty-Story Miracle

Is the meaning of life revealed in the instant before death?

A Story by ARTHUR BRYANT

How long does it take a man to plunge to death from a skyscraper's roof? Is there, perhaps, a new time element which comes into force once decision to cut the life line is made? Whatever the answer, here's a story that will hold you spellbound right to the sensational ending

THE cab stopped and a thin man wearing a tan straw hat got out. He gave the driver a dollar and told him to keep the change. When the cab pulled away from the curb he stood for a few seconds, looking down the midnight street. The neon and electric signs chanted a soulless dissonance which evoked no nostalgia, even now. It was a cruel street. He would not miss it.

A uniformed doorman held open the heavy glass door and he walked straight across the richly carpeted lobby to the elevators. He watched the twinkling panel of indicator lights with a kind of sardonic amusement. Thirty floors should be enough.

A young couple of college age got into the elevator with him. They were dressed for evening and holding hands, the girl's slender neck arched gracefully as she looked up at her taller escort. It seemed a shame to spoil their evening, they looked so young and happy. Afterward, they would tell sympathetic and curious friends about him, saying that he looked just like any normal person except that he hadn't shaved and his clothes were messy.

The Sky Terrace was not crowded. He took a table in the shadows near the parapet, and listened to the music while the waiter got his drink. The couple with whom he had come up in the elevator were already dancing. He did not envy them. They were young now, but they would find out what life was, as he had. His eyes moved to the orchestra . . . sad automatons, substitute juke boxes grinding out mechanical rhythms. They must know what he knew. How could they stand it?

The waiter placed the drink in front of him and left. He started to raise it, then put it down, remembering that he did not want them to find any trace of alcohol on him. He placed a dollar under the glass and stood up. There was no one watching. Casually he sidled between the potted plants beside the table. Here he found himself alone, above the geometric city. Moving his wrist watch into the light he checked the time: twelve-fifteen a.m.

He inhaled once, slowly, savoring the air. Then he pulled himself quickly up onto the low parapet and jumped. Lights, street, windowscapes rushed vertically to meet him. He felt no terror. The pavement with the canvas marquee was rising, rising . . .

II

There was a blackening jolt. He shook his head against thunder and his eyes focused on the entrance and the doorman, standing with his back turned. There was pain throbbing from an ankle which was twisted beneath him. Gingerly he extricated and extended it. Everything seemed to work, although the ankle continued to hurt.

Dazed, he got stiffly to his feet. He looked down to see if his body would still be sprawled on the pavement, as in fantasies of life after death. There was nothing where he had been.

Surely there was no conceivable way of surviving a fall of thirty floors. He raised his wrist watch to the street light. The crystal was shattered and the sweep second hand had stopped at twenty-three seconds after twelve-fifteen. As he stood there, perplexed, immobile, feeling no relief for having failed to kill himself, two people passed close by without seeming to notice him. Perhaps he had entered a nondimensional existence, invisible to mortal eyes. He approached the doorman, determined to settle the issue. The doorman saw him coming and opened the door.

"Did you see me leave?" he asked.

"No, sir. Didn't I just see you go in a few minutes ago?"

He entered, without replying. He peered into the nearest mirror cautiously, studying his reflection. It was nontransparent, moved when he moved, smiled when he smiled.

The elevator boy recalled taking him up, but had not seen him since. The waiter at the Sky Terrace recognized him, but had not seen him leave, and had left the drink on the table, expecting him to return. While he was searching for some other possibility, he saw the young couple sitting at a table, obviously enjoying each other. He was glad that he had not spoiled their evening after all.

Back on the street the man stood gazing up at the building, obtuse against the sky. His mind rebelled against the fantastic illogic of his predicament. Thirty floors to the pavement, and here he was, unquestionably, miraculously, alive.

A strangeness took hold of him. He began walking faster, and in blind flight he collided several times with other pedestrians. The streets became haunted, monstrous, the buildings grotesque, ominously ranged against him. He broke into a run. As in a nightmare, he raced headlong beneath towers of loneliness and through canyons of abstract horror.

Finally exhausted, he staggered against a lamppost and hung on for support. When his breath began to come more slowly, his thoughts grew calmer too.

"Oh, God," he whispered aloud, "I believe, I believe . . ."

It was as if rivers of faith, long dammed up and forgotten, flowed through him, inundating all desire to question or deny the inevitable answer to his being alive.

III

The priest opened the door in the pale pre-light of dawn. He surveyed the man on his doorstep a moment before speaking.

"What can I do for you?" he asked gently.

"Father, you probably don't remember me," the man began nervously. "I haven't been to Mass in a long time." He paused, embarrassed. "I

(Continued on page 154)

Frank Beaven

"Well, here go property values again!"

Top Flight

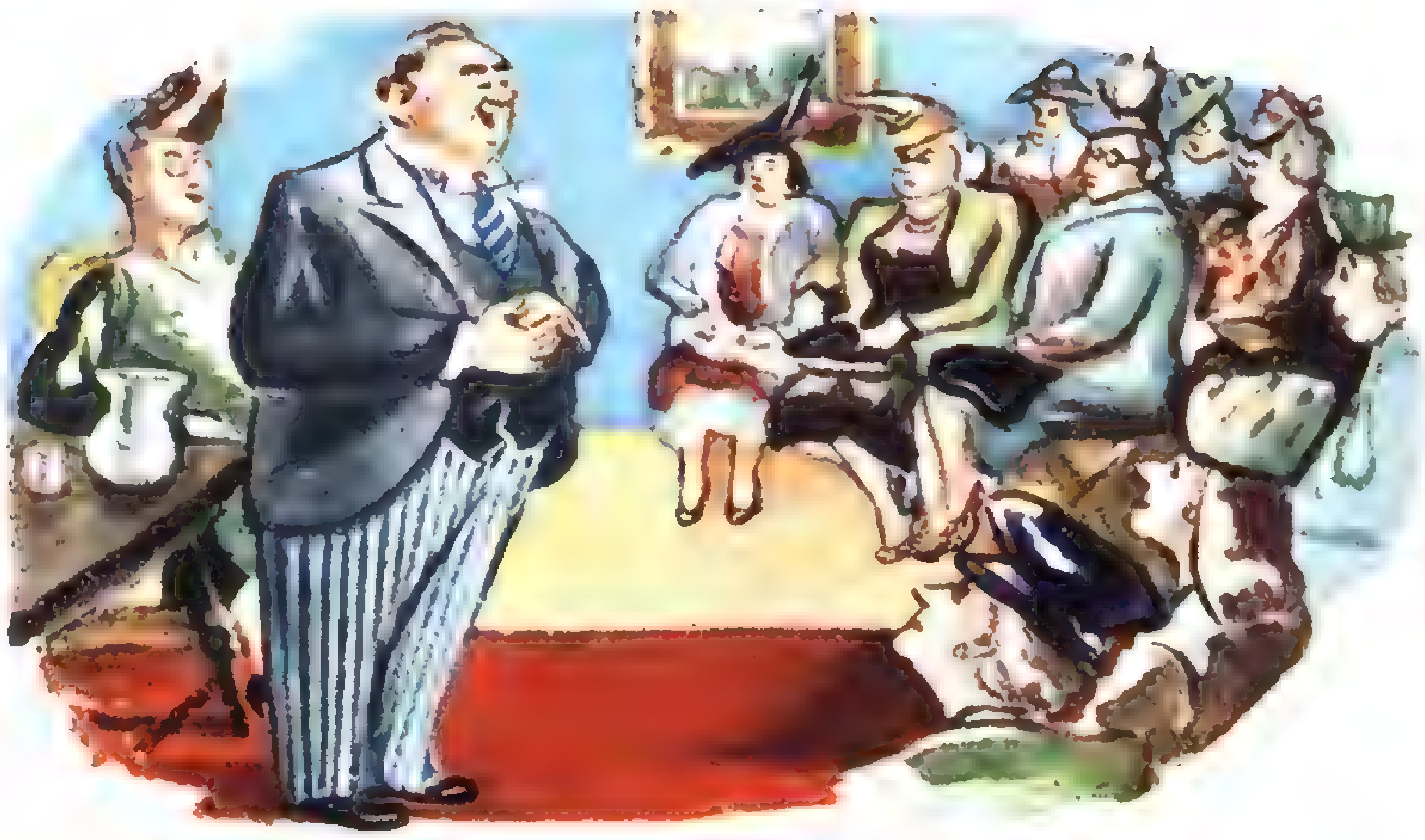
by Marge

and

Gower Champion

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM STONE

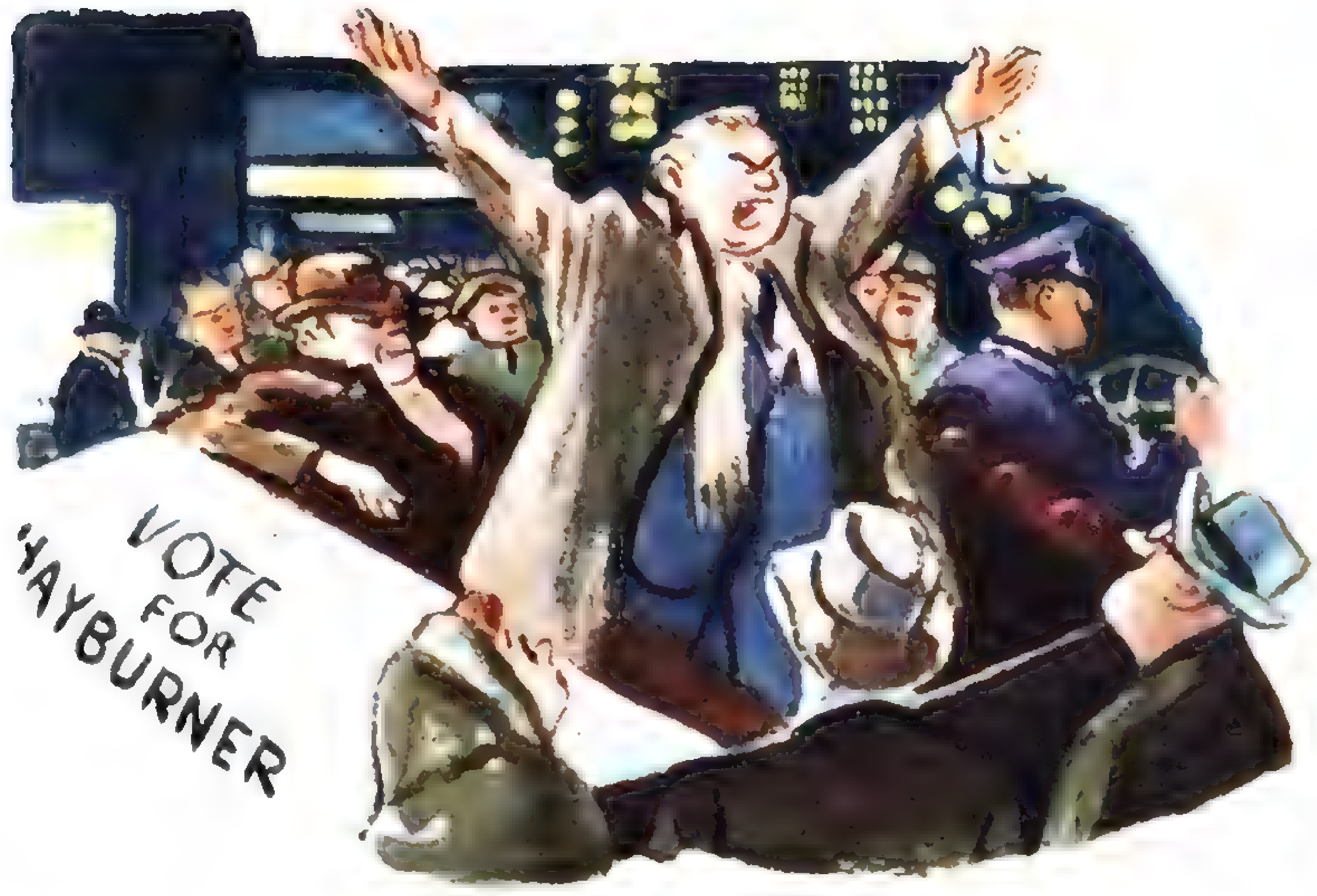
Woman's Club: "*Good Afternoon, Ladies!* . . . Charming group . . . Women, backbone of nation . . . owe my success to mother . . . Family man . . . father of four children . . . The Home, America's cornerstone . . . your sons and daughters . . . Susan B. Anthony . . . Florence Nightingale . . . Helen of Troy . . . Eleanor Roosevelt. My platform . . . adequate schools . . . 11 p.m. closing of bars . . . high taxes for distilleries . . . food prices down . . . control of atom bomb . . . A vote for security . . Hayburner, the Friend of Women's Rights."



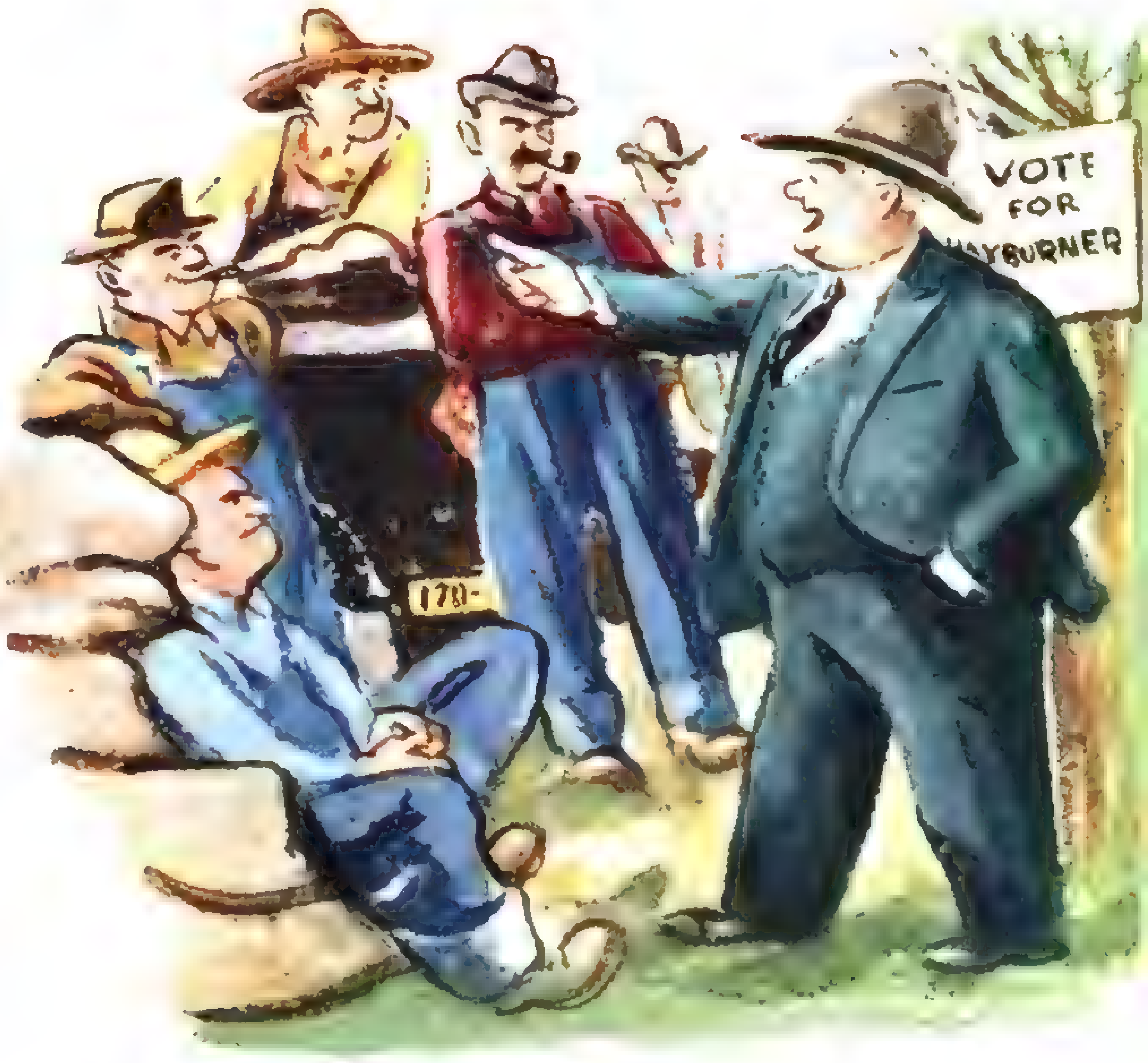
Fellow Constituents...

An Intimate Close-up of Senator Hayburner Dispensing His Fluid Platform . . . .

DRAWINGS BY D. McKAY

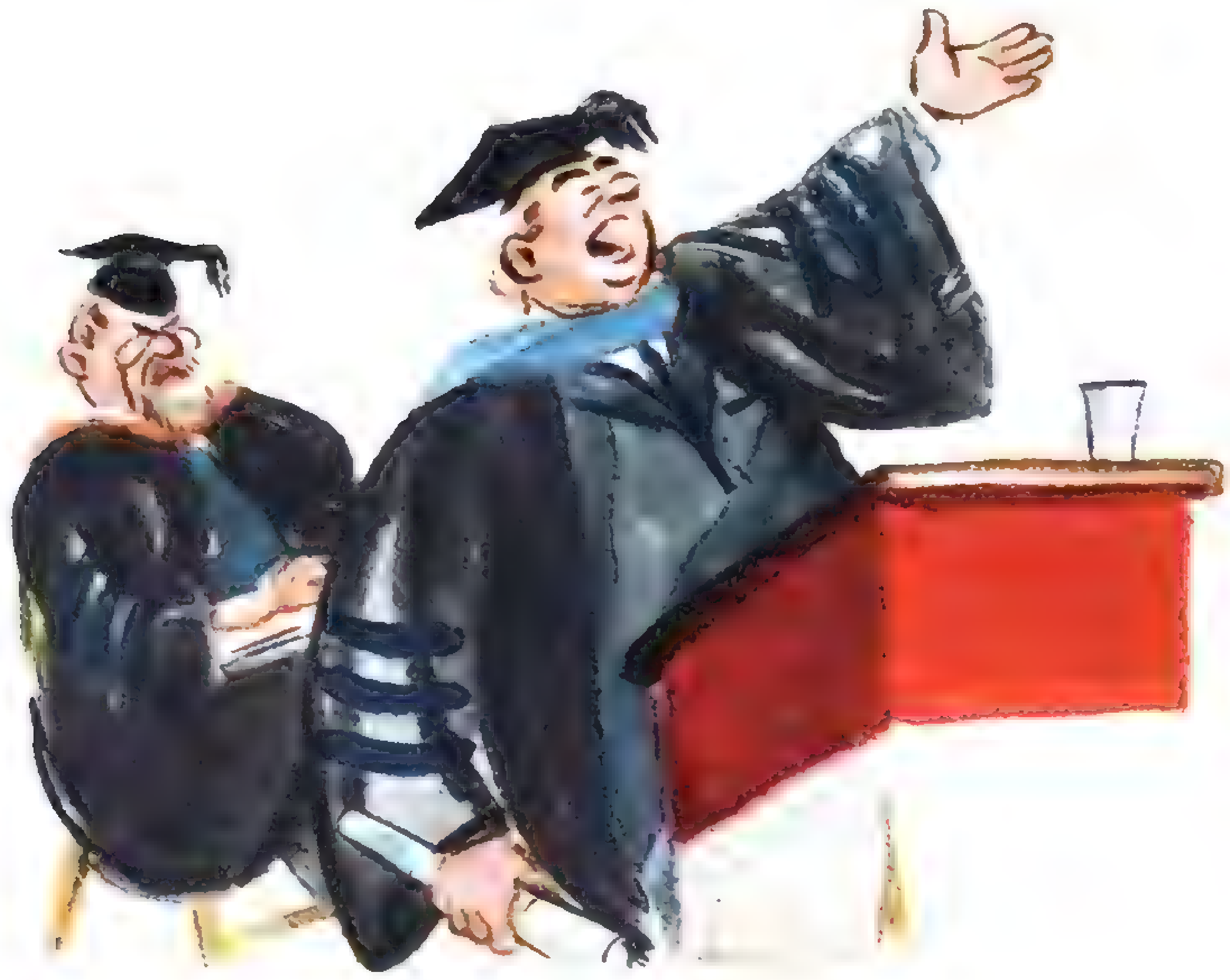


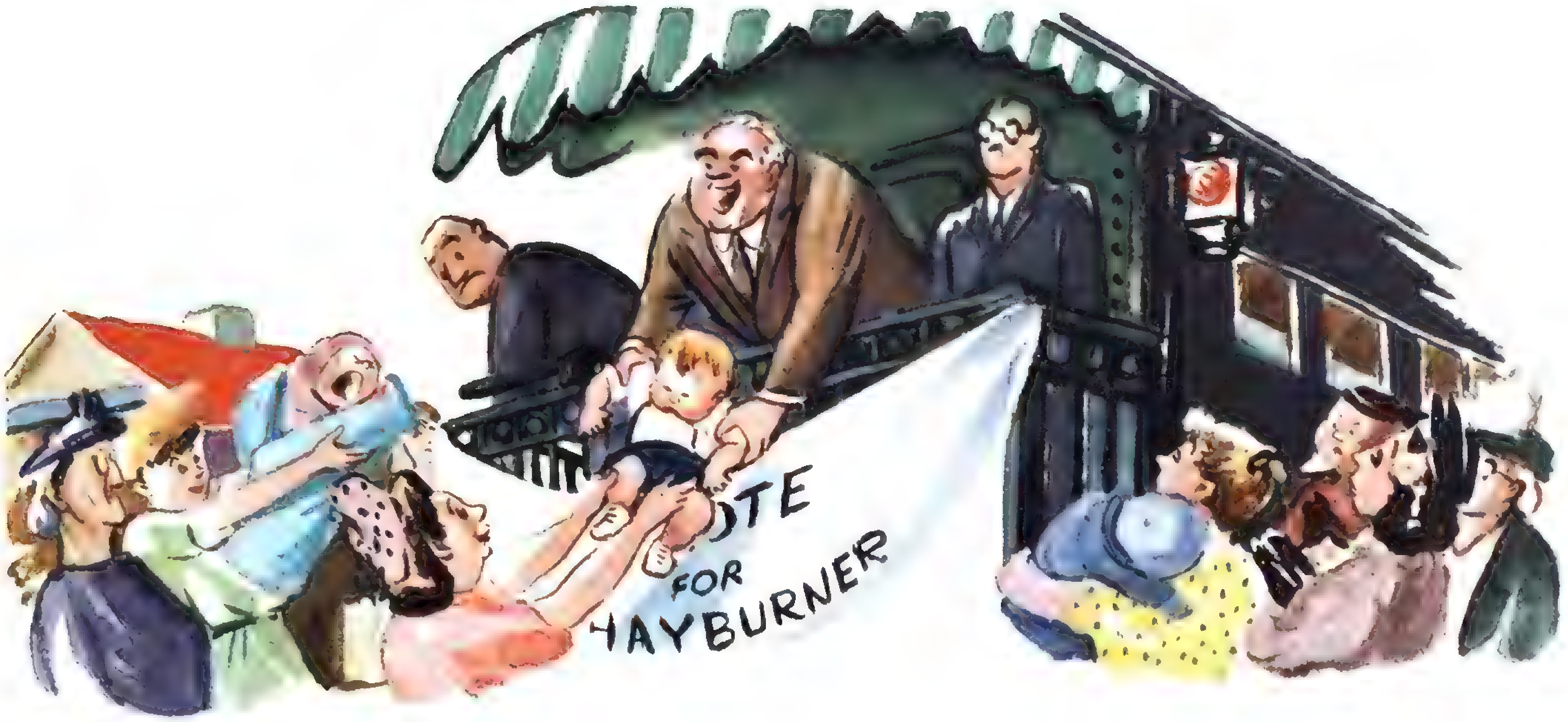
Man in the Street: "*Fellow Americans!* . . . The common man, backbone of the nation . . . Born a poor boy . . . sold newspapers on this very corner . . . the little man's friend . . . look at the record . . . Will fight for higher wages . . . shorter hours . . . old-age pensions . . . car in every garage . . . full employment . . . Fight against those bureaucrats in Washington . . . double-dealing Money bags . . . Abraham Lincoln . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . . a vote for me is a voice for you in Washington! . . . stanch . . . unflinching."



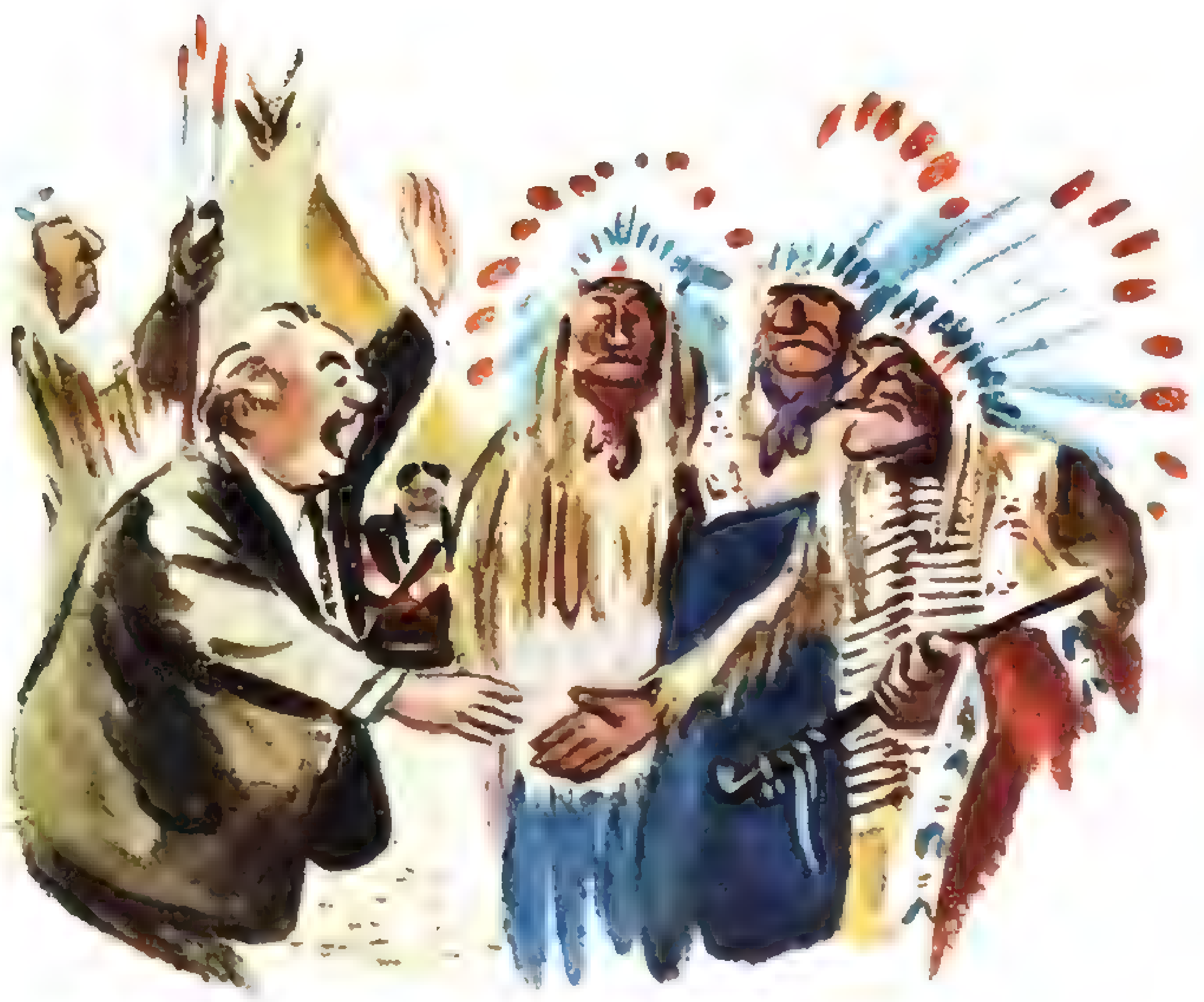
Farm Vote: "*Fellow Farmers!* . . . The farmer, backbone of natio . . . raised on farm near Guernsey Hollow, Nebraska . . walked t miles to log-cabin school . . . married farmer's daughter . . . know pro lems firsthand. Gallant men of the soil . . . America's stronghold . . George Washington . . . Abraham Lincoln . . . My platform . . . yo humble and honest servant . . . will keep eye on city slickers . . . c red tape . . . 300,000,000 bushels in 1945 . . . 415,000,000 bushels i '48 . . . lower taxes . . . rural electrification . . . television set in eve farmhouse . . . a light in every barn. Look at the record . . . dynam . . . aggressive . . . fearless! . . . Hayburner, the Farmer's Friend

Colleges: "*Cum Laude* . . . I greet you. Future teachers, scientists, engineers, chemists, etc. More colleges . . . Lincoln believed in education . . . Must have more teachers . . . more scholars. Went to school myself in little prairie town . . . A vote for Hayburner is a vote for Education."

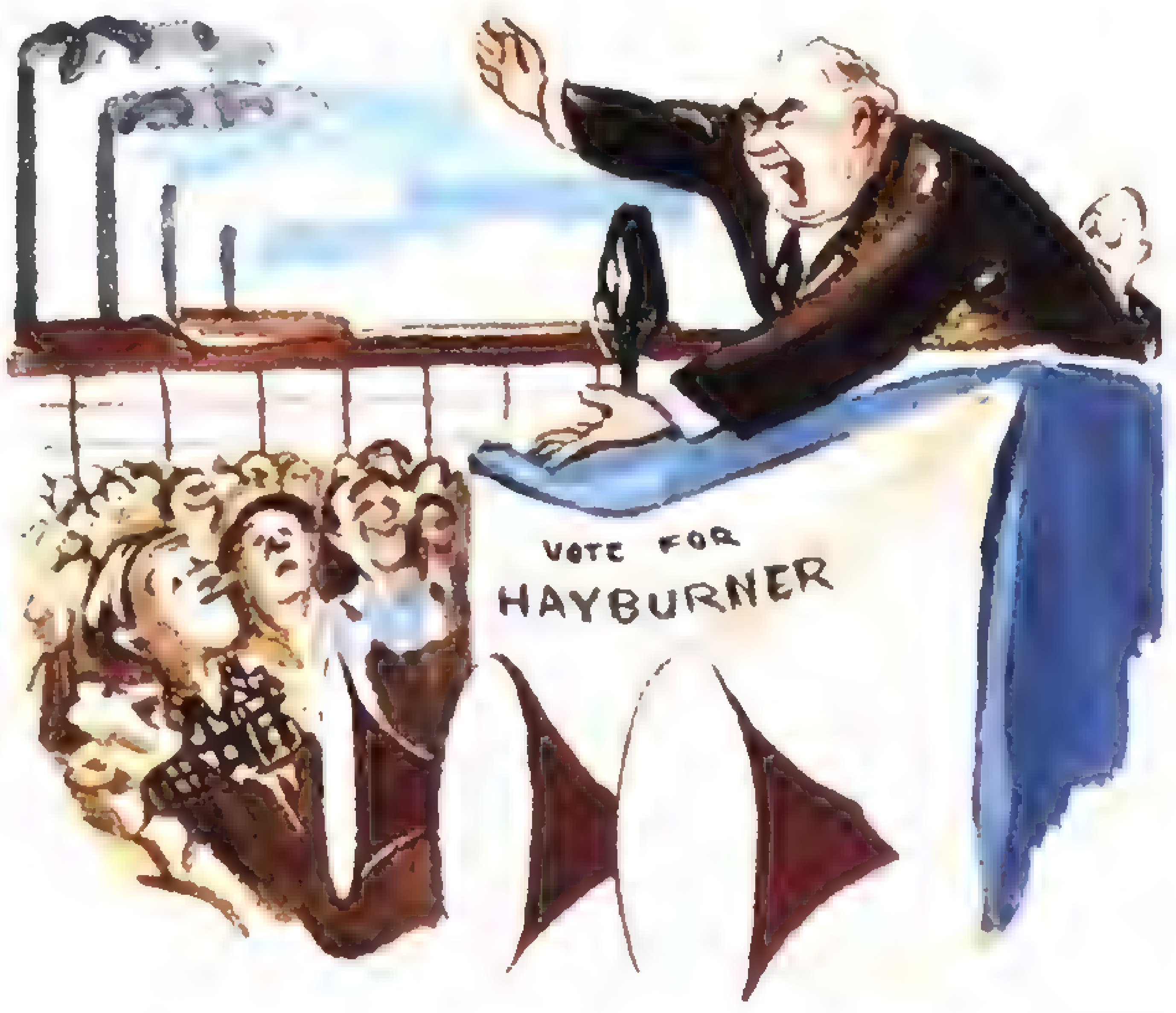




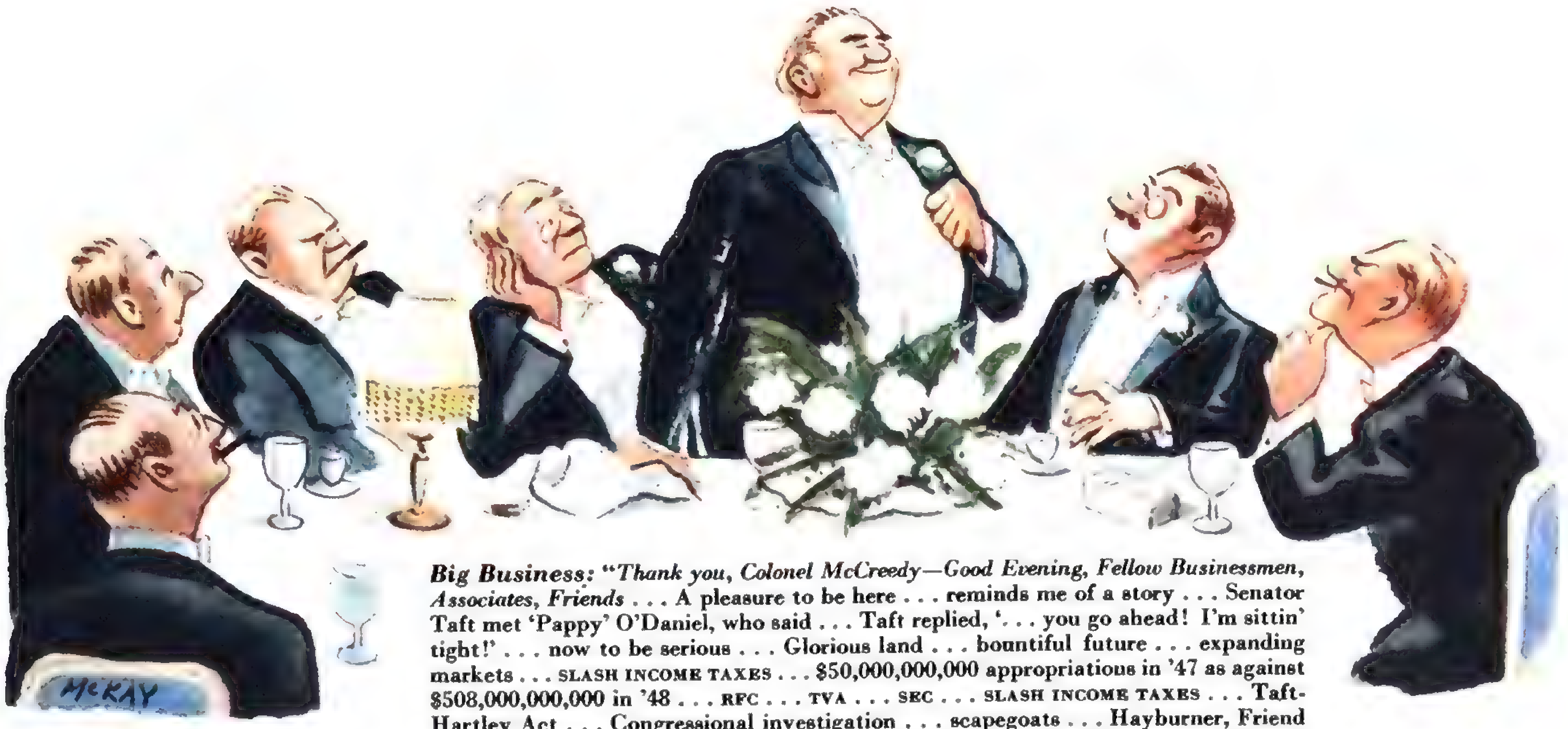
Mothers: "*Greetings to the Mothers of America.* Babies . . . country's greatest asset . . . was one myself. Have a fine family . . . Cute little rascals. Need child nurseries . . . school-lunch programs . . . recreation facilities . . . The American Family must be continued . . . A vote for Hayburner is a vote for family security. Hayburner, the Mother's Friend."



Indians: "*America's own people.* Descended from Pocahontas and John Smith myself. Nothing too good for our Indians. Need more wigwams . . . buffaloes . . . good hunting. Vote for Hayburner and Better Reservations."



Labor: "*Fellow Workers!* . . . Backbone of nation! . . . worked as young man in steel mills . . . know your problems firsthand . . . one of you! . . . Will fight tirelessly for higher wages . . . shorter hours. Will watch those pressure-controlled politicians in Washington . . . Wall Street connivers! Strong Unions . . . Friend of Labor . . . work together, fight together . . . John L. Lewis . . . CIO . . . AFL . . . labor-management peace . . . to that aim, I, Hayburner, pledge my life!"



Big Business: "*Thank you, Colonel McCreedy—Good Evening, Fellow Businessmen, Associates, Friends* . . . A pleasure to be here . . . reminds me of a story . . . Senator Taft met 'Pappy' O'Daniel, who said . . . Taft replied, '. . . you go ahead! I'm sittin' tight!' . . . now to be serious . . . Glorious land . . . bountiful future . . . expanding markets . . . SLASH INCOME TAXES . . . $50,000,000,000 appropriations in '47 as against $508,000,000,000 in '48 . . . RFC . . . TVA . . . SEC . . . SLASH INCOME TAXES . . . Taft-Hartley Act . . . Congressional investigation . . . scapegoats . . . Hayburner, Friend of Business . . . vast experience . . . studied Groton, Harvard, abroad . . ."

Mr. Gerald Brockhurst, distinguis
portrait painter, sizes up his subj

Brockhurst examines his subject;

requests a minor adjustment, but

still not right—lower, please,

now a little to the left . . .

that looks about right.

He studies the position gravely.

Satisfied, he turns to canvas

and concentrates deeply as

swift strokes start a masterpiece.

Mr. Brockhurst Paints a Portrait

GERALD BROCKHURST, a member of England's famous Royal Academy, has become one of the best-known portrait painters in the world and, no doubt, has painted more of the world's best-known people than any other living artist. In his late fifties, he has managed to amuse, charm, and delight such celebrities as the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Paul Mellon, Merle Oberon, Mrs. Stephen Hardy and Marlene Dietrich. A client of the famous artists' agency, Portraits, Inc., his fees run as high as $10,000, which ought to buy a lot of oils. By preference he chooses women for his subjects whenever possible and uses background music to keep them in a relaxed mood. However, one of his best-known portraits is that of the wartime head of the Army Air Forces, General Henry H. Arnold. About American women he says: "They have an uninhibited self-confidence that is refreshing and intriguing." Whatever it is the American woman has, when she is painted by Brockhurst she is superb. Born in England, he was hailed as a "young Botticelli" at the age of twelve, and after continued successes arrived in this country in 1939 and is now a citizen of the U. S. It is possible that his love of American gadgets influenced his decision to remain, which says something for "the better mousetrap."

OTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

Everybody's Girl

Our friend who sailed for the Fountain of Youth left a good thing behind him

If you've been to Paris no one can possibly begin to describe your feelings about this fabulous Lady of the world. If you haven't been to Paris, no one can make you feel the Lady's pulse, Her sly glances, Her heart and Her make-up. Yet everyone who has ever been there, from François Villon to the last G.I. to pack up and race back to the land of whipped cream and the five-cent cigar, has tried with varying success. The Old Girl, perhaps, is indescribable, but this essay* comes as close to Her as any that have been printed:

"The hurried tourist, with neither the leisure nor the opportunity to know her intimately, has been nevertheless fascinated by her mere physical aspect. If he stood in the center of the Place Vendôme, the perfection of its proportions delighted him, while the continuous line that limits the height of the buildings in the two adjacent streets, the rue de la Paix and the rue Castiglione, which run out of the square, prolonged the satisfaction already derived from the purity and severity of the architectural composition of the Place, by leading his eye insensibly forward until the line lost itself in a clutter of houses and shops.

"If he paused in the Place de la Concorde, glittering in the morning sun with the sparkling aigrettes of its fountains, flanked by groups of statuary, his admiring gaze probably rested for a moment on the figure of Strasbourg . . . If, as he faced the Seine, he glanced to the right, he was struck by the majesty of the Champs-Élysées stretching broad and straight to that symbol of Napoleonic glory, the Arc de Triomphe. From his position on the right bank he could see, across the river, the Greek portal of the Chambres des Députés. As he wandered on to other points of vantage, the massive dignity of the Dôme des Invalides, the elongated curve of the Sacré-Cœur dominating the hill of Montmartre, contributed to his pleasure.

"If, from one of the bridges, his gaze followed the winding, glaucous path of the Seine, he glimpsed the towers of Notre Dame—those sacerdotal guardians of the river, cloaked in their gray mists, rising like twin *éminences grises*—beyond the rows of bookstalls on the quays, where bibliophiles of all nations loitered and browsed.

"And at the great courtyard of the somber Louvre, the Tuileries set in its bright gardens, the Val-de-Grâce—all that obvious and undeniable beauty—penetrated his hitherto closed and ignorant mind.

"For Paris got her man every time. She was all things to all men and she subtly adapted her approach to each individual . . . He might flirt with other towns, but her image was ineradicable . . .

"If a lover of Paris has the eye of an artist chiefly interested in externals, he may be content to look upon the town as a magnificent still life. For the architects of Paris have attended so scrupulously to matters of composition that perhaps nowhere else in the world are objects so satisfyingly and skillfully grouped. But if he be a man of penetrating vision, he will wish to know something of that other architecture, History.

"The history of Paris is complex and presently he may find himself stumbling over the accumulation of centuries. Yet certain scenes and events will emerge in such bold relief that he need not be disheartened. By concentrating his attention he will be able to point up an outline here and there, to release an event or scene from the great mass of historical fact, until it stands forth like a façade, a spire, a dome, or a tower. Then, if he cares to listen, he will hear rising from that façade, that spire, that dome, or that tower, the sound of laughter and of tears, the echoes of the Miserere, the clamor of tocsins, the paeans of victory; and from the heart of her material and historical structure, Paris will speak to him with her thousand voices . . .

"The name Paris was for years synonymous with the word Pleasure—and the word Pleasure was constantly on the lips of the Parisian. It could signify the basest debaucheries, the most elegant amusements, or the most simple gaiety. Pleasure was everywhere. In some places Paris exacted a price for it, in others she bestowed it free of charge. It could be found exempt from all tax in the aspect of her streets, or paid for with a few sous on the imperial of an omnibus or on the deck of the *Bateaux mouches* that plied up and down the river.

"Cafés, public dance halls, restaurants, and theatres all contributed, as nowhere else, to pleasure. On the terraces of the cafés, over a vermouth, an absinthe, or a bock, the Parisian took his pleasure. The cafés of the Latin Quarter were like clubs, where the Parisian could meet congenial society, enjoy good talk, or even scribble a verse on the back of a menu. In the Montparnasse quarter, great painters and sculptors frequented the Dôme or the Rotonde.

"Men of letters gathered at Les Deux Magots opposite St. Germain-des Prés, or at the Closerie-des-Lilas. On the Butte, pleasure was heightened by the sparkle of champagne and by the presence of the pretty women, so aptly called *filles de joie*.

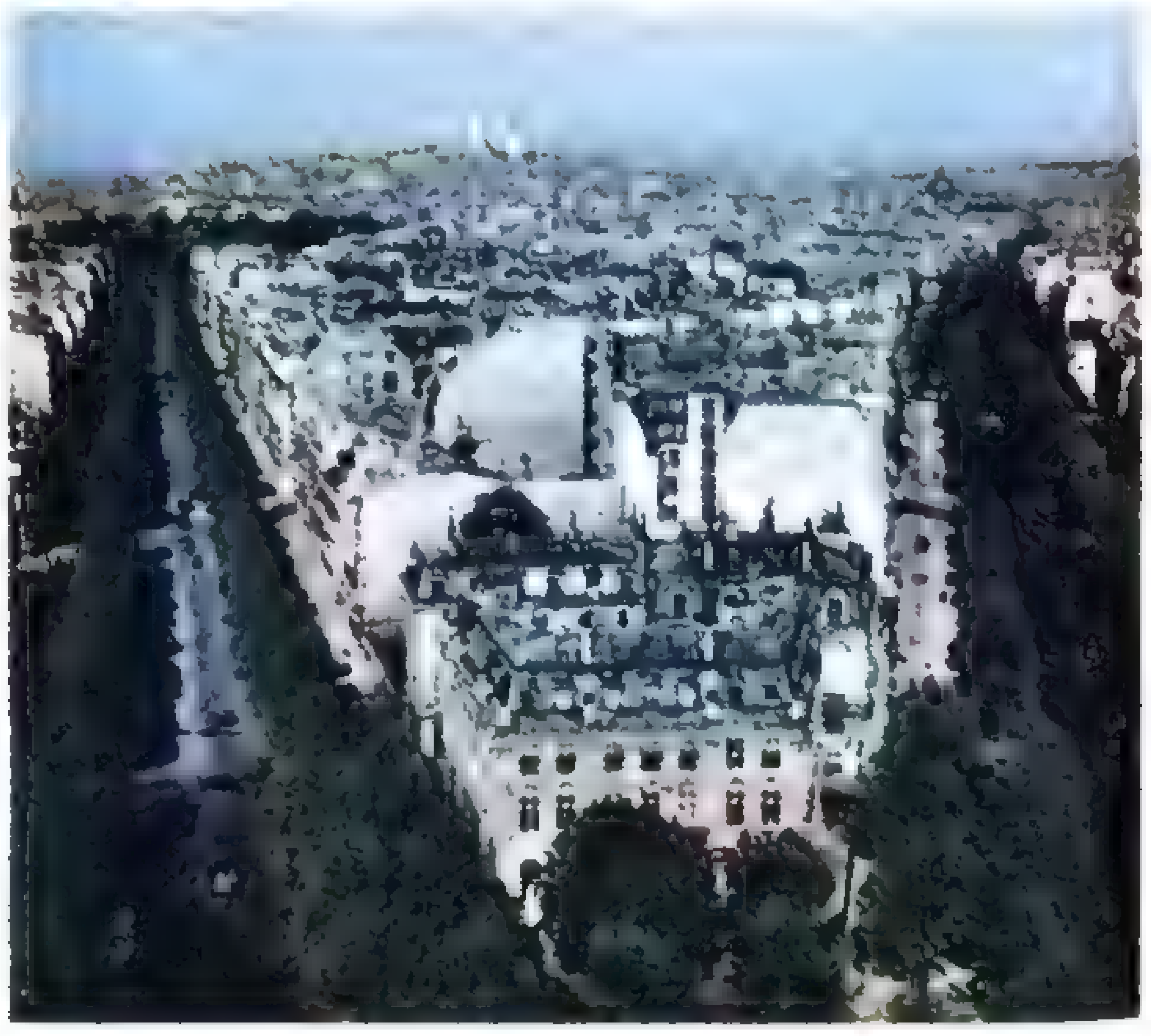
"Along the boulevards, pleasure was less restrained and consisted often merely in watching the pageant of the passers-by. From the sidewalk cafés of the Champs-Élysées and from the benches of the Cours-la-Reine—now the Cours Albert Premier—persons who did not venture to play the races derived something of the excitement of the track from the passage of chars-à-bancs, breaks and landaus, bearing veteran gamblers to Longchamp or Auteuil. People who liked to sup and dance in gay company filled the dance halls, the Alhambra, Mabille. The *fêtes* of the Bal Bullier were traditional. Before the war of 1914, and for a short time thereafter, Madrid, the Pré Catelan, and other gay restaurants in the Bois were the rendezvous of fashion . . . It is perhaps a tribute to the spirit of Paris that in spite of her rainy climate, our memory, like the sundial, seems only to record sunny hours or, after sunset, enchanting scenes, beneath lantern-hung trees in the cool of her dusky gardens. Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure!" ⧺

KODACHROMES BY JAMES ROSSER JOHNSON

The Eiffel Tower and Exposition Fountains

The Seine from the towers of Notre Dame

Arc de Triomphe, symbol of Napoleonic glory



Paris is not a City, but a World

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*From *The Paris We Remember* by *Elisabeth Finley Thomas,* © 1942 *by the author, published by D. Appleton Century Co., Inc.,*

HÔTEL · BAR de la CITÉ
PLACE DU PETIT-PONT
6
RENNES-AUTO-ECOLE
ICI
BAR · AU SOLEIL-LEVANT · HOTEL
ORTHOPÉDIE

Paris street scene of cobblestones, shadows and silhouettes

The Case of the Pious Plotter

An Article by

ALAN HYND

Murder is as old as Cain, but every once in a while some character comes along and manages to put a new twist on it. About the only part of the entire deal that remains fairly constant is the motive, and a murderer in any other clothes is still the man with the knife. Here's one that almost had them fooled back in the '80s—but not quite

BACK in the eighties there appeared in the Middle West an evangelist named Emma Molloy, who was known to the devout of that region as Sister Emma, God's Own Messenger and Foe of Rum and the Devil. She was a buxom brunette in her middle forties, and she possessed magnetism, intelligence and showmanship in abundance.

Sister Emma, who conducted revivals in churches, lodge halls, tents and open fields, seems to have had a voice with much the same timbre and range as Ethel Merman's. When she stood with arms akimbo and yelled, "Come on up here and be saved!", the aisles came alive with drinkers, wife beaters, chasers, card players, cigarette smokers and other unholy characters.

Sister Emma's head collection-taker was one Brother Graham—a powerful big character in his late thirties with a flabby, bluish face and a crafty eye, who gave the impression of being preoccupied with affairs quite alien to the Lord's work.

Brother Graham, then posing as a widower, was, in truth, having wife trouble. His spouse and the mother of his two sons wouldn't give him a divorce. He wanted a divorce so he could marry Sister Emma's adopted daughter—Cora Lee Molloy—a bleak neurotic spinster, whose charm for him derived from her foster mother's sizable bank balance.

One night on the outskirts of Kansas City, Kansas, Brother Graham's wife bounced in as her husband, Sister Emma and Cora Lee were toting up the evening take. Mrs. Graham—a tiny, black-eyed, hateful woman—disclosed to Sister not only that Brother Graham was still far from a widower, but cited chapter and verse in divulging that he was an ex-criminal who had served terms for larceny and forgery.

Sister Emma forthwith chased the little woman halfway to the railroad station, screeching after her, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

The temporary removal of Mrs. Graham from the holy precincts did not resolve the evangelist's problem. She could not afford a scandal.

Sister Emma, the Foe of Rum, was in the habit of taking frequent doses of a patented tonic for the purpose, theoretically, of maintaining her strength for the unrelenting pursuit of the Lord's work. Brother Graham, a man with a sophisticated palate, had sampled Sister Emma's tonic. It had a boot equal to strong wine.

"What would your followers say," Brother Graham asked her, "if they knew that you drank a couple of bottles of that stuff a day?"

Thus stuck with Brother Graham, so to speak, Sister Emma decided to build him up against the day when he might have to face his past publicly. She purchased a tottering religious weekly called *The Morning and Day of Reform*, and made Brother Graham the editor. Although hardly erudite, the ex-criminal knew a vowel from a noun and he had a knack of stringing words together in inspirational editorials. The circulation of the paper zoomed.

Brother Graham's editorial status threw him into contact with religious leaders. He became a lay preacher, and frequently occupied the pulpit of a church during midweek service or on Sunday when the regular minister was absent.

One day Brother Graham's name was posted on the bulletin board of a Fort Wayne church. His two sons, Charley, aged twelve, and Roy, six, happened to pass the edifice. Charley studied the bulletin board, grabbed Roy's hand and rushed home. "Papa," he informed his mother, "is going to preach at a church here on Sunday."

On the Sabbath Brother Graham took for his theme, of all things, fidelity. He was going along fine when a voice from the rear pews inquired, "If he believes so much in what he says, why don't he come home and support his wife and children instead of running around with another woman?" Mrs. Graham remained just long enough to savor the shambles fully, then departed with Charley and Roy.

The vengeful wife kept tabs on her husband's pulpit appearances. She took in washing to get the railroad fare to travel to cities where he was scheduled to preach, there to embarrass him.

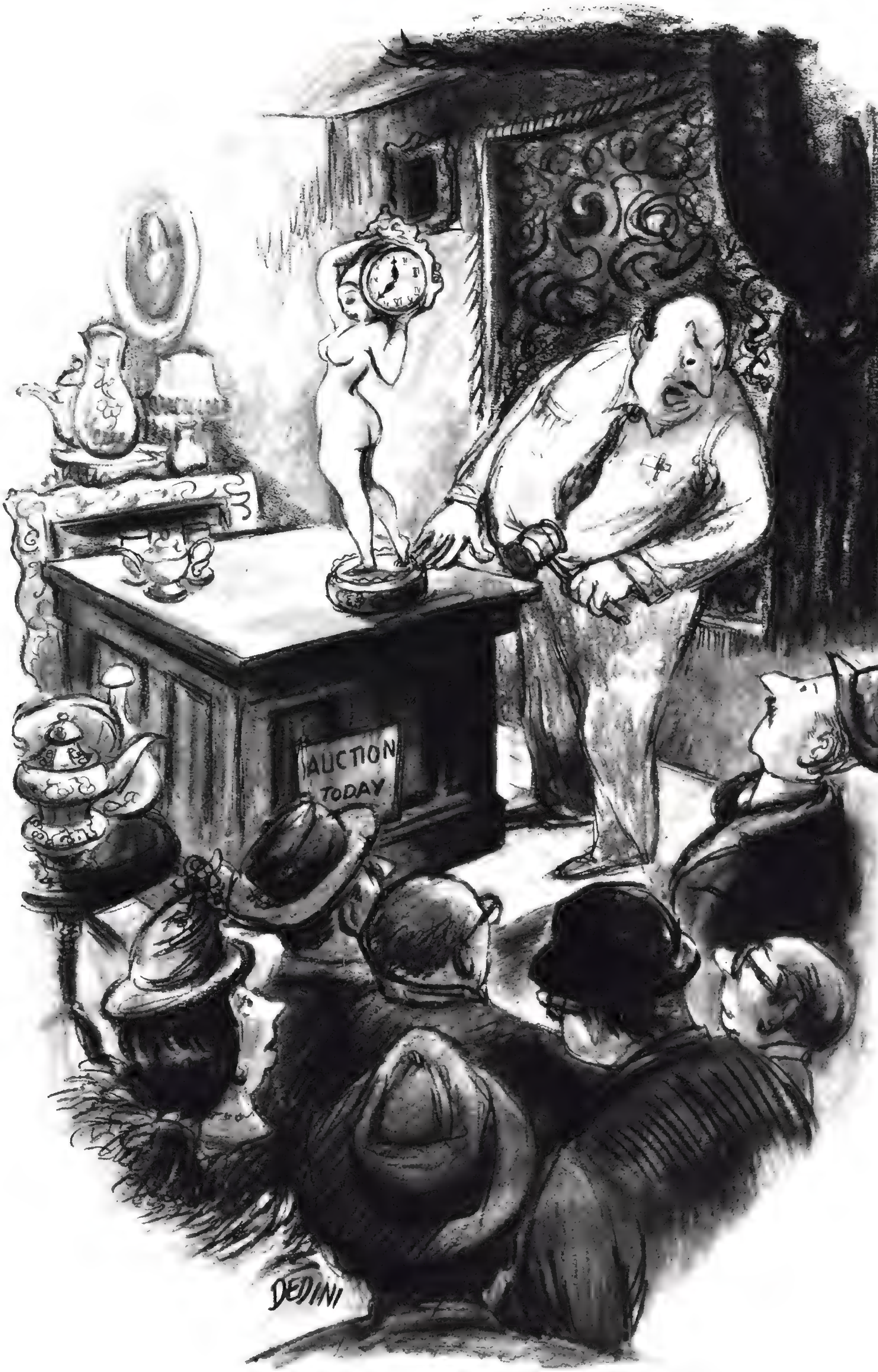
Mrs. Graham, it developed, was suffering from a malady that was expected to carry her off in the not-too-distant future. In order to silence the woman during her remaining days, Sister Emma invited Mrs. Graham to come and live with her, Cora Lee and Brother Graham in a rambling architectural monstrosity that the evangelist had just purchased in Kansas City.

Mrs. Graham jumped at the chance and moved in with the two boys. Curiously enough, there was a minimum of friction in the household with such crisscrossed emotional relationships. As time passed, however, it became obvious that the Lord was not going to carry Mrs. Graham off after all. Then Sister Emma, Brother Graham and Cora Lee cooked up a scheme to make the woman leave of her own volition. They began to play crazy. They wandered around the house at nights, shouting that the day of judgment was at hand. They blasted out hymns on a cornet in the predawn hours. They developed faraway looks in their eyes, and all three began to laugh hysterically at nothing at all.

Mrs. Graham packed up and returned to Fort Wayne with the children. The plotters, however, were far from victorious. The little woman resumed her embarrassing tactics. No longer did she confine herself to heckling from congregations listening to her husband. She attended Sister Emma's revivals now, and all but broke up several of them.

Large segments (*Continued on page 160*)

MARKET
5¢
6¢
FROZEN FOODS
FRO
FOO
hoff

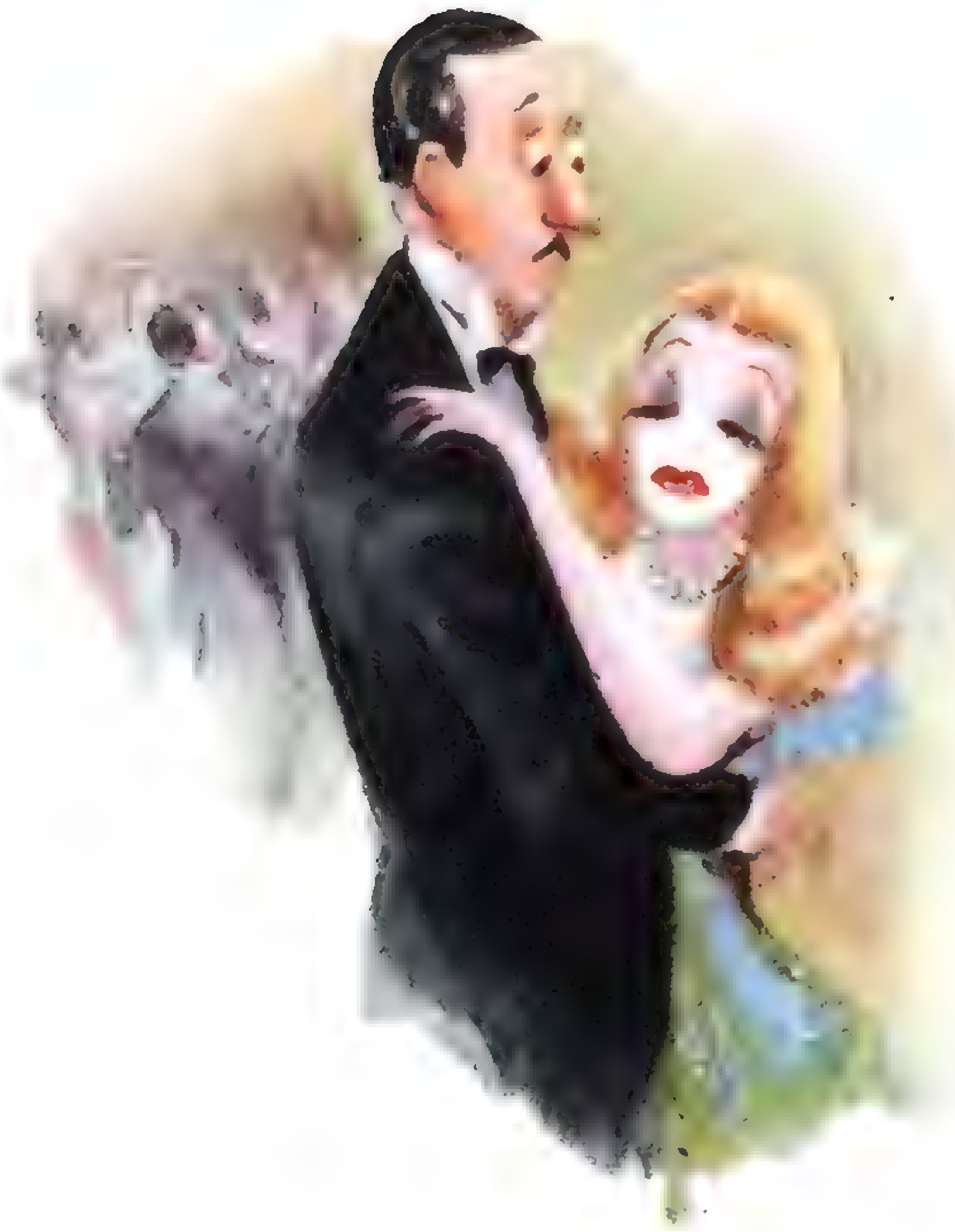

AUCTION
TODAY
DEDINI

"Does it run? Good Lord, man, where is your artistic sense?"

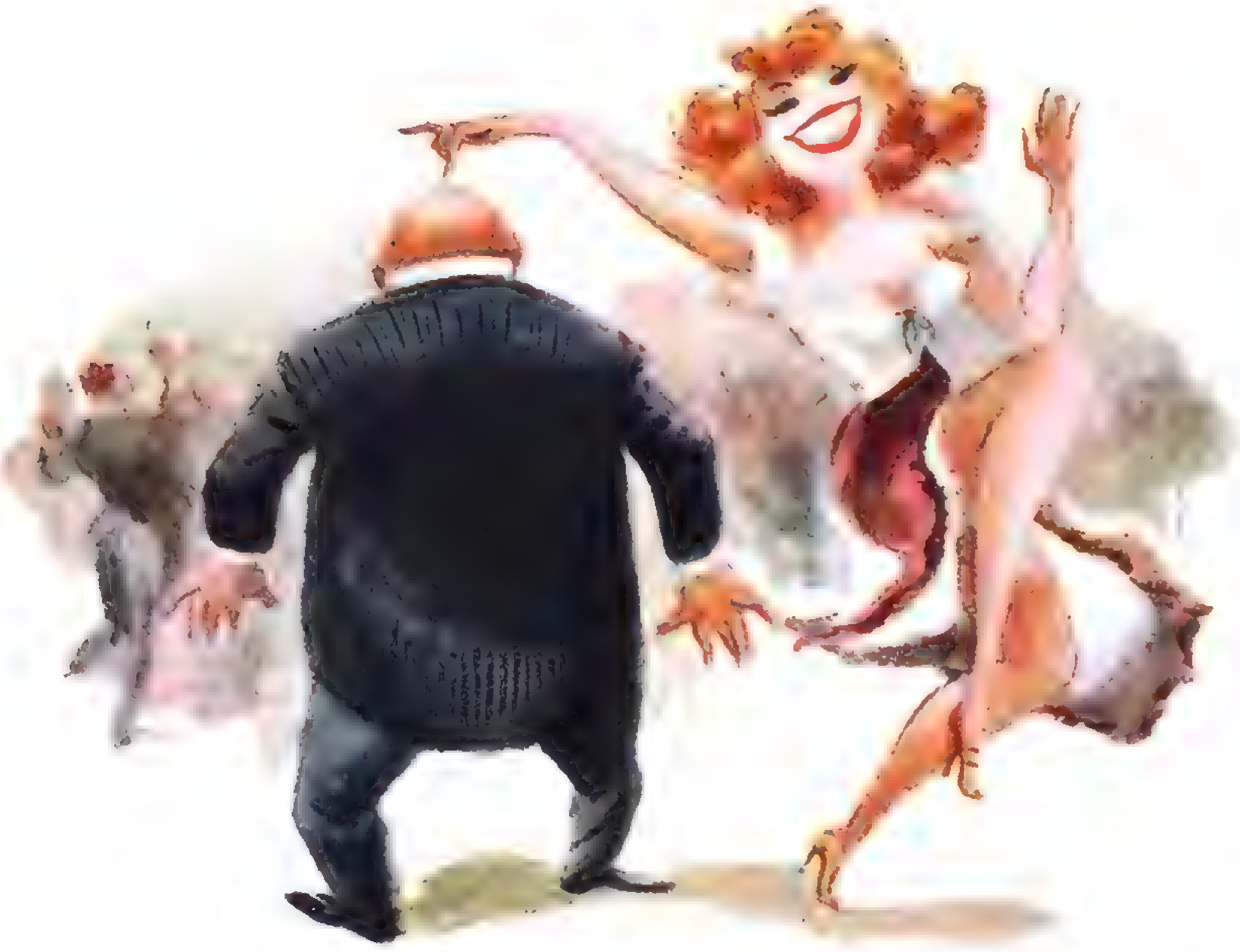
Dancing Dates

Soft lights, sweet music,
and sometimes dancing...

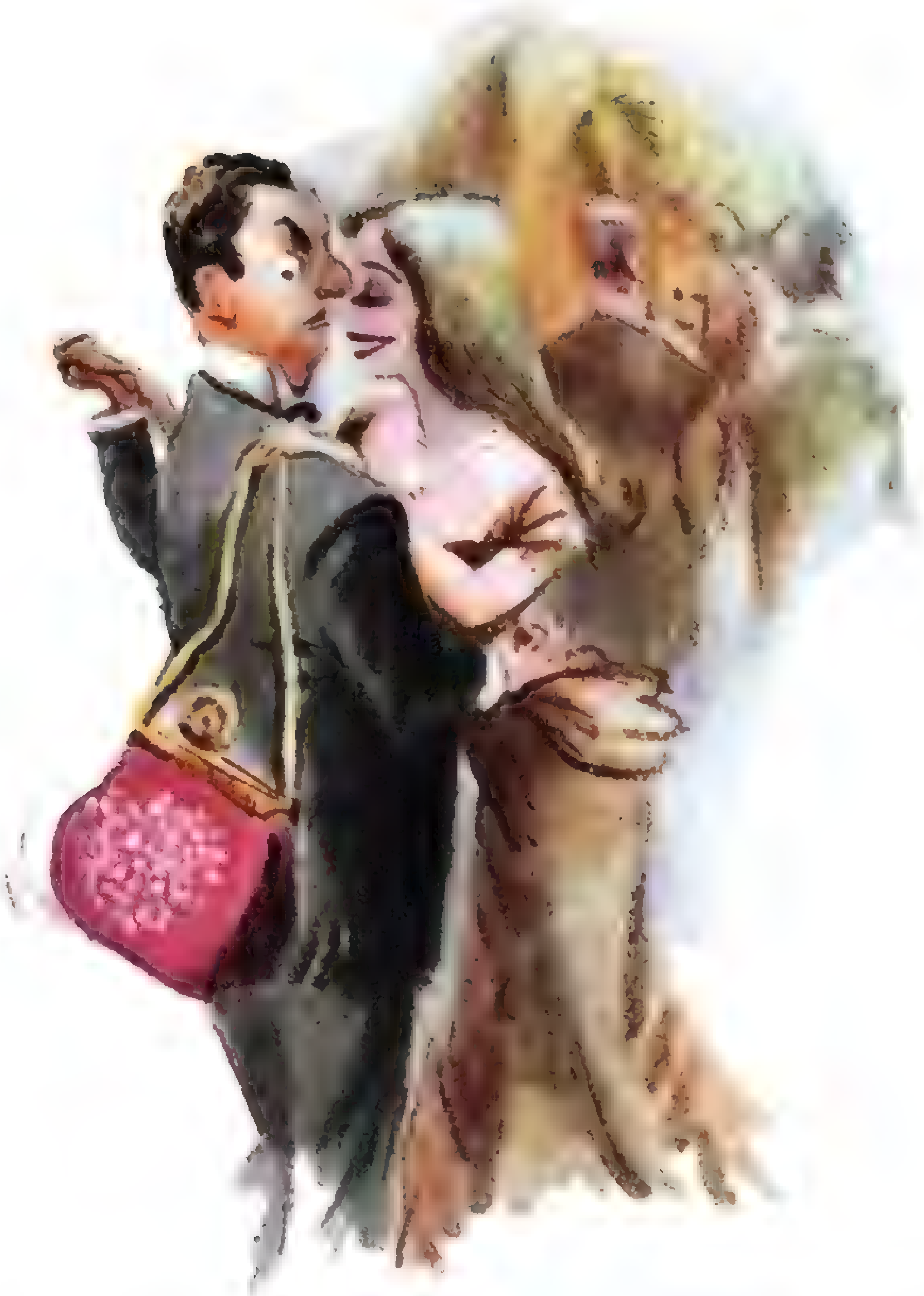
DRAWINGS BY ELDON DEDINI



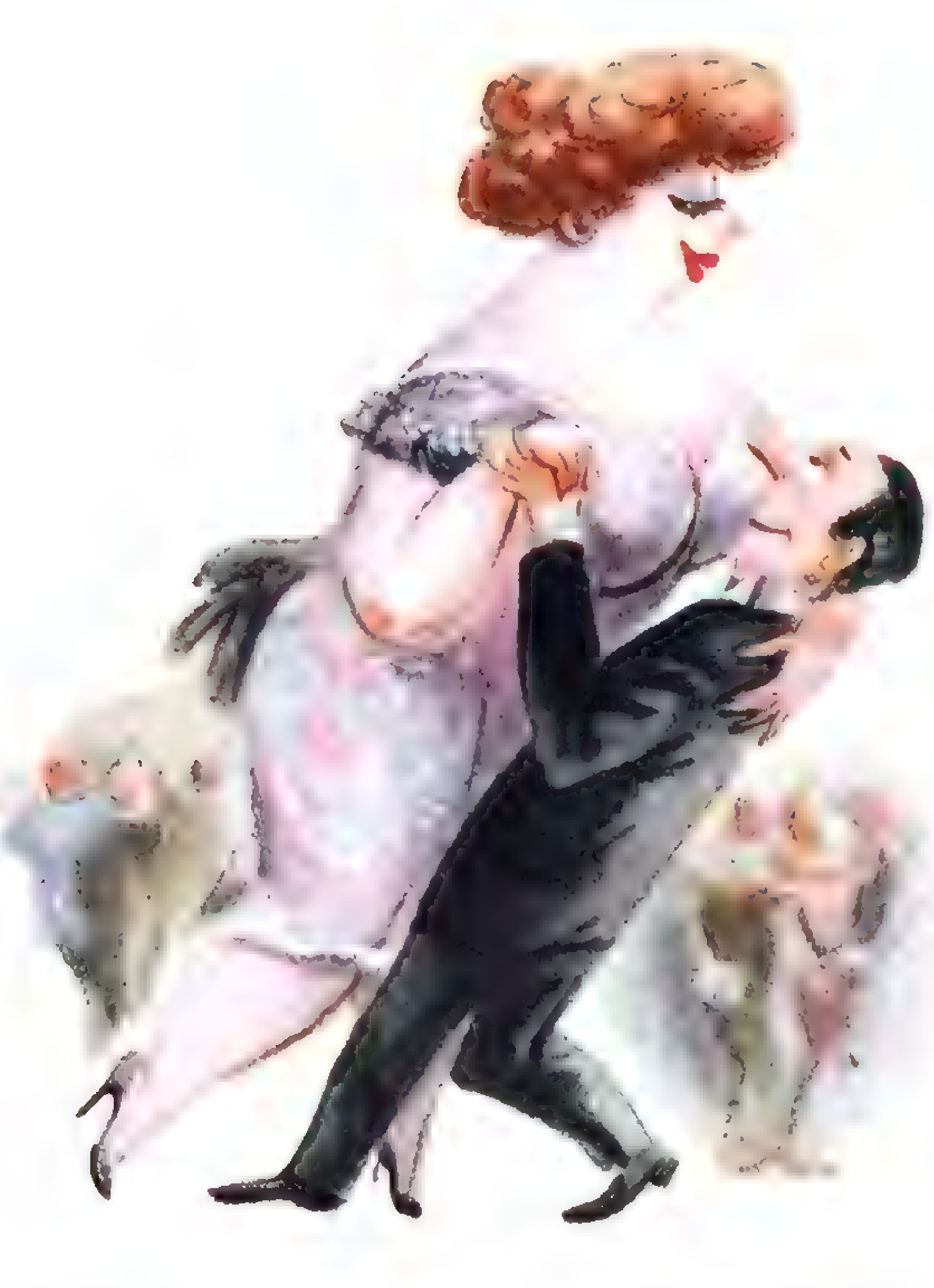
Bored Beatrice: Caught enjoying the dance, she'd never live it down. If the dance floor opened up, revealing sixteen pink ostriches wearing Schiaparelli gowns, she'd only yawn



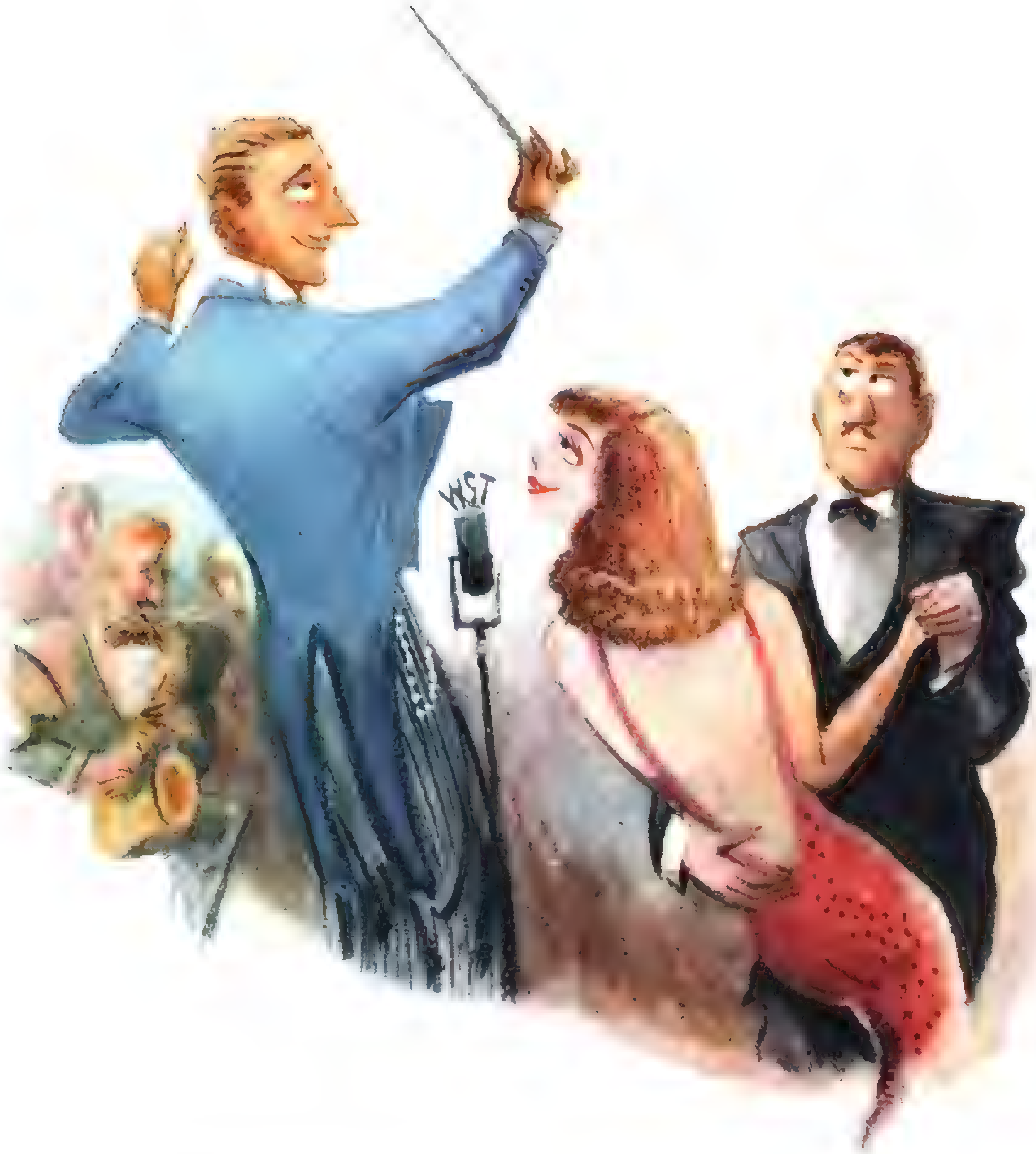
The Hepcat: You may be fooled by a few slow waltzes with this kid, but she's sure to explode when the tempo shoots to molto super allegro! Then your role is cast—you're her straight man for the rest of the night



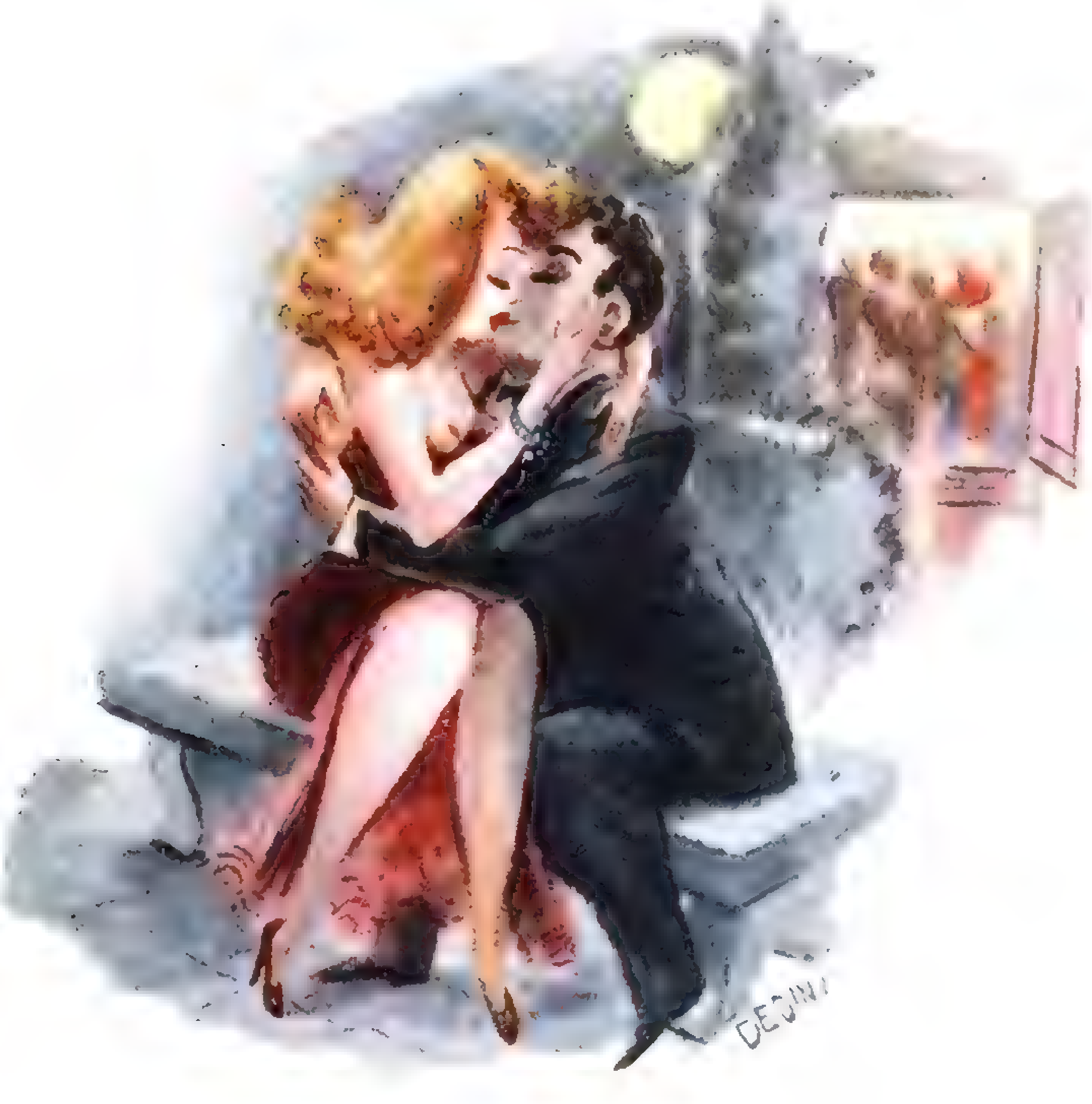
Saddlebags: You'd think this girl was going on a camping trip instead of to a dance. I'm sure she brings along a complete line of canned goods, folding cot, and utensils



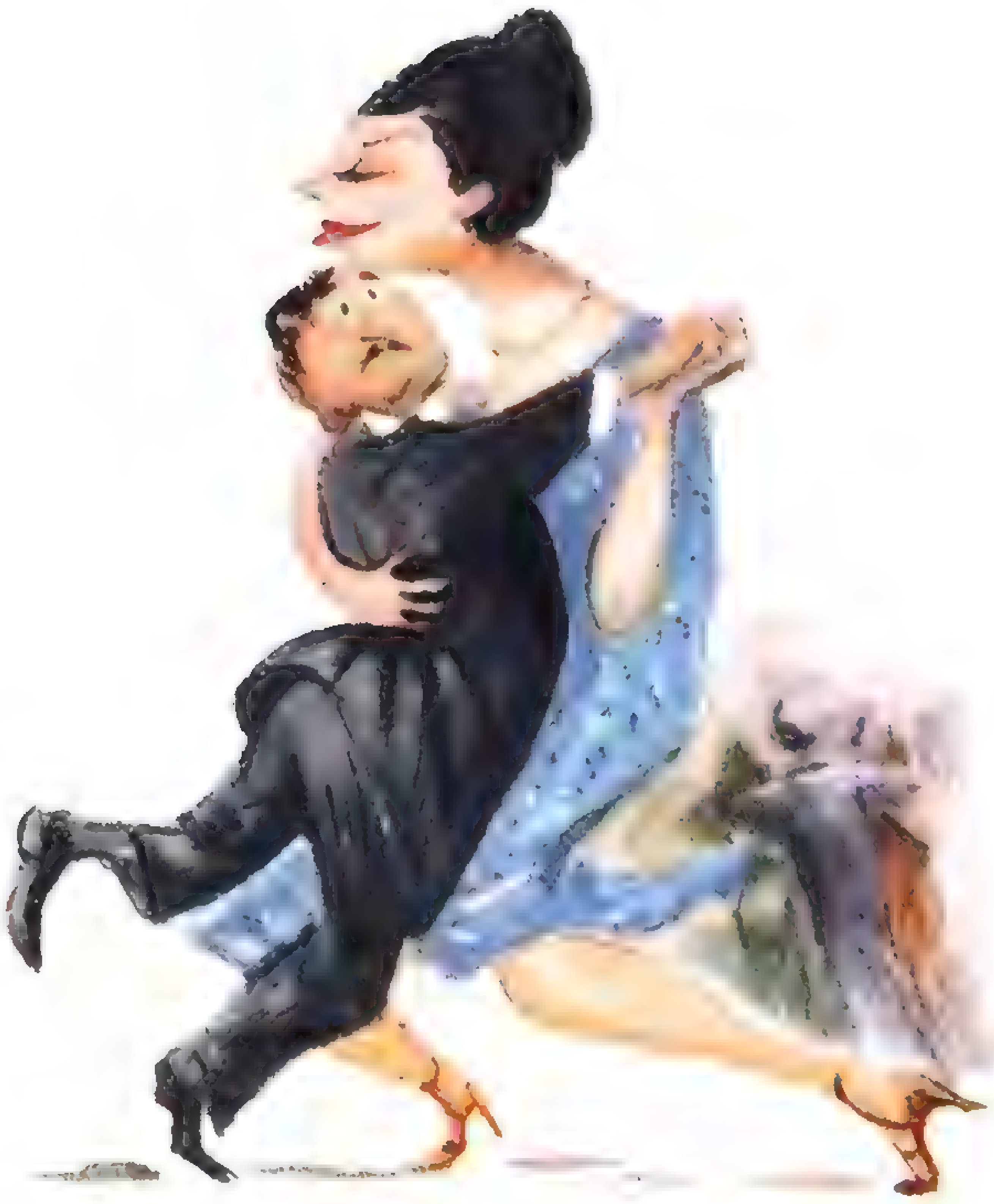
Peek-a-boo: I see you . . . What your old dancing teacher failed to tell you . . . However, Twinkle-Toes takes you on one of the most comfortable dances of the evening



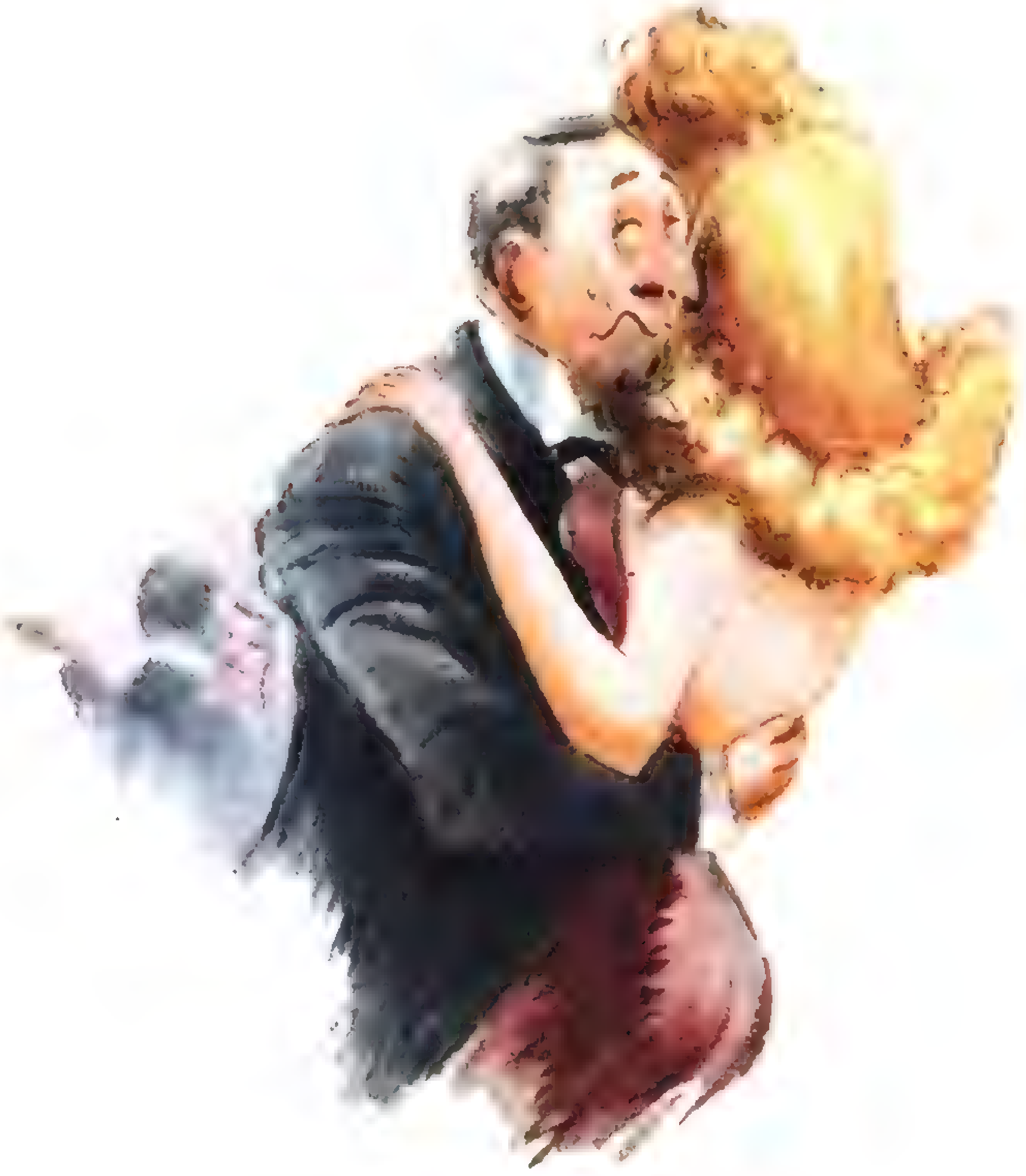
Orchestra-leader Fiend: This isn't dancing . . . She makes you spend the evening swaying in the shadow of Freddie Dell (and his Velvet Syrup Music). You kick yourself for not going bowling



The Wallflower: She can't dance very well, but no one has ever objected in the least



The Apache: One dance with this cookie and you can cancel your next appointment at the osteopath. However, your suit will need pressing, altering, and all the seams reinforced. The only thing lacking from the real Apache is for her to throw you—but don't be smug—that has happened too



Hay-fever Hair: Dancing with this cutie is like sticking your face in a cypress tree

One-Way Alley: Two Tickets

He should have known when he saw the shadow that he was going the wrong way, but he wasn't any hero and the tough man with the Technicolor eyes meant business

A Story by

V. DUNCAN & H. PHILLIPS

THE first thing Danny saw was that one of the guy's eyes was blue and the other was brown. Next he saw the gun.

"Take it easy," said the guy. He was fast, the way he had snuck up from behind and cut around in front of Danny. "Back up, kid," he said. "Against the wall."

The guy must have trailed him from the office up Moon Street and, when he turned the corner and started down Market Alley, put the pounce on him. Danny could see the east end of the alley. People were going down into a subway at the corner. But they were too far away to see, and nobody was coming up the alley toward them taking a short cut to Broadway. Few used these back streets. That's why you could make good time.

"Move," said the guy. The gun dug harder. The sun hit the guy's eyes full, but he didn't blink. Funny they were different colors. Danny's heels hit the wall.

"Okay," said the guy. "Let's have that bag." He flipped the leather under his arm and jabbed the gun harder.

"Turn around, kid, and stay turned."

Danny swung around and found himself facing a brick wall. On it was some chalk writing, "Joe loves Margie." He knew a girl named Margie once in grade school. She was nice. He never saw her after he quit. He didn't have a girl now. It took money to take a girl out dancing. Lots of money, like that thousand bucks in the bag.

Suddenly he got mad at what the guy had done. He spun around, but the alley was empty. The joke was on him. The guy would be a long way off by now. Maybe he went up to Broadway and was lost in the crowd, or down Moon and into the back of some office building. Perhaps he went to the subway. He could almost be in Penn Station now.

Danny made it fast to the cop handling traffic a couple of blocks up Broadway. When Danny told him he'd been stuck up for a thousand bucks he was taking to the Consolidated Bank on Broadway the cop called a patrol car. At the station house Danny told them he had to call his office.

"They know already," said a cop at the desk. "I talked to a fellow named Burke." That would be Mr. Burke, the head runner. He must have hit the ceiling.

The cops wasted time with questions. Where had he gone to school. How long had he worked for Selzberger and Company. How much was he bonded for. Finally they got down to business and showed him some pictures of hard-looking muggs. "They shoulda been in Technicolor," he told them.

"Wise kid, huh?" said a cop with gold bars.

But they got interested when he told about the guy's eyes.

"Rainbow Ron," said the cop with the bars.

When he got back to the office, old Burke hopped off his stool. "Could have been bad for you, boy. You'd better hustle. Mr. Selzberger wants you in his office."

The Big Boss. The other runners always said he meant bad news.

Mr. Selzberger's office was a real joint. The kind you see in the movies. "Hello, Danny," said Mr. Selzberger. He was a big guy who always wore swell clothes. He was always tanned, too, and Danny had thought it was from golf. But now he saw a big fish mounted on the wall. So it was fishing. "Have a chair." When he moved his hand a diamond in his ring winked. It was a swell chair with springs in the right places. Danny thought of the hard runners' bench down the hall. "You had a tough afternoon, Danny. You had us worried." The boss didn't look worried. He had a poker face. That's the way these big fellows played it, whether they were putting over a million-dollar deal or canning a runner.

"The police said you gave a complete account of what happened. But I had an idea that you'd like to tell me about it." When Danny finished, he said, "I see. And you didn't know he was following you?"

"No, well—" he didn't remember answering that one for the cops. "Come to think of it, I kinda knew he was there just before he put the gun on me. Maybe I should have started running as soon as I saw his shadow. It came up alongside my own shadow."

"It came from behind you, Danny?"

"Sure, Mr. Selzberger. If I'd known . . ."

"You'd probably been too scared to do anything, Danny. I know how it is. When I was running the Street twenty years ago—"

That was a surprise. "I never knew you were a runner, Mr. Selzberger."

"Knew all the short cuts, too. Many's the time I pounded up Market Alley to the bank, and I'd have been plenty scared if a hoodlum had come at me with a gun. When I was young, I had big ideas and no money to put them across. Once in a while I'd get crazy thoughts about the cash I was carrying . . ." His voice trailed off.

Danny looked down at the carpet and saw he'd been digging ridges in it with his heel. He ran his fingers through his hair and looked up. The boss seemed to guess what he was thinking.

"Well, I suppose you're wondering what I wanted you for, Danny." The boss' heavy face broke into a friendly smile. "I wanted to tell you I think you did a swell job."

The blood surged up into Danny's face and neck. "I don't get it, Mr. Selzberger—"

"It's not hard to understand. We appreciate our employees who do their best. You were in danger, but you used your head instead of having it blown off, and you used your eyes to get a good description of Rainbow Ron. It was nice going all around." He stuck out a big red palm.

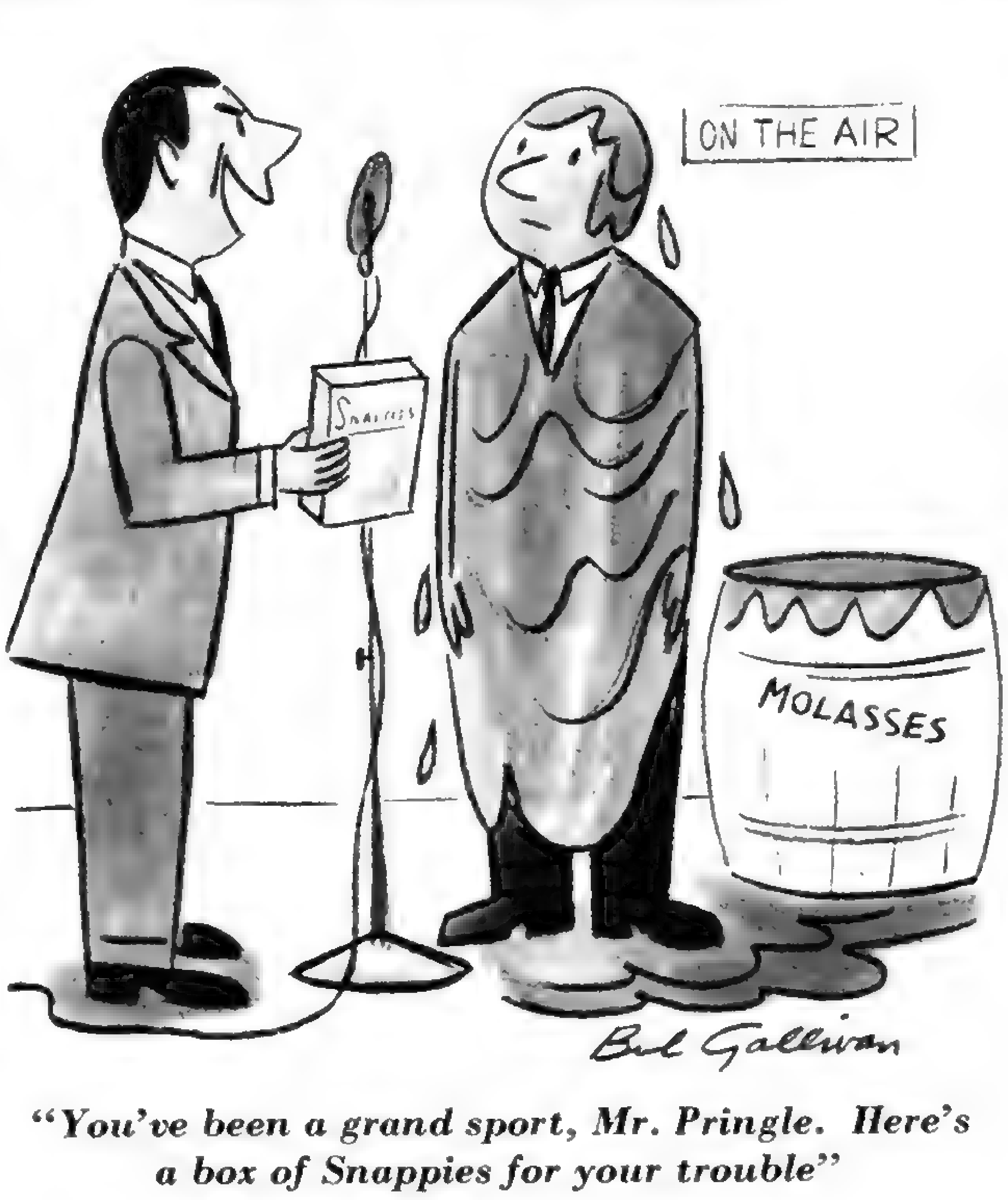
Danny knew he should say something as he got out of his chair but he couldn't think of the right words.

"Well, so long, Danny," Mr. Selzberger said. "And to show you I meant it when I told you about doing a swell job, I'm giving you a five-dollar-a-week raise. Okay?"

"Gee, Mr. Selzberger—" Danny managed to mumble. He retreated toward the door.

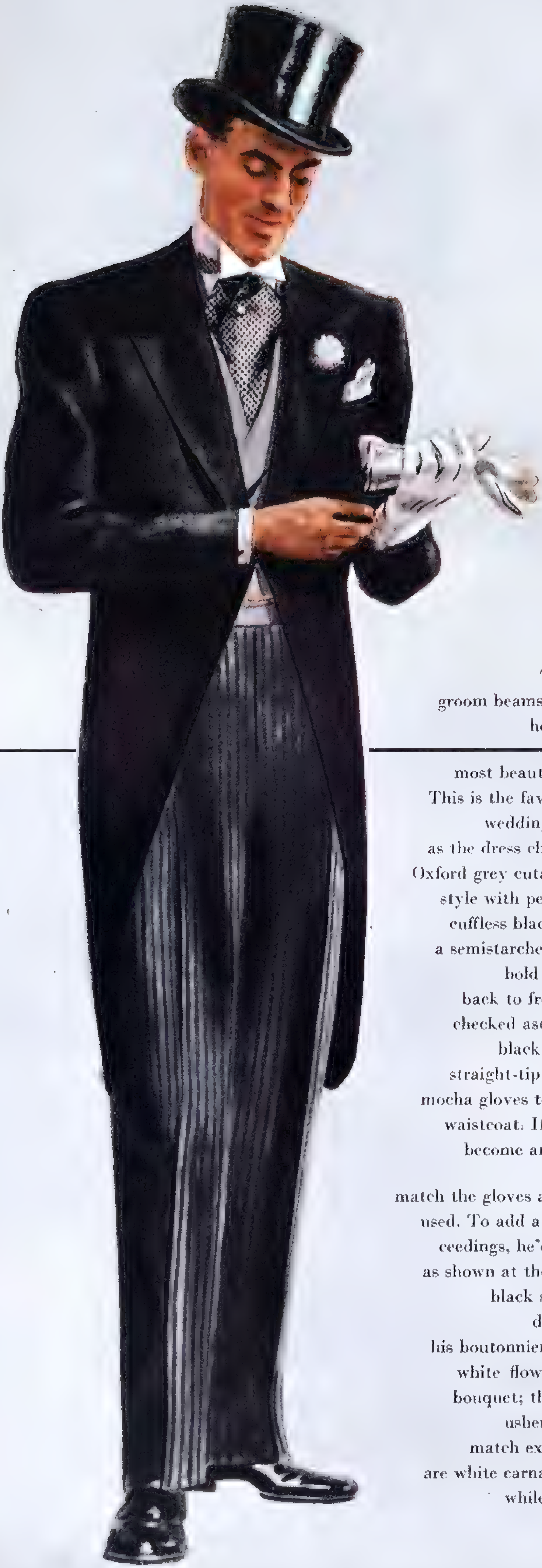
"One thing more, Danny," the boss called out. His eyes weren't twinkling any more and the smile had almost left his face. "The next time you're running cash up to the bank, Danny, don't go the wrong way on Market Alley. If you turn west the way you should, you'll be facing the sun. Then you won't see your shadow. If you go the other way you might get lost." The look in his eyes softened. "I know what you were up against, Danny, because—I was about your age when I saw my shadow on Market Alley. I had one of those wild thoughts I told you about and I almost went the wrong way."

Danny tried to speak but nothing happened. He wanted to tell Mr. Selzberger he was the swellest guy in the world—and the smartest. But he found it hard to thank a man he had been going to rob—a man who knew he was heading for the subway with the money that he was supposed to be taking to the bank. ⌗



"You've been a grand sport, Mr. Pringle. Here's a box of Snappies for your trouble"

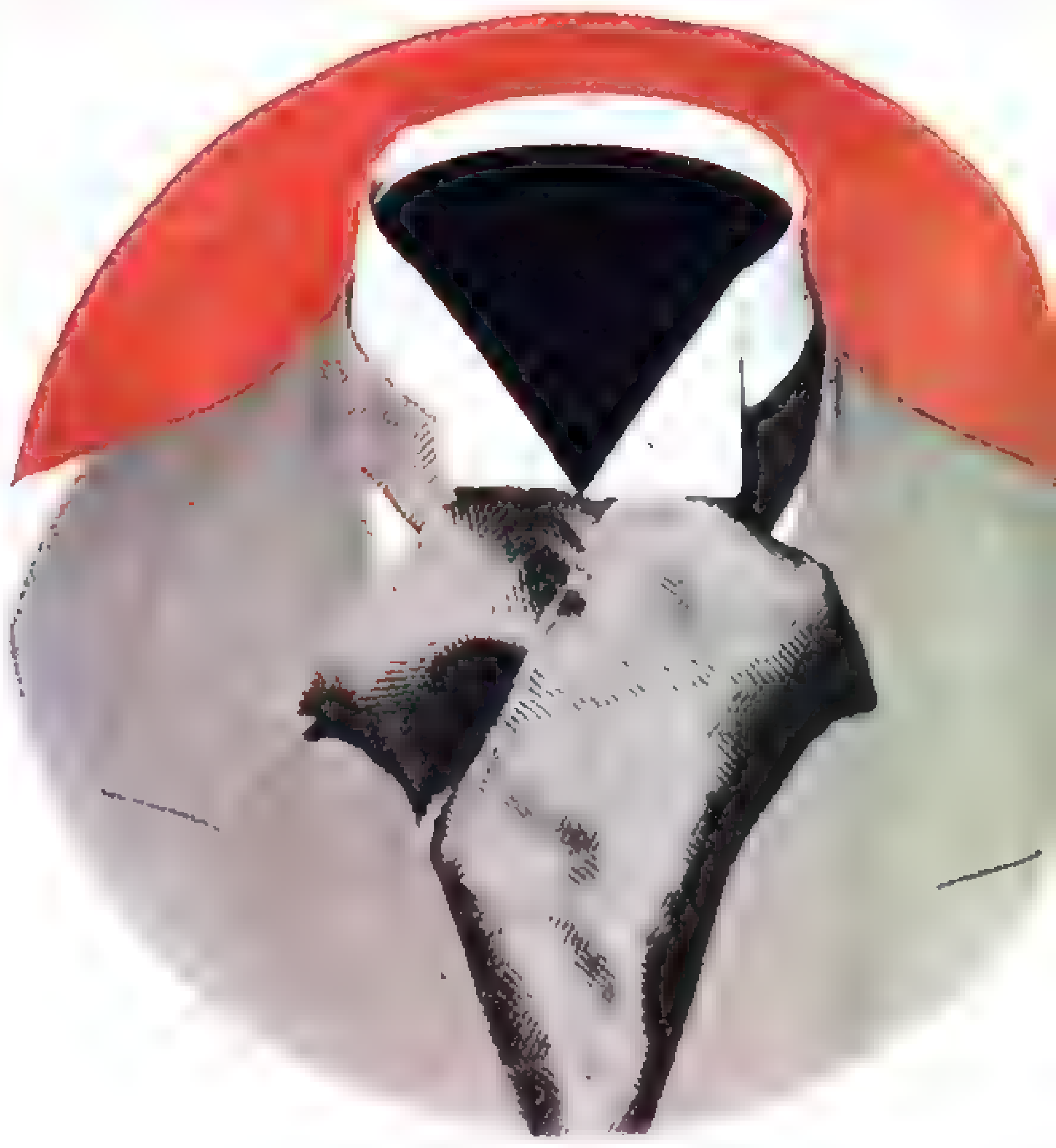
the Esquire Guide for the Bridegroom



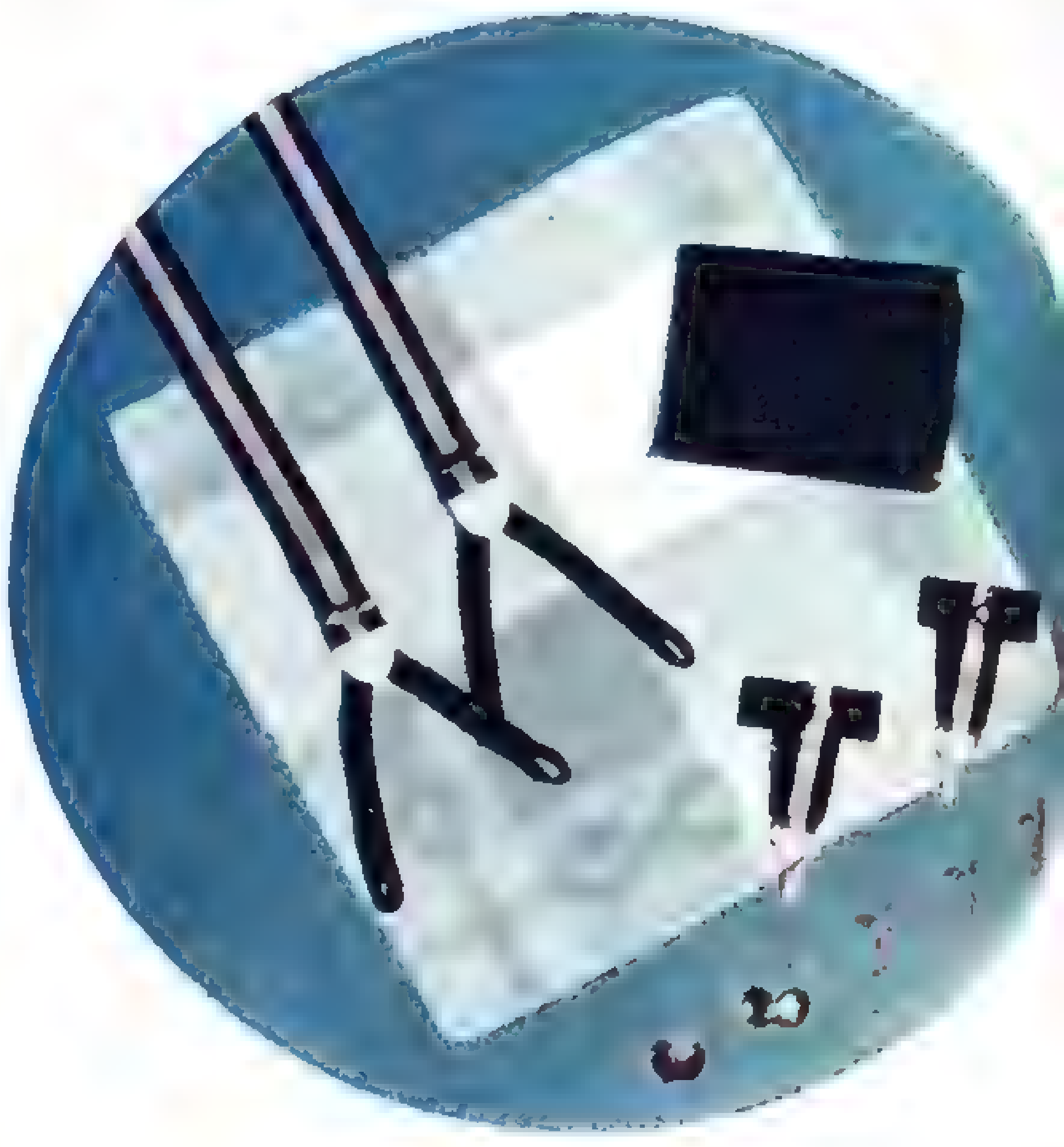
Formal Day Wedding

Happy the bride that this groom beams on today—dressed as he is, he's a suitable partner for the most beautifully turned out wife-to-be. This is the favored outfit for a formal day wedding (but it is not the *only* one, as the dress chart will show). He wears an Oxford grey cutaway coat in the one-button style with peaked lapels and plain edges, cuffless black-and-grey striped trousers, a semistarched white pleated shirt with a bold wing collar that slopes from back to front, a black-and-grey small-checked ascot tie with a pearl stickpin, black clocked lisle hose and black straight-tip shoes. He carries pearl-grey mocha gloves to match his double-breasted waistcoat. If spats are worn—and that's become an optional point—they must match the gloves and waistcoat that are being used. To add a note of elegance to the proceedings, he'd wear a pearl-grey top hat, as shown at the right, in place of the usual black silk topper. The best man is dressed to match—except for his boutonniere. The groom wears a small white flower—usually from the bride's bouquet; the best man a gardenia. The ushers and fathers are dressed to match except that their boutonnieres are white carnations. And the ushers' ties, while identical to each other, are of a different design.

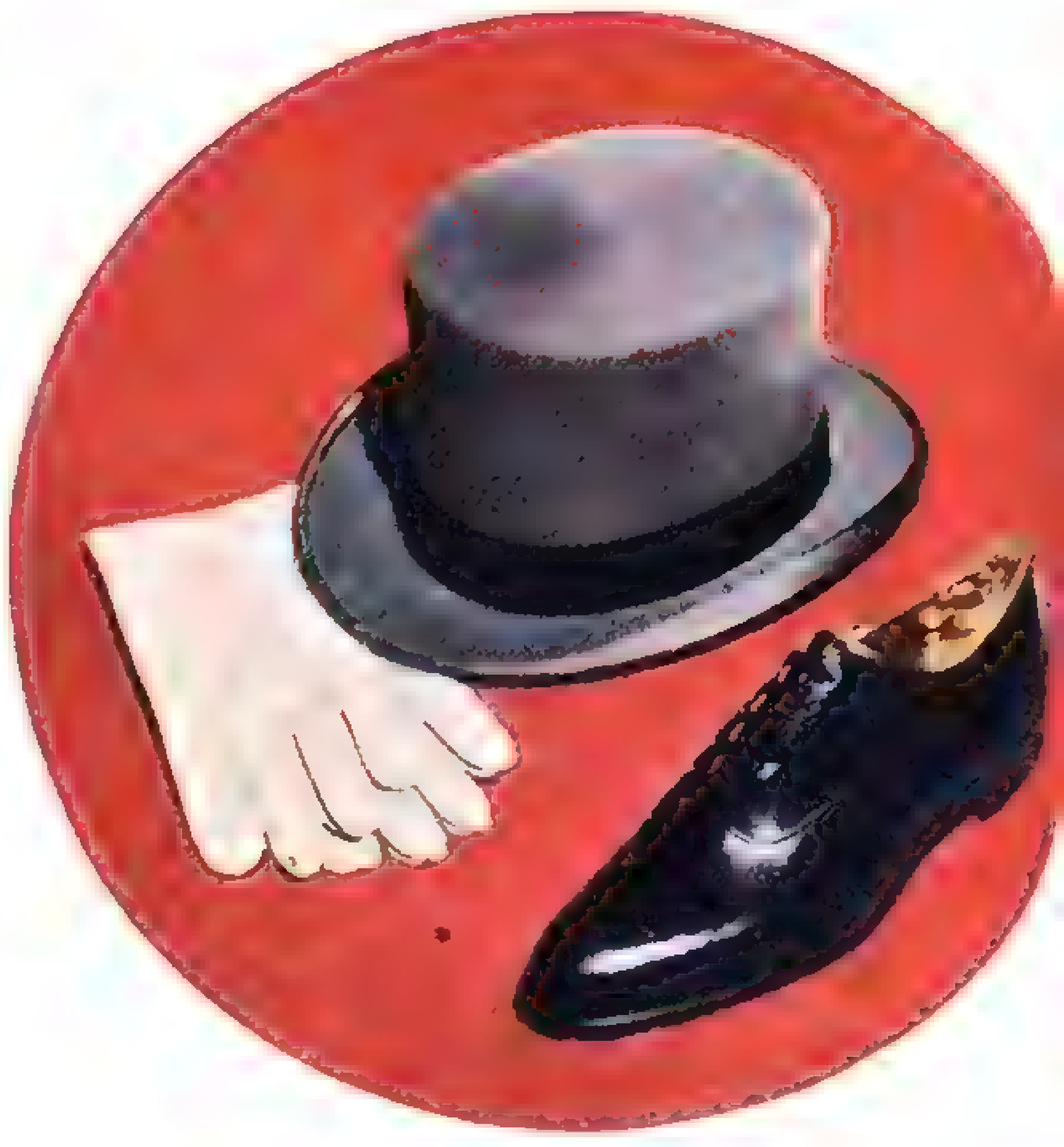
With this guide, Esky helps you ring
the belle and wishes you always well



Pearl-grey box cloth waistcoat; bold
wing collar; ascot tie; pearl stickpin

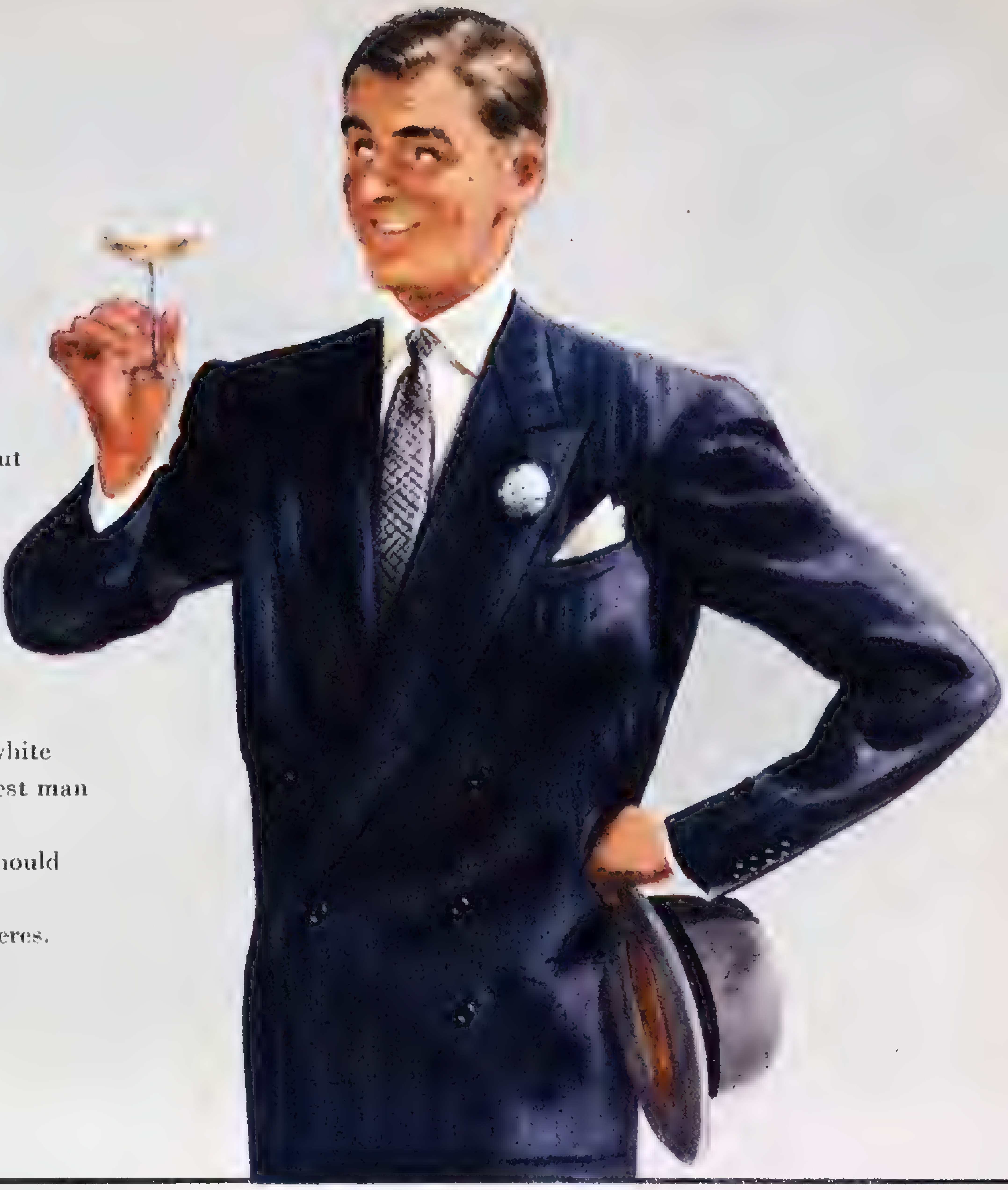


Braces and garter set; linen handke
chief; seal wallet; heavy gold links, stu



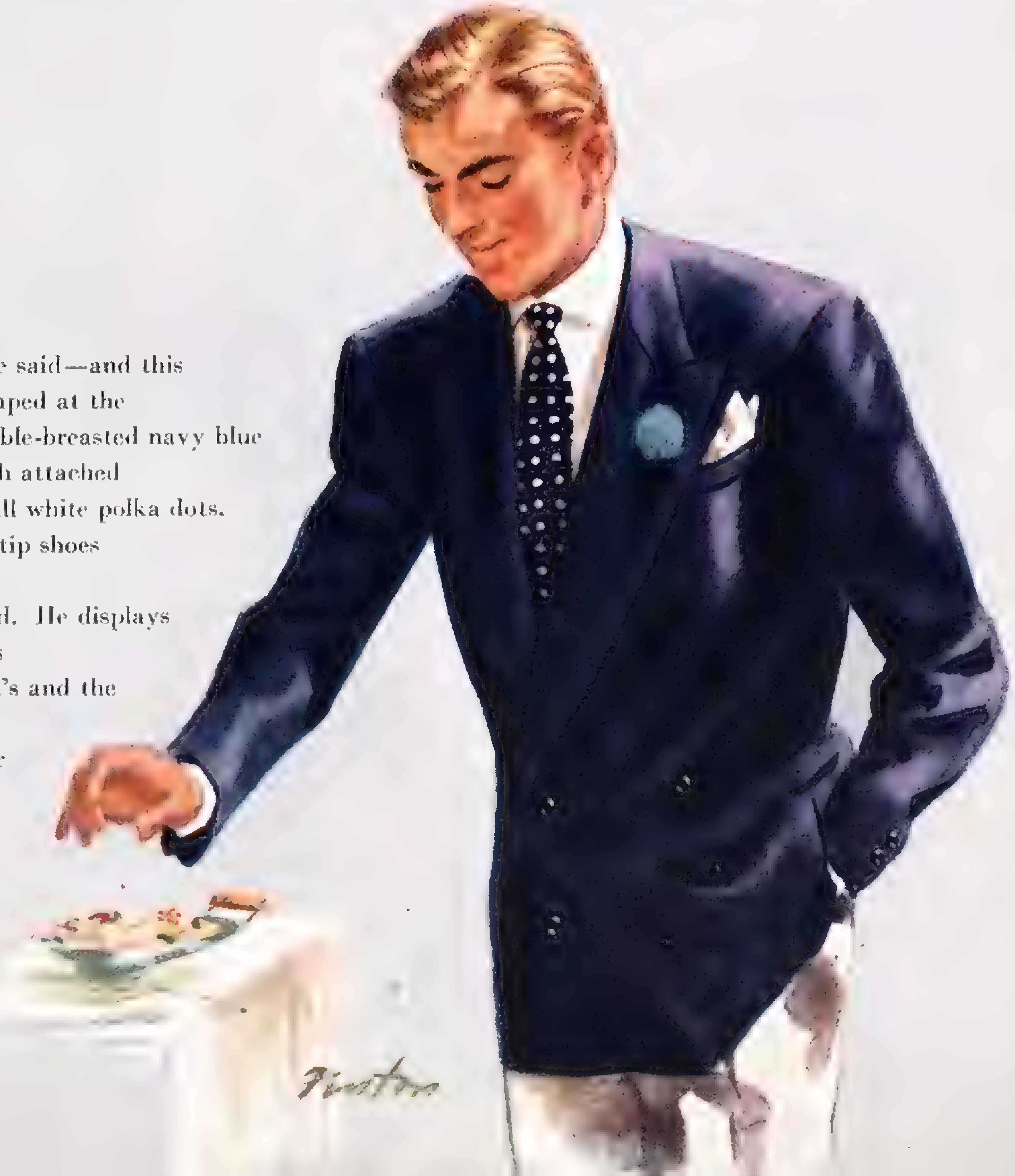
Pearl-grey top hat; matching moch
dress gloves; black calf straight-tip shoe

Informal Day Wedding



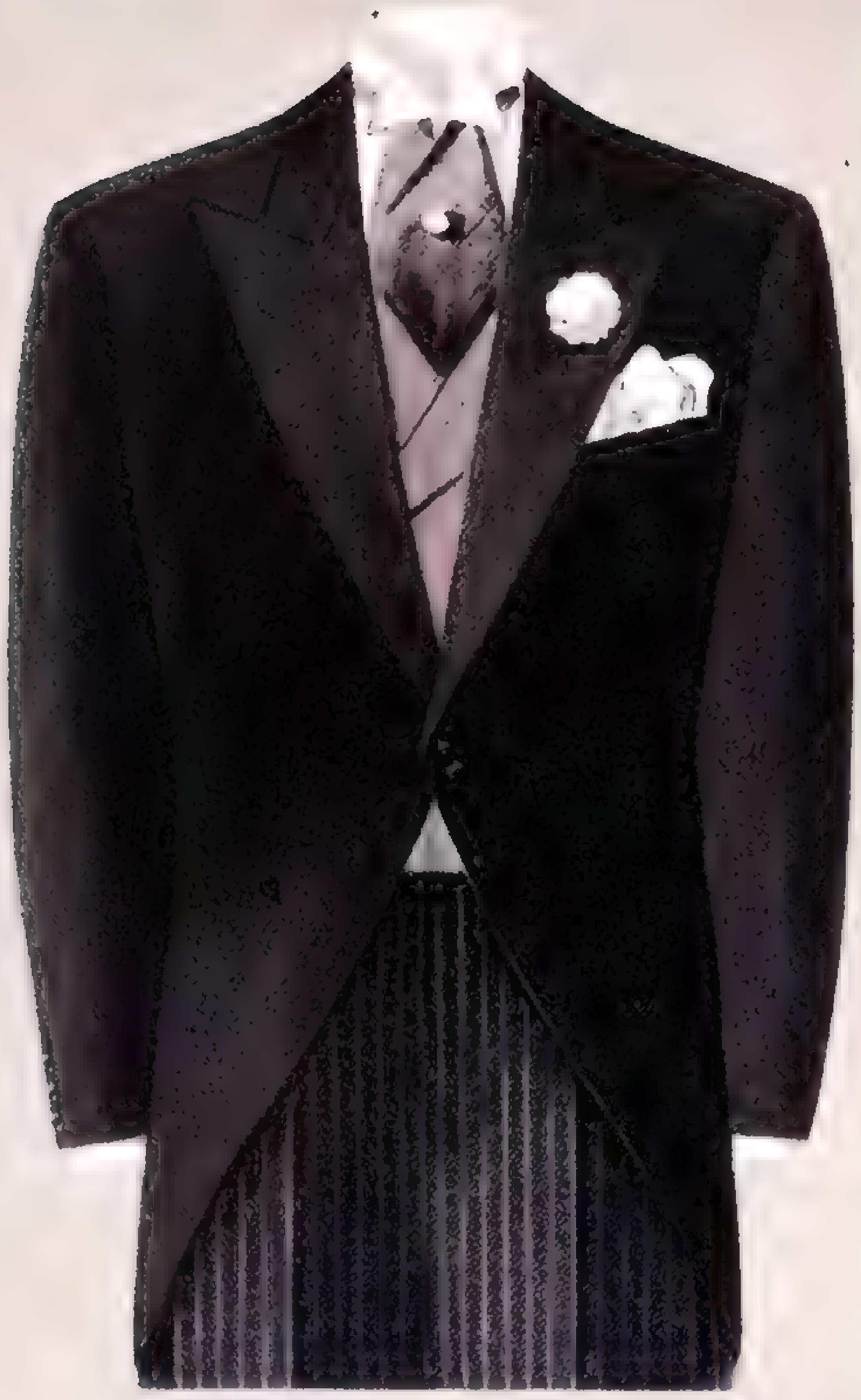
The formality is dispensed with, but the ceremonial spirit is still present—this bridegroom is perfectly-turned out for an informal day wedding (our dress chart shows some alternate suggestions). He wears a double-breasted navy blue suit, a plain white shirt with a starched fold collar, a blue-and-white small-checked four-in-hand necktie, black lisle socks, black straight-tip calf shoes, grey mocha gloves, and a medium grey brims-up hat. A white handkerchief is displayed in the chest pocket and a white carnation in the lapel. The suits worn by the best man and the ushers, though they need not match the groom's, should be of the same color. Their collars and ties should match as closely as possible those worn by the groom. They wear grey gloves and red carnation boutonnieres.

Garden Wedding

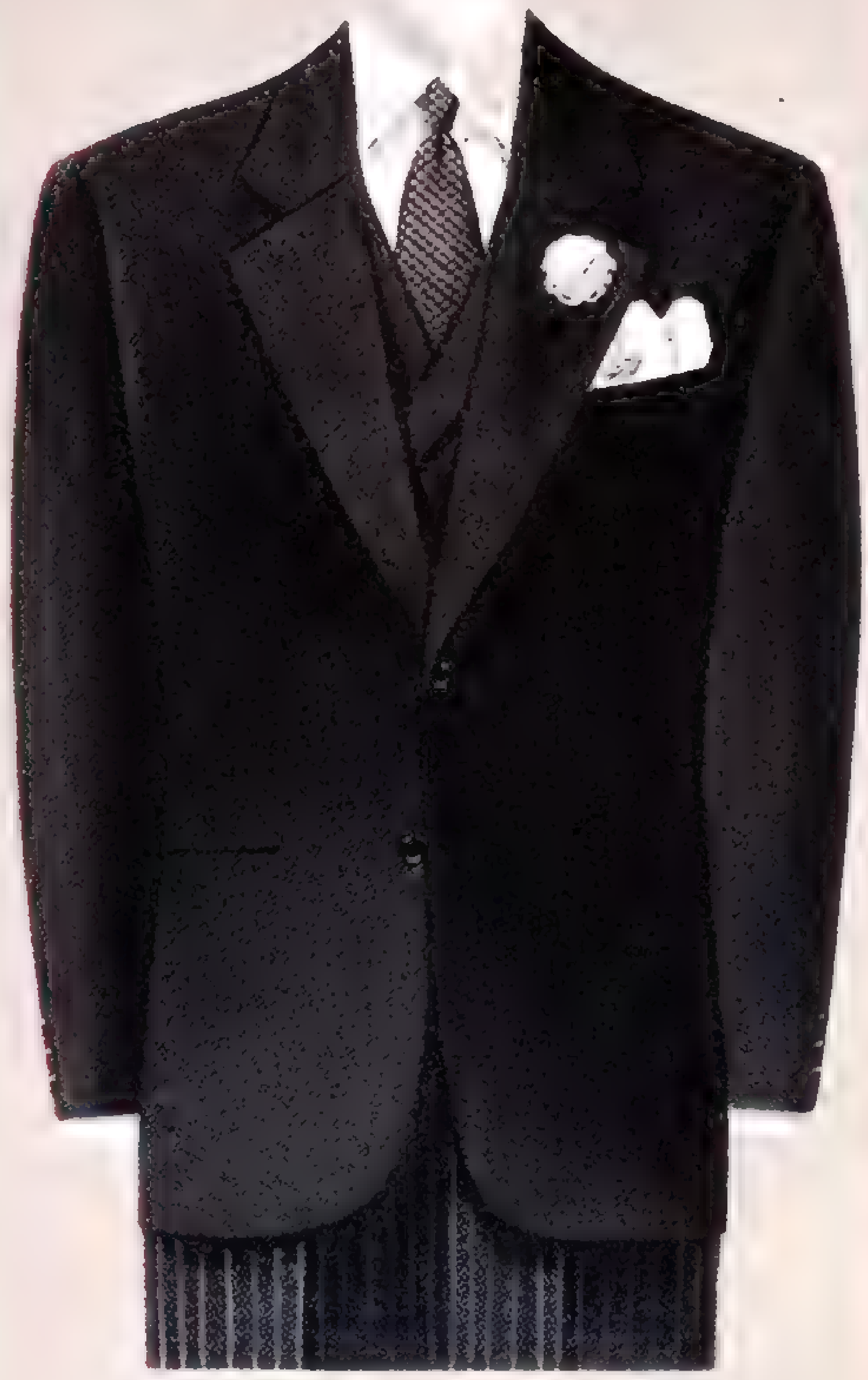


"Let's have the wedding out in the garden," she said—and this husband-to-be, with his white flannels in mind, jumped at the chance. With them he's wearing a double-breasted navy blue jacket with bone buttons, a plain white shirt with attached collar, a navy four-in-hand necktie with small white polka dots, pastel-tone socks, white reverse-calf wing-tip shoes with hard leather soles and heels, and a white Panama mesh hat with a broad navy band. He displays a white handkerchief in the chest pocket and wears a blue cornflower in the lapel. The best man's and the ushers' outfits should match his—except that their boutonnieres are different. That goes for his father and the bride's father as well.

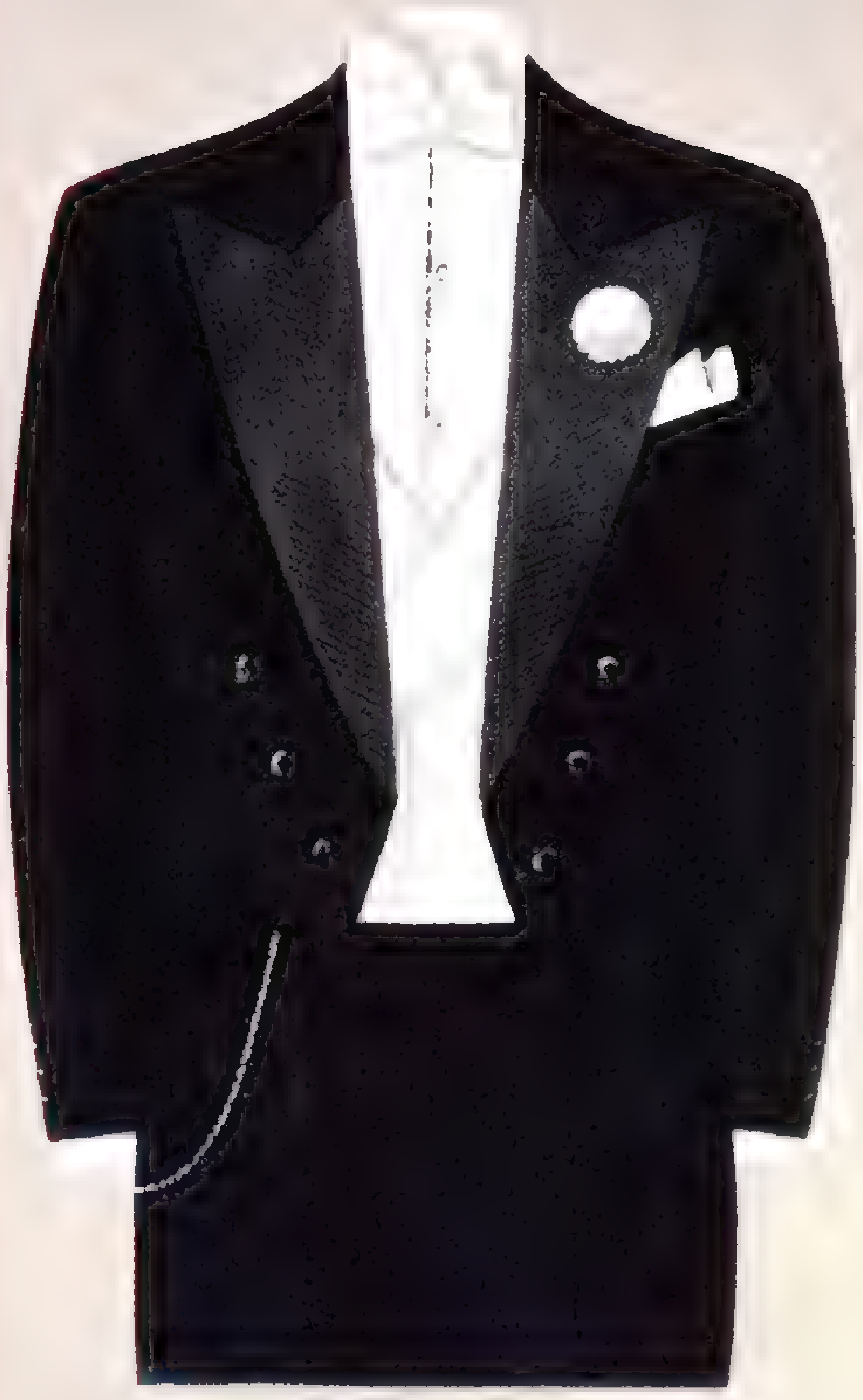
They'll Dance at Your Wedding . . .



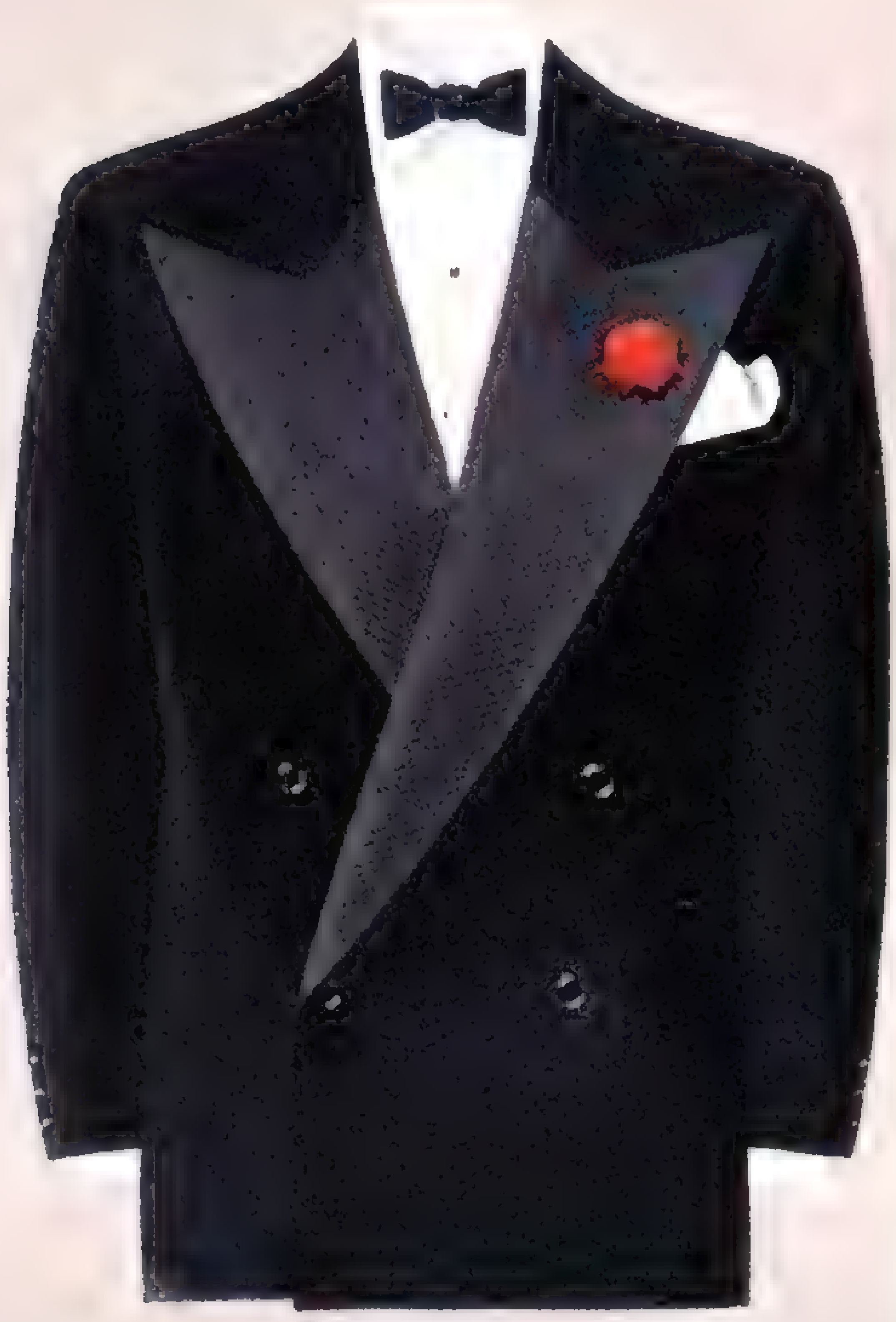
At a formal day wedding the guest wears formal morning dress. He wears an ascot or four-in-hand as he pleases. And his boutonniere is usually a white carnation



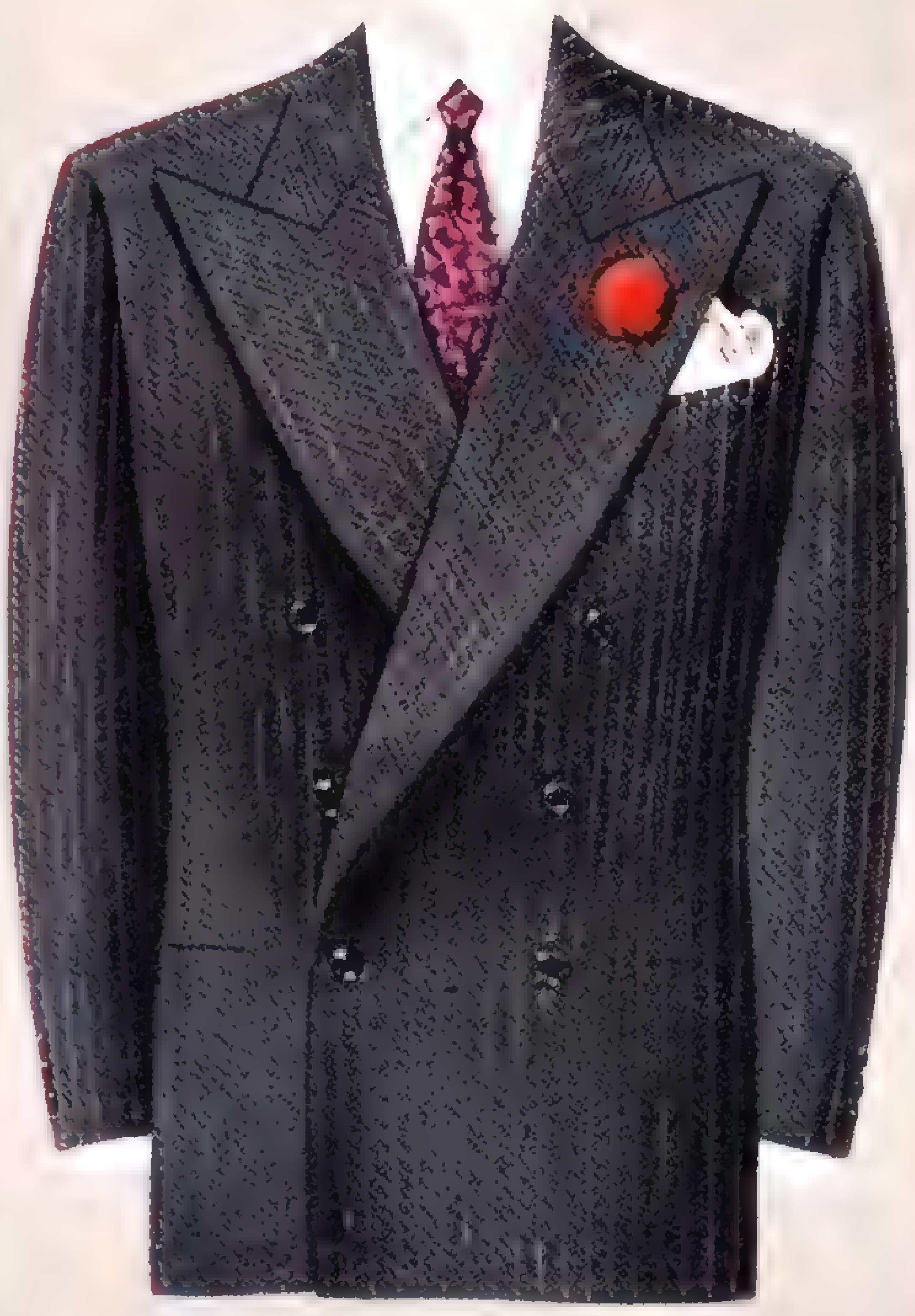
At a semiformal day wedding the guest wears a club jacket with striped trousers, a white shirt, starched collar, four-in-hand necktie, black Homburg, white carnation



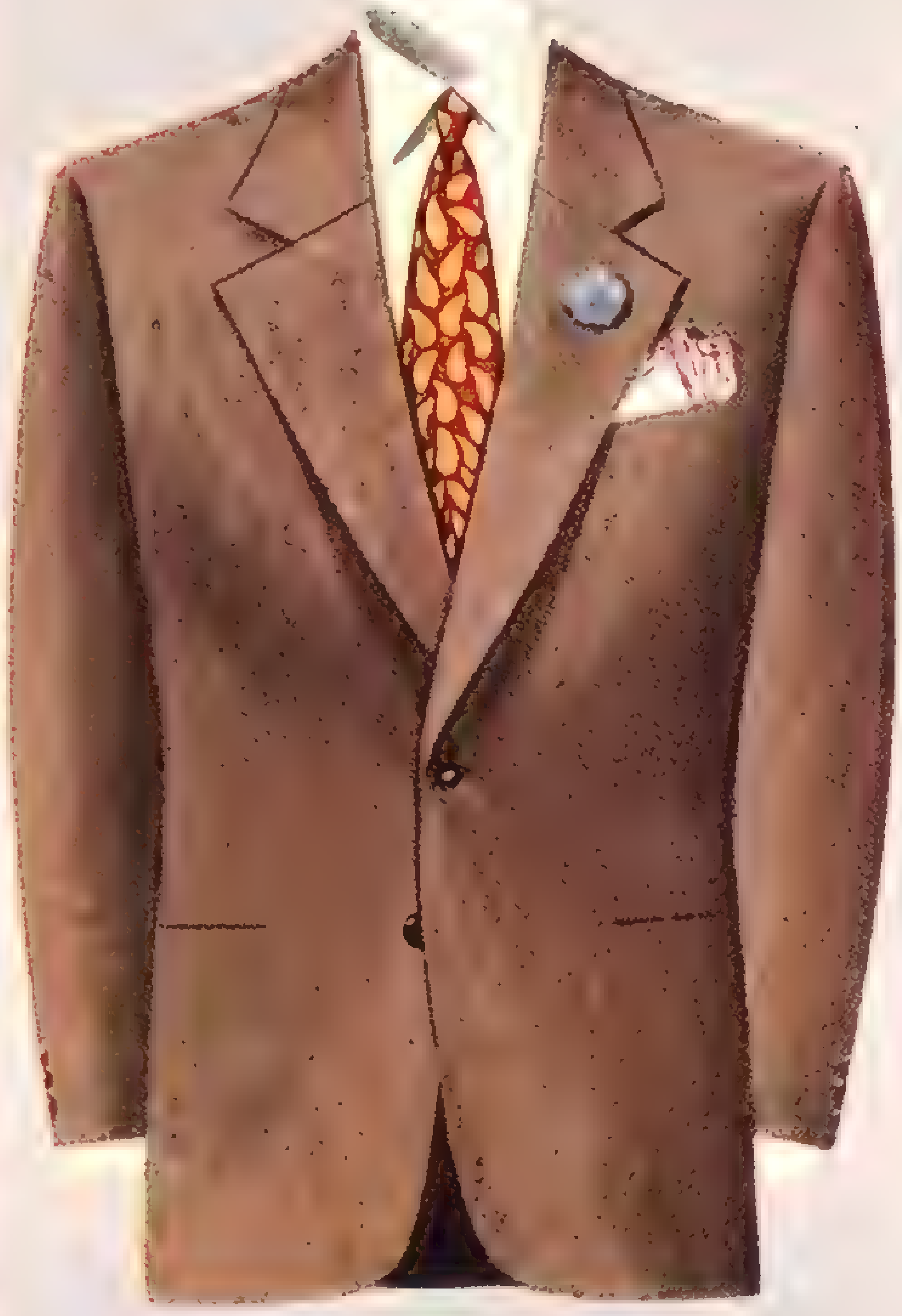
At a formal evening wedding the guest wears tailcoat with appropriate accessories. Preferred style has grosgrain facing. He wears a white carnation in the lapel



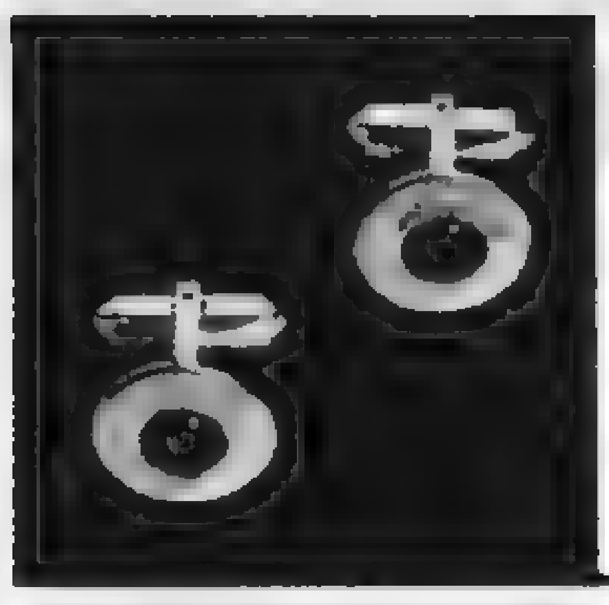
At a semiformal evening wedding the guest wears a dinner jacket, single- or double-breasted, black or midnight blue. His boutonniere is a red or a white carnation



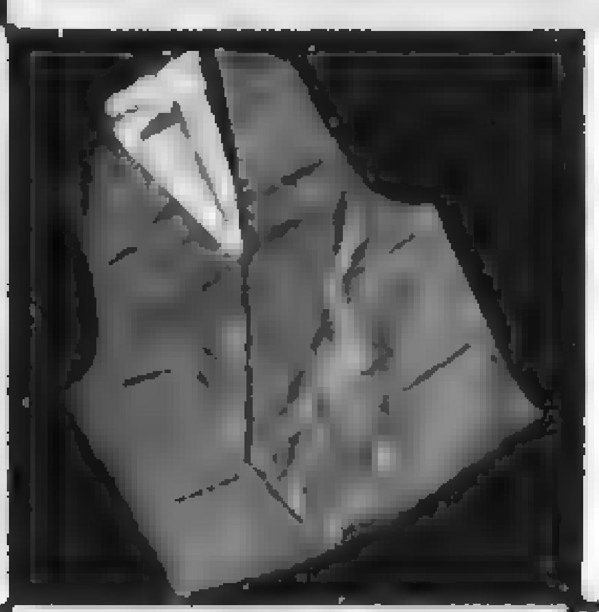
At an informal day wedding the guest wears any dark business suit—such as this shadow-striped grey suit—with white shirt and neat figured necktie. Any boutonniere



At an informal garden wedding the guest wears a suitable summer outfit, such as this gabardine suit, with a soft shirt and a bold-figured necktie. Any boutonniere

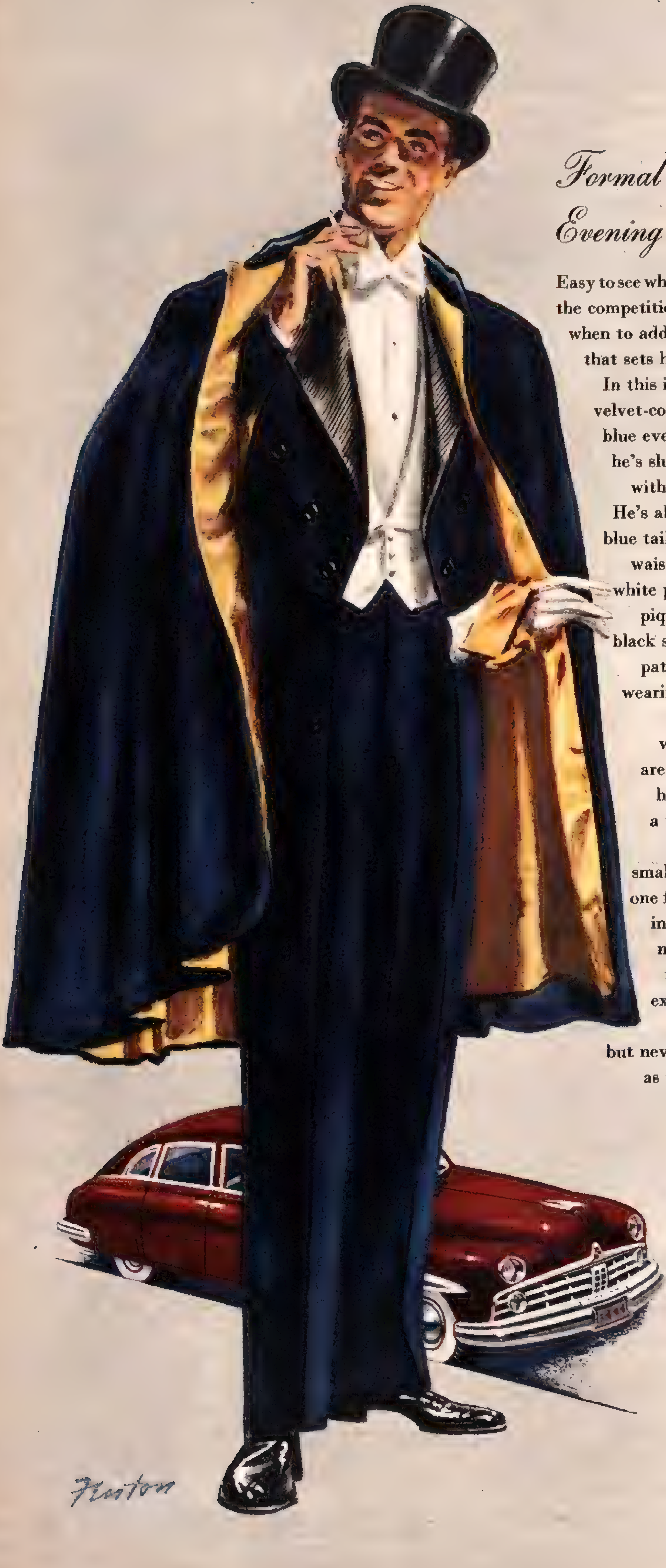


Dress Chart



	Formal Day	**Semiformal Day**	**Informal Day**	**Formal Evening**	**Semiformal Evening**	**Summer Evening**	**Garden**
Jacket	Cutaway in black or Oxford grey; worsteds, cashmeres or Cheviots	Black, Oxford grey jacket; worsted, cashmere, Cheviot; single- or double-breasted	Single-, double-breasted, dark or medium blue, grey worsted; may be striped	Tailcoat in black or midnight blue worsted	Dinner jacket, single- or double-breasted, black or midnight blue	White, lightweight jacket, single- or double-breasted	Single- or double-breasted navy blue flannel, tan gabardine or white
Waistcoat	To match coat, or washable or finished material; white, grey or buff	Single- or double-breasted to match jacket	Single- or double-breasted to match jacket, or no waistcoat	Single- or double-breasted white pique, V-front	Single- or double-breasted midnight blue or black	Cummerbund; maroon, midnight blue or black	To match jacket or no waistcoat
Trousers	Black-and-grey striped worsted or Cheviot; or checks. Cuffless	Black-and-grey striped worsted or Cheviot; or checks. Cuffless	To match jacket, with or without cuffs	Same fabric as coat—two braids at sides	Same as jacket—one braid at sides	Midnight blue or black, lightweight	White flannel with navy jacket, trousers to match tan or white jacket
Shirt	Starched or pleated bosom, white; bold wing or fold collar	White starched or pleated bosom. Fold collar	White broadcloth, starched or attached fold collar	Starched-bosom white pique, single cuffs; bold wing collar	White pique with single cuffs, pleated bosom with double; wing or fold collar	White pique with single cuffs, pleated bosom with double cuffs; fold collar	White broadcloth with attached collar
Necktie	Ascot, four-in-hand or bow tie; grey figures, stripes or checks	Four-in-hand tie; grey figures, stripes or checks	Blue-and-white or black-and-white modest pattern four-in-hand. Solid navy	White pique—may match bosom and waistcoat; bow tie	Plain black or midnight blue bow tie	Maroon, midnight blue or black to match cummerbund	Four-in-hand or bow tie in neat, quiet stripes, figures, plaids. Solid colors
Hose	Black lisle or wool; ribbed, plain or clocked	Black lisle, wool, rayon; ribbed, plain or clocked	Black, navy or grey nylon, lisle or wool; ribbed, plain or clocked	Black or midnight blue nylon, wool or lisle	Plain black or dark blue nylon, wool or lisle	Plain black or dark blue nylon, rayon or lisle; ribbed or clocked	Rayon, nylon or lisle to harmonize with ensemble
Footwear	Black calf low shoes. White or grey spats may be worn	Black calf low shoes; straight tip	Black straight tip, plain toecaps	Patent leather low shoes; long-vamp patent leather pumps	Patent leather low evening shoes; patent leather pumps	Patent leather low evening shoes; patent leather pumps	All white, brown or black-and-white; leather soles, heels
Hat	High silk hat, wide felt band. Pearl-grey top hat	Black or midnight blue homburg	Homburg, brims-up, derby. Straws in season	High silk hat, high collapsible opera	Black or midnight blue homburg	Lightweight straw	Lightweight straw
Gloves	White, grey or buff lightweight mocha to harmonize with waistcoat	Grey mocha	Grey mocha; buttoned, snap or slip-on style	White kid, mocha or chamois	Grey mocha, chamois or buck	None	None
Outercoat	Single- or double-breasted black, navy blue or Oxford grey	Single- or double-breasted black, navy blue or Oxford grey	Black, Oxford grey, navy single- or double-breasted woolen or worsted	Black, Oxford grey or dark blue single-breasted fly front; double-breasted	Black, Oxford grey or dark blue single- or double-breasted	None	None
ccessories	White or grey muffler, white handkerchief, white carnation, grey braces	Grey muffler, white linen handkerchief, grey braces, boutonniere	Grey or white scarf. White handkerchief, belt or braces	White scarf, handkerchief, white carnation, white braces	White scarf, handkerchief, red or white carnation. Black-and-white braces	White handkerchief, red or white carnation, black-and-white braces	Boutonniere, white linen handkerchief, belt
Jewelry	Pearl stickpin; gold, pearl or stone cuff links and studs; pocket watch; key chain	Pearl stickpin; gold, pearl or stone cuff links and studs; pocket watch; key chain	Cuff links and tie holder of modest character; watch; key chain	Studs of pearl or precious stones, cuff links to match; pocket watch; key chain	Studs, links of mother-of-pearl, enamel, gold or colored stone; watch; key chain	Studs, links of mother-of-pearl, enamel, gold or colored stone; watch; key chain	Cuff links and tie holder of modest character; watch

Military weddings: In many cases, Army and Navy posts have prescribed post regulations covering military weddings, and they would determine the dress to be worn. In general, officers and enlisted men wear the regulation dress Army and Navy uniform. It is proper for all military decorations to be worn. Only officers may carry a saber or a sword—but only a few of them do.



Formal Evening Wedding

Easy to see why this groom won out over the competition—he knows when to add that extra touch that sets him above the rest. In this instance it's the velvet-collared, midnight-blue evening cape he's slung over his shoulders with such elegant abandon. He's also wearing a midnight-blue tailcoat, a white pique waistcoat, a starched-bosom white pique shirt, a white pique butterfly bow tie, black silk hose and plain-front patent leather shoes. He's wearing white pearl studs and links and a gold watch chain. His gloves are white kid; his hat, high and silk. He displays a white handkerchief in his chest pocket and a small white flower (preferably one from the bride's bouquet) in his lapel. His best man and ushers match their outfits to his—except for the boutonniere, which is always white, but never the same as the groom's.

White pearl studs, links; gold key

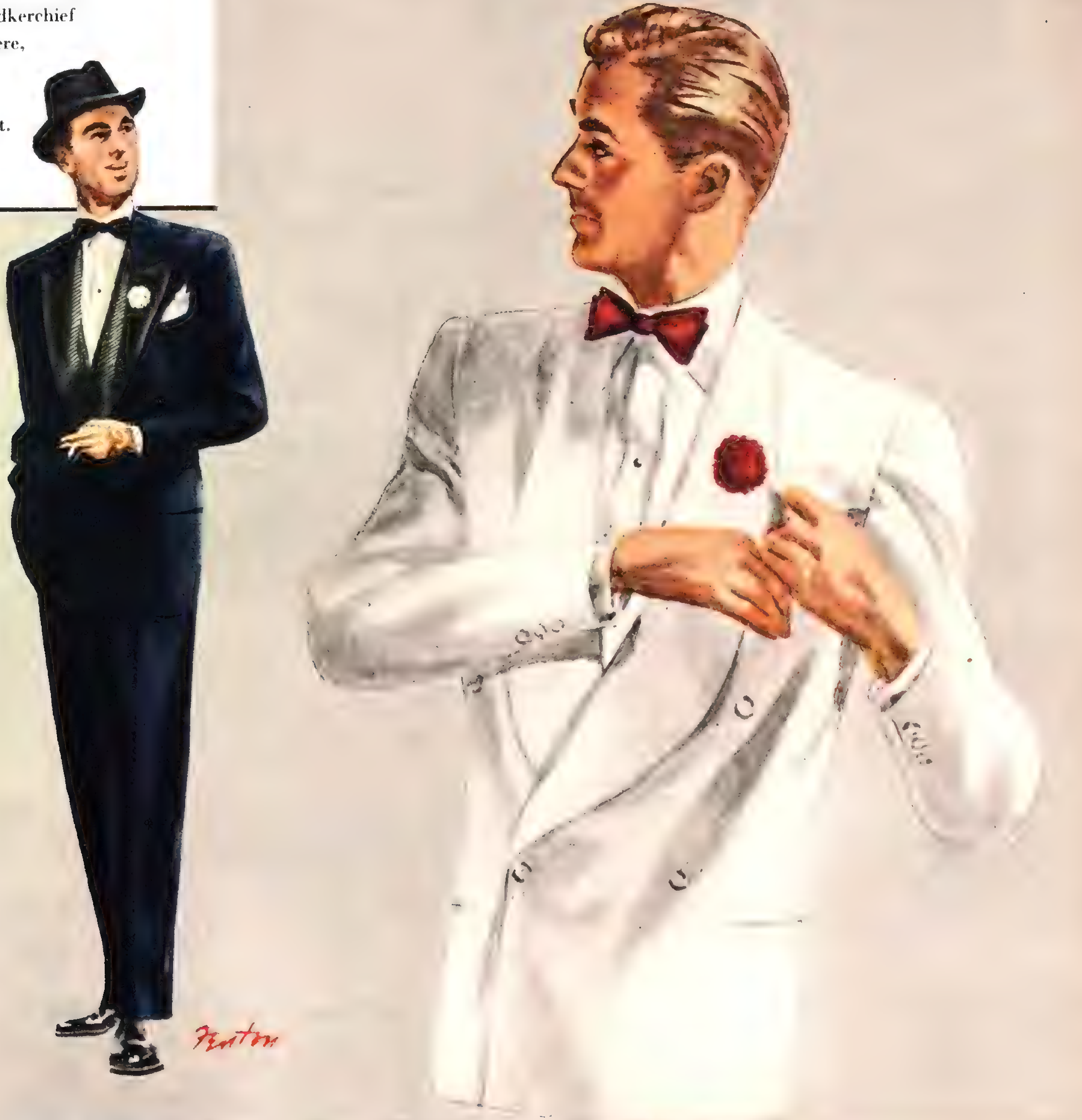
White silk muffler; white kid glov

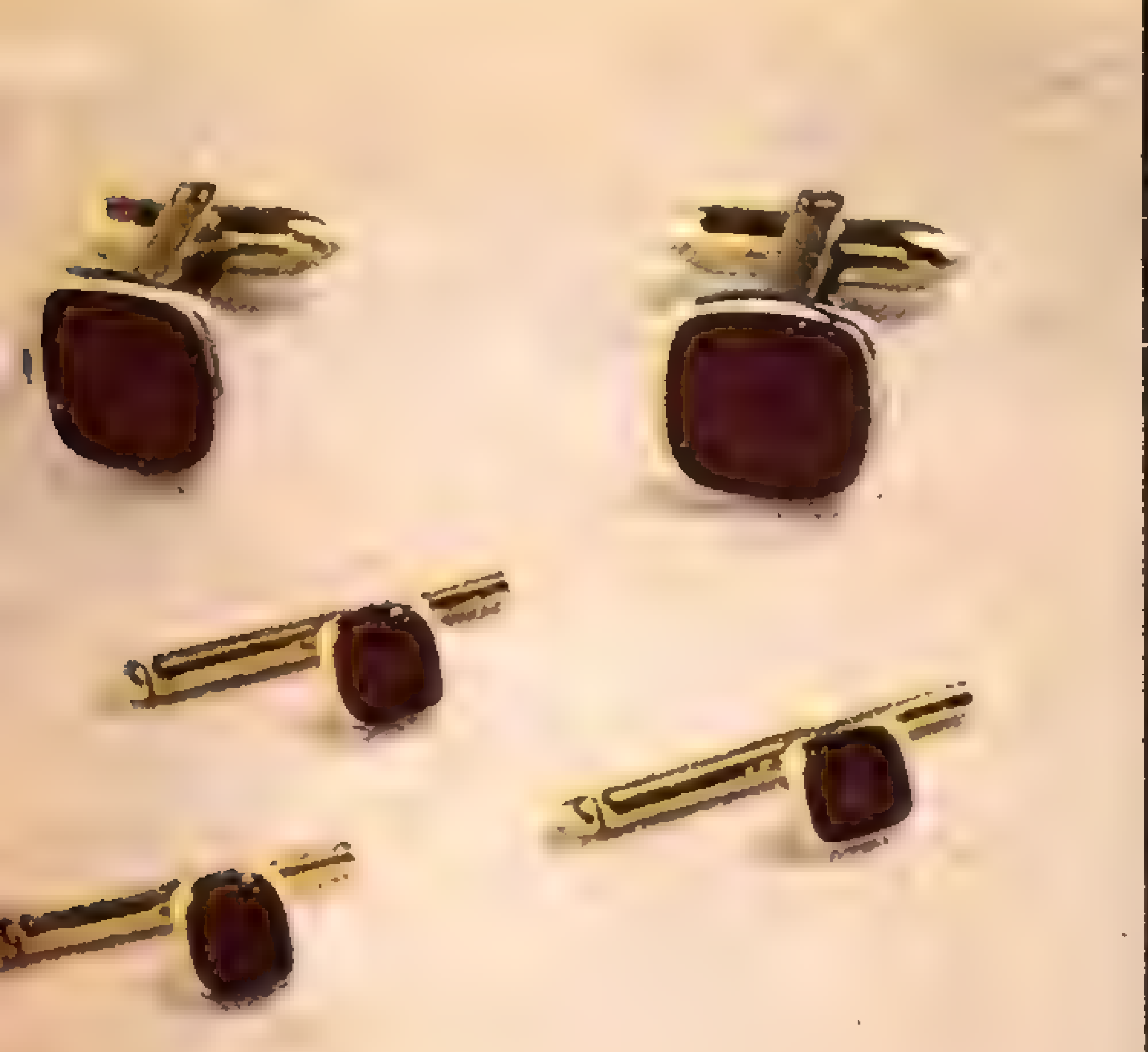
Pique bow ties in the accepted sh

White braces and white garters to

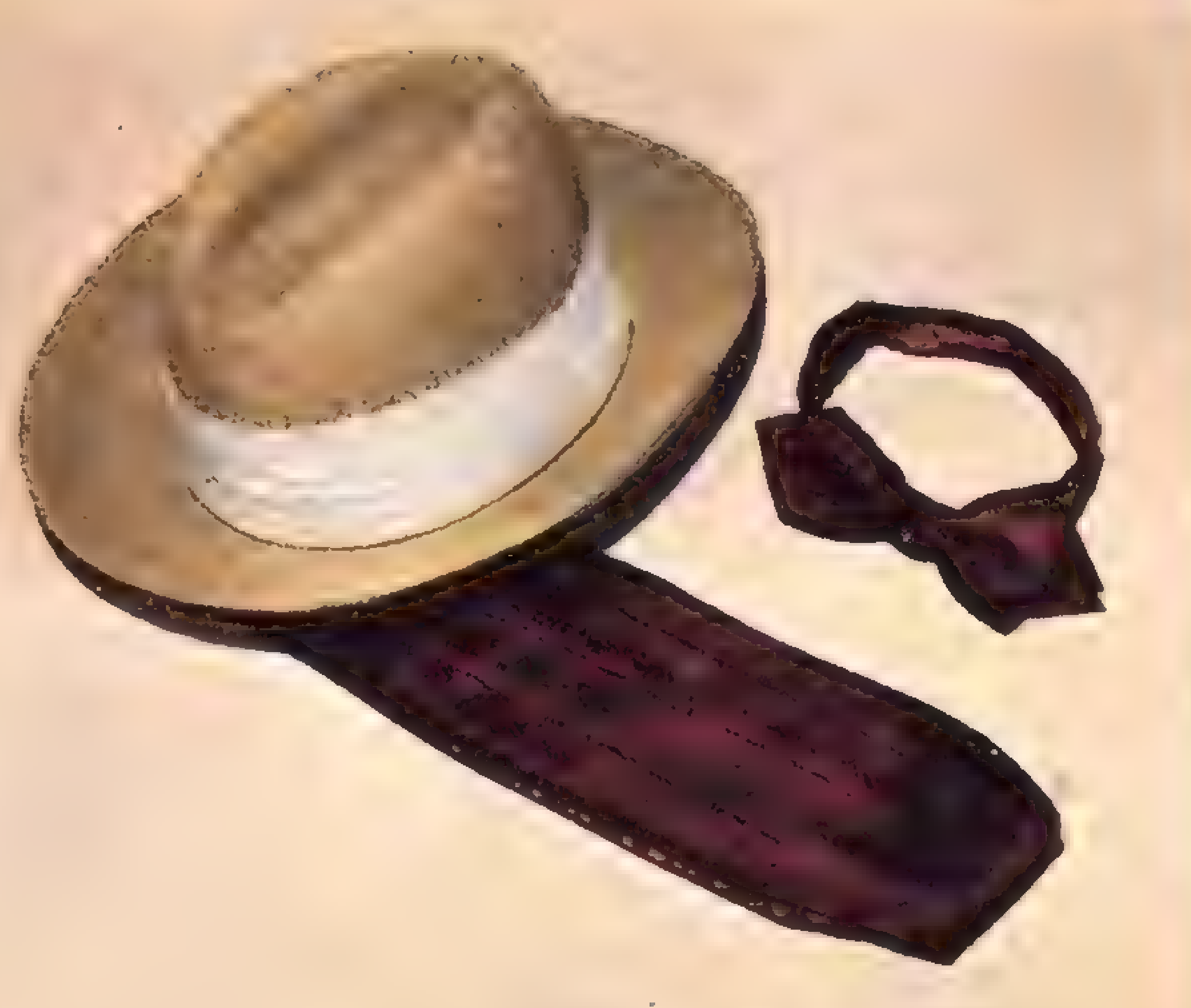
Semiformal Evening Wedding

Not as formal—the midnight-blue dinner jacket with a white pique starched-bosom fold-collar shirt, a midnight-blue semibutterfly bow tie, black silk hose and patent leather shoes. His jewelry is smoked-grey mother of pearl; his handkerchief is white; his boutonniere, a small white flower. And with it he wears a midnight-blue homburg hat.





old cuff links and studs with maroon
tones for wear with maroon cummerbund set

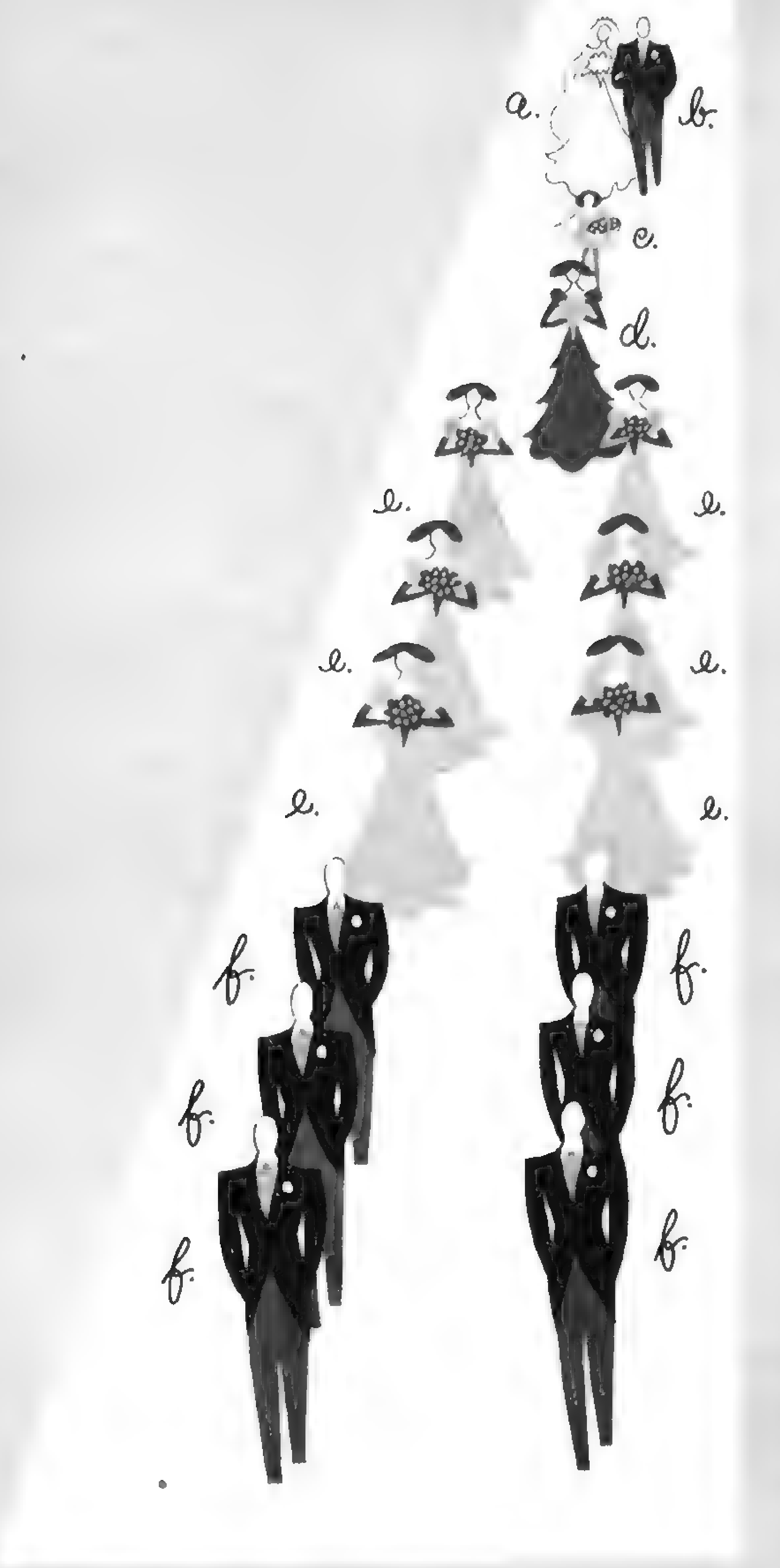


The Alpin straw homburg; maroon bow tie and cummerbund set for summer evenings

. . . and in the summer:

Temperature high? . . . the weather's that is! Then here's the outfit for the semiformal summer evening wedding: white dinner jacket, midnight-blue tropical worsted trousers, white cotton pleated-bosom fold-collar shirt, maroon straight-end tie, maroon cummerbund, black nylon hose and patent leather shoes. The boutonniere is a maroon carnation, but the handkerchief is white.

Wedding Etiquette



Don't give us that old wheeze about "If-I-had-my-way-we'd-elope," or "This-business-of-a-big-wedding-is-all-*her*-doing!" This is to be one of the biggest days in *your* life, too—and you're going to be just as excited about it as she is. And the best wedding present you can give her is the compliment of carrying out your end of the wedding correctly and with authority. That's where Esquire's Guide for the Bridegroom comes into the picture.

First of all, the ring: this is selected several weeks before the wedding by the bride and groom together—since she's to wear it, she has some say about it. And if it's to be a double-ring affair (the bridegroom's ring usually matches the bride's), she pretends to give *him* a voice in the selection.

The bridegroom is responsible for the costs of the wedding license and the fees for the minister. The amount of the wedding fee is determined by the type and size of the wedding; it is customary to give the minister any sum from ten to a hundred dollars. The fee—it should be a check in a sealed envelope—is delivered to the minister by the best man as quietly as possible. The verger of the church, who is paid by the bride's family, receives anything from five to twenty-five dollars for his services.

In addition to her ring the bridegroom usually gives the bride a special gift—something she's had nothing to say about. He also sends her her wedding flowers and going-away corsage and provides flowers for her and his mother. He has no other obligations to the distaff side of the wedding.

The groom supplies the boutonnieres for his groomsmen, his father and his prospective father-in-law. It is customary, but not necessary, that he outfit the best man and the ushers with the proper accessories.

Since it's expected that the groom will be only semi-lucid from the morning of the big day on, most of the preparations and the organization of his part of the wedding are handled by the best man. The senior brother is usually the best man. If there are no brothers, the bridegroom selects a good friend.

The best man gets in on the preparations early in the game. After it has been decided what type of wedding it will be, the best man counsels the ushers on the clothes and the accessories that they are to wear.

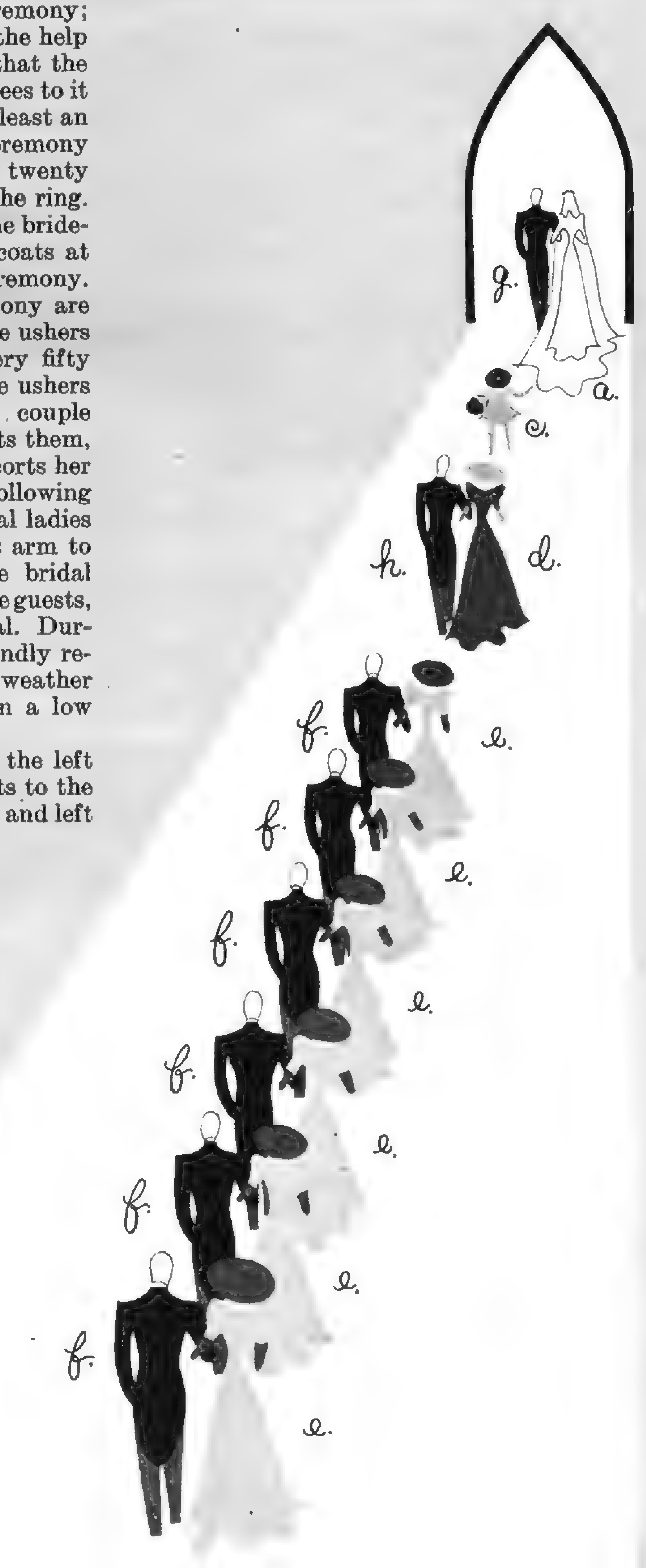
On the day of the wedding the best man helps the bridegroom dress for the ceremony; by that time, most grooms need all the help they can get. He also makes sure that the ushers are properly turned out. He sees to it that the ushers are at the church at least an hour before the time set for the ceremony and gets the groom there at least twenty minutes early. He has custody of the ring. He arranges for the verger to hand the bridegroom and himself their hats and coats at the door of the church after the ceremony.

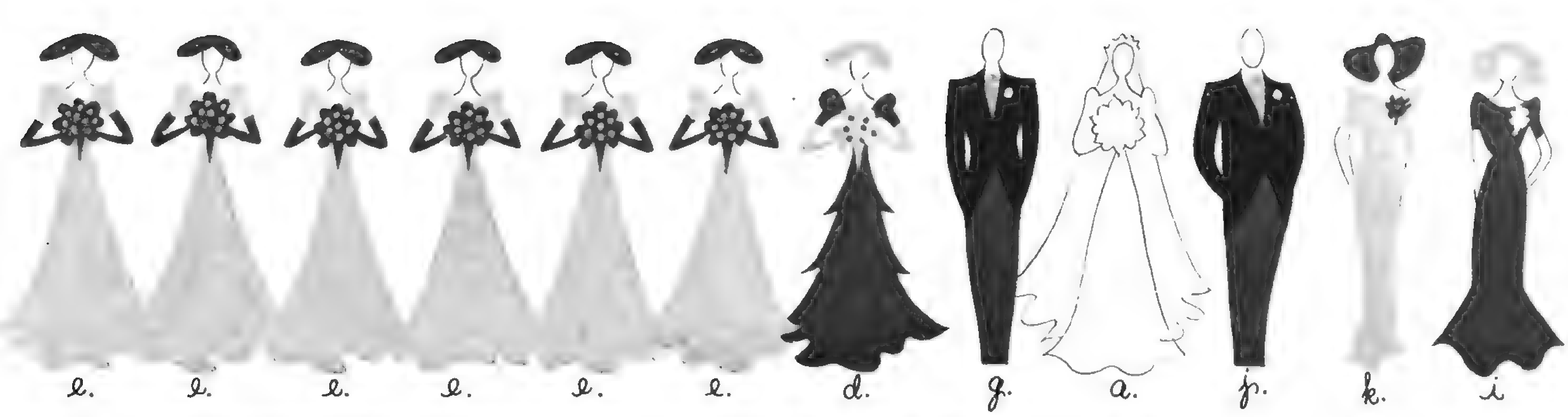
All feminine guests at the ceremony are escorted to their places by one of the ushers (there is usually one usher for every fifty guests—even if this results in more ushers than bridal attendants). When a couple arrives at the church, an usher greets them, offers the lady his right arm and escorts her up the aisle to a seat—her escort following along behind them, alone. If several ladies arrive together, the usher offers his arm to the eldest. Since the usher is the bridal couple's representative in greeting the guests, he is at all times friendly and cordial. During the walk up the aisle a few friendly remarks should be made about the weather or the decorations. This is done in a low voice, but never whispered.

The bride's guests are seated to the left of the church and the groom's guests to the right (getting down to basics—right and left are determined from a position facing the altar). One of the ushers is usually designated the head usher and he it is who escorts the bride's mother and the mother of the groom to their respective places. (The bride's mother is the last person seated prior to the wedding procession and the first person escorted from the church after the wedding ceremony.) The head usher also assigns specific tasks to the other ushers, such as tying and untying the ribbons in the center aisle and removing the white carpet covering, if there is one, from the chancel to the rear of the church (this is done immediately before the bride's entrance). And if the ushers are unmarried,

Legend:

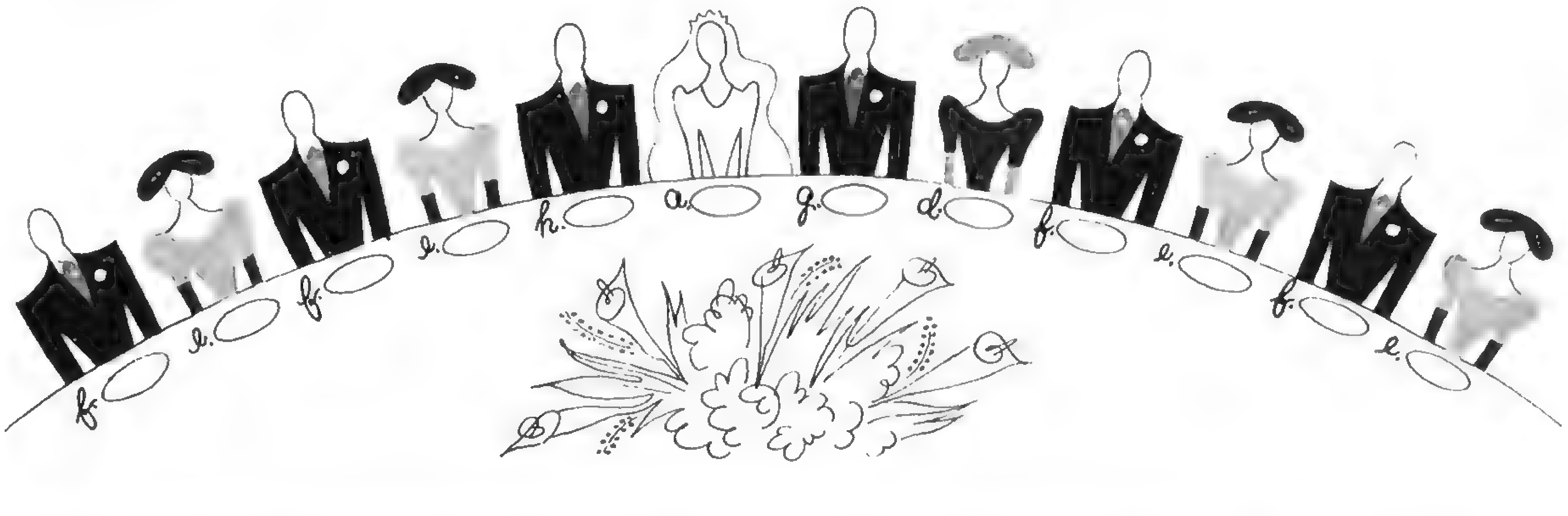
a.—**Bride**
b.—**Bride's Father**
c.—**Flower Girl**
d.—**Maid-of-Honor**
e.—**Bridesmaid**
f.—**Usher**
g.—**Bridegroom**
h.—**Best Man**
i.—**Bride's Mother**
j.—**Groom's Father**
k.—**Groom's Mother**





they are expected to escort the unattached bridesmaids to and from the various parties that are held in honor of the bride and groom prior to and following the wedding.

Immediately after the bride has entered the church and the organist starts the wedding march, the ushers, formed in a line of twos, march slowly up the aisle, each pair about six feet apart. They are followed by the bridesmaids, the maid or matron of honor, the flower girl, if there is one, and the bride, who is on the right arm of her father or whoever is taking his place. The bride and her father, by the way, are usually about twelve feet behind the flower girl. On the march from the chancel at the conclusion of the ceremony the bride takes the bridegroom's right arm. They are followed by the flower girl. The best man offers the maid of honor his right arm and escorts her from the church. Each usher escorts a bridesmaid from the church in the same manner. At the exit, the ushers leave the wedding party; the head usher walks down the aisle and escorts the bride's mother from the church, followed by the father. He returns and escorts the groom's mother from the church, the father following. The other ushers then escort the ladies among the special guests from the church. The ribbons which were tied from about the fourth pew (or however many pews were reserved for special guests) to the back of the church are then removed and the other guests leave the church.



It's the responsibility of the best man to get all the wedding principals to the reception in good order so that the receiving line may form before the first guests arrive. The receiving line is usually formed just inside the entrance to the room where the reception is held. Since the wedding breakfast or reception is primarily a party, this room should be gaily decorated with flowers—not necessarily white. The bridal table, though, should be decorated only with white flowers.

If it is a large formal wedding, an announcer may be present. He asks the guests their names as they arrive and repeats them audibly to the bride's mother who is first in line to greet the guests. Next to her stands the groom's mother, then the groom's father, then the bride and groom, then the maid of honor and the bridesmaids. The bride's father may stand in the receiving line between his wife and the groom's mother, but preferably he mingles with the guests as he would do at any party where he was host. Groomsmen never stand in the receiving line.

When the last guest has been received, the bride and groom take their places at the bridal table. If it is a large formal wedding, only members of the bridal party are seated at this table—and they are served this way even if everyone else is served buffet style.

The bride and groom sit facing the main room. The bride sits at the right of the groom, the best man at her right and the maid of honor at the groom's left. The bridesmaids and ushers are seated alternately around the table. Sometimes husbands of bridesmaids and wives of ushers are seated here, too.

As soon as the first course has been served, champagne is poured; the bride's glass is filled first, then the groom's, and then on around the table, ending with the best man. He then rises and proposes a toast to the bridal couple. After this toast the groom stands and thanks the guests for them both. Since there is no limit to the number of toasts that may be drunk after that, the well-arranged reception is well supplied with champagne as well as with other wines and liquors—or with some kind of punch, which is often preferred by some of the guests and serves the purpose equally well. (The bride's father should remember this: a man is known by the liquor he serves.) In between toasts, the best man reads aloud letters and telegrams that have been sent to the reception.

After the main course has been served, the bride and groom cut the wedding cake. With both of their right hands on the knife they cut one piece of cake together. Tradition demands that they share this first piece of cake as a symbol that they are ready to share each other's lives from then on. The guests are then served by the waiters.

By this time the dancing, if there is any, should have started (and by the way, if the wedding is large and formal there should always be music—preferably an orchestra—whether there is to be dancing or not). The bride and groom always start the dancing—alone. Then, although others may share the floor after this, the bride's father cuts in on the groom, followed by the groom's father, the best man, and each of the ushers. The groom dances his second dance with the bride's mother, then with his own mother. By now each of the bridesmaids has been partnered through her first dance by one of the ushers. After these formalities the dancing continues as at any party.

After a suitable time has passed and the bridal couple is ready to leave, the groom goes to a room that has been set aside for his use and changes to his travel clothes. The best man accompanies him and takes charge of his wedding clothes after he has made the change. The best man should have seen to it that everything was packed for the groom's wedding trip. He gets the newlywed's luggage to the station or to their hotel—or at least sees to it that it's all safely stowed away in their car before they drive off. If the bride and groom are merely going to a near-by hotel, the really thoughtful best man would have gone himself, earlier, and registered for them and brought them their room key—thus saving them the sometimes embarrassing routine of checking in. He should also have inspected their rooms and seen to it that they were well decorated with flowers.

After the bridal couple has left, the best man sends a telegram, in the groom's name, to the bride's parents thanking them for the wedding reception. When he's finished with all this he can go back and enjoy the party.

These, then, are the duties and obligations of the bridegroom, the best man and the ushers—the etiquette that they are expected to observe. Of course, modifications may be in order, depending on the type of wedding and the number of people participating in it. But, regardless of how big or how small the wedding is, use these lines as a guide and your marriage will be off to a beautiful start.

The groom gives . . .

Alligator-skin pocket secretary with gold corners, a gold combination-pen-and-pencil, and a removable pad

A gold tie holder and disc cuff links which are in line with the trend toward the Bold Look in jewelry

Being an usher or, especially, a best man is not all fun, as you know if you've ever served in those capacities. The manner in which your best man and ushers carry out their duties can make your wedding a complete success and, incidentally, make things much easier for you. In return, you are expected to show your appreciation by presenting them with a gift; usually a piece of jewelry or a wallet or something along these lines. And don't forget, the best man—that work horse of the wedding—deserves something a little more memorable than the ushers.

A sterling silver cigarette case; a gold pocket memorandum pad and pencil; a silver cigarette lighter

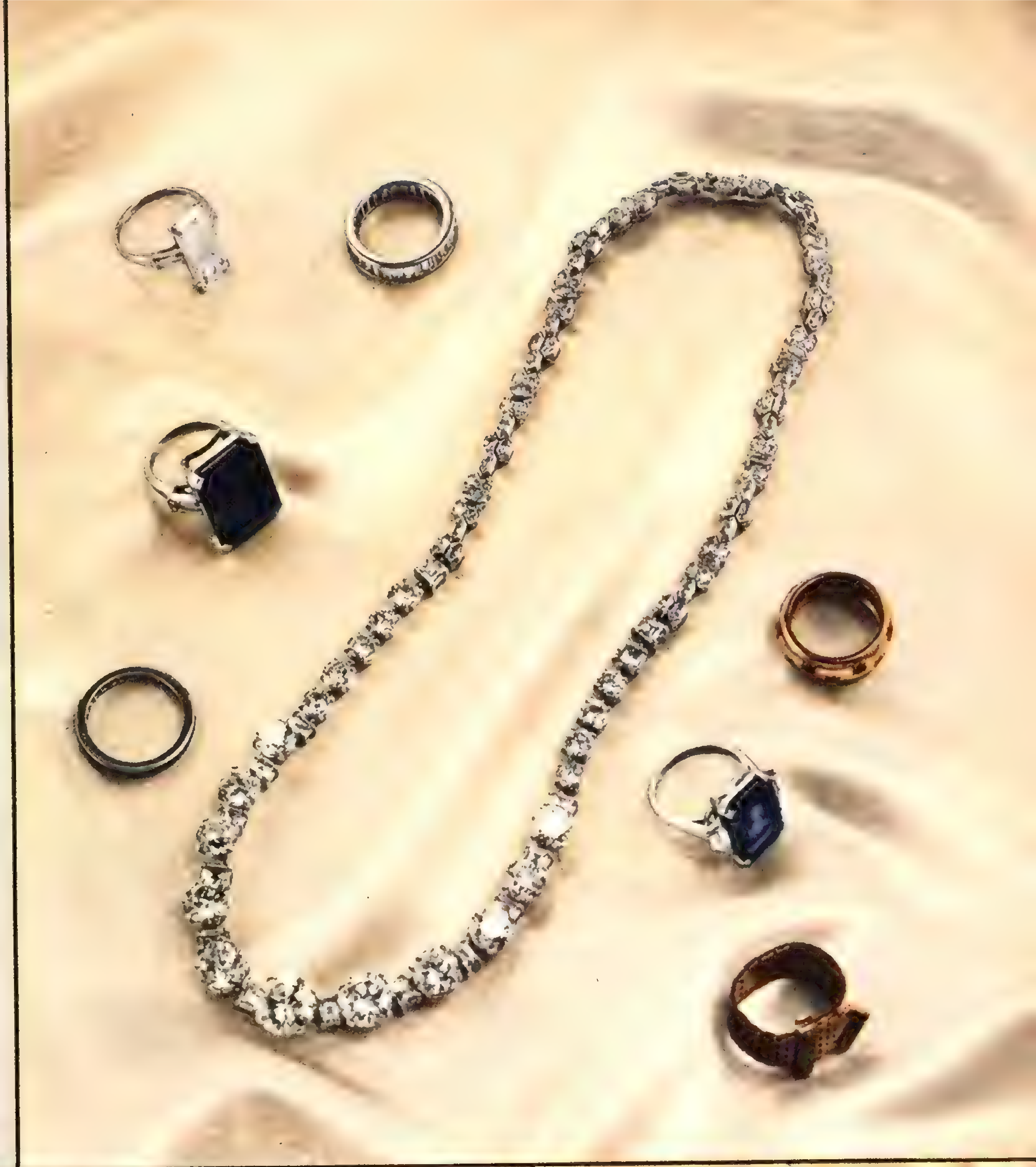
A saddle-stitched pigskin stud box; a set of six metal drinking cups in a saddle-stitched pigskin case

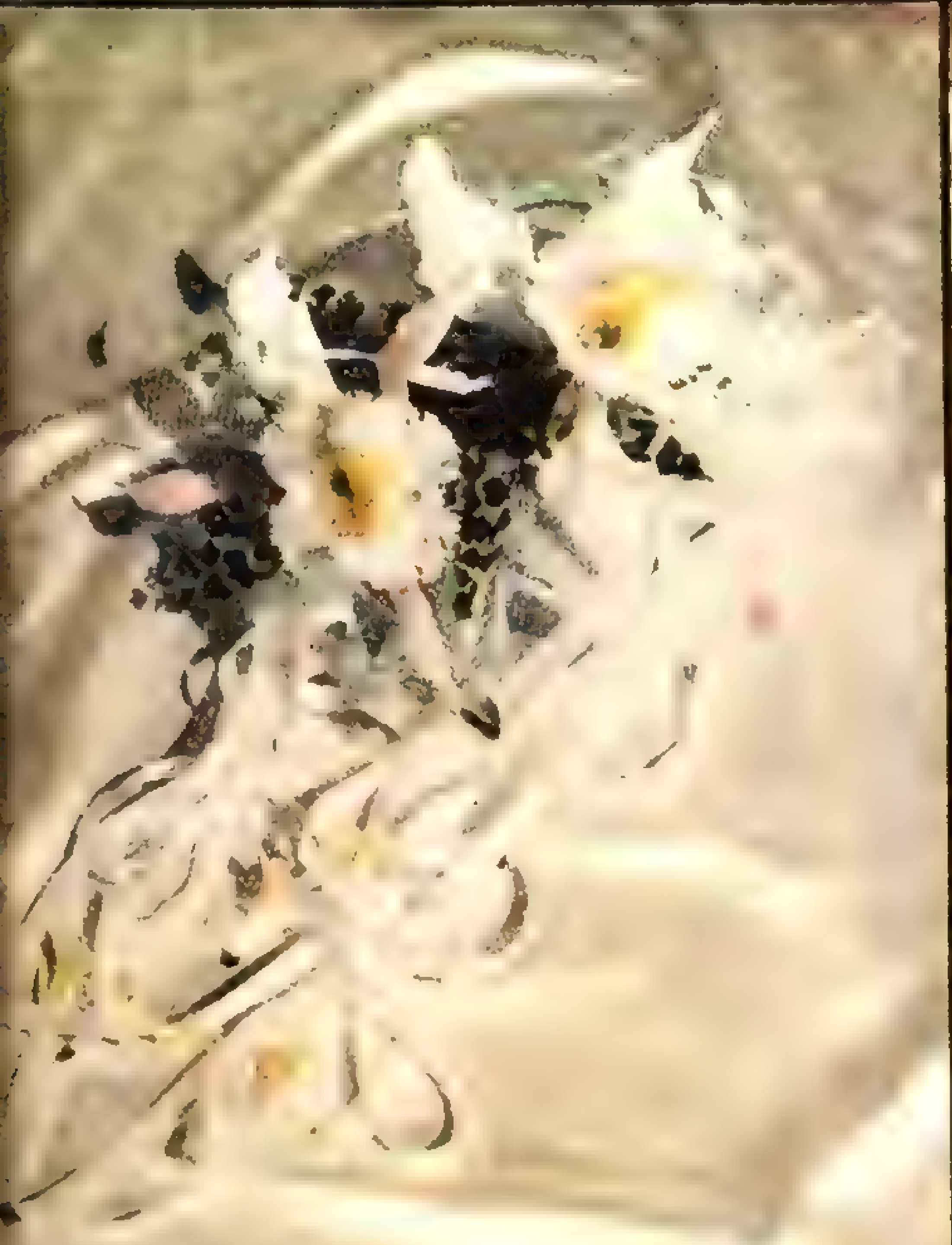
The bride receives . . .

Here are some engagement and wedding rings that would remove any small doubts at all that she may still be entertaining. Going clockwise, from left to right; a platinum-and-emerald wedding band and a platinum-set emerald-cut emerald engagement ring; a platinum-set emerald-cut diamond engagement ring and a baguette-set wedding ring; a gold wedding band with rubies set in star-shaped settings; a platinum-set emerald-cut sapphire engagement ring; a gold mesh wrap-around wedding band set with small diamonds and rubies. And since the groom usually gives the bride a special gift—something besides her wedding and engagement rings—may we suggest this pièce de résistance: a platinum-set diamond necklace. And don't forget her wedding bouquet; the groom is responsible for that, too, you know!

Jewelry courtesy John Rubel Co., Trabert and Hoeffer
Flowers courtesy Goldfarb Flower Shops

KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ





hite orchid prayer-book spray and corsage

A colonial bouquet of garden flowers

Bouquet of sweet peas and gardenias

Duties of the . . .

Best Man . . .	arranges the bachelor dinner—counsels ushers on proper dress—has custody of ring—delivers fees to minister and verger—gets all principals to reception in good order—delivers first toast at reception—helps groom dress for wedding trip—has custody of wedding clothes after change—is responsible for newlywed's luggage—sends thank-you telegram, in groom's name, to the bride's parents.
Chief Usher . . .	wears prescribed dress and accessories—is in charge of all other ushers—checks guest list (if there is one) to determine who sits with special guests—escorts bride's mother and groom's mother to their respective seats—escorts them from the church after the ceremony—assigns specific duties (removing carpet covering, tying and untying aisle ribbons, etc.) to other ushers.
Ushers . . .	wear prescribed dress and accessories—partner unattached bridesmaids to parties held before and after the wedding—extend to each guest at ceremony a friendly, cordial greeting—escort ladies up the aisle to seats—rope off aisle. remove carpet covering before processional—remove ribbon after recessional—take part in processional and recessional.
Bride's Father . . .	wears prescribed dress—escorts the bride up the aisle during the processional—mingles with the guests during reception while the wedding party is receiving—partners the bride through her second dance—and most important of all, sees that everything runs smoothly at the reception: decorations, food and liquors are his responsibility.
Groom's Father . . .	wears prescribed dress—takes his place on the receiving line between his wife and the bride—partners the bride through her third dance—and most important of all: the groom's father is just a guest at the reception and he should remember that. He should never try to take over any of the host's duties. That privilege belongs to the bride's father . . . after all, he's paying for the affair.

Bachelor Dinner to Breadwinner

Regardless of what others may say about its purpose, the bachelor dinner is a party at which the groom gathers his best male friends around him and gives them one last chance to talk him out of the whole thing. The groom's will-of-iron being what it is, though, they usually fail in that purpose—although some of them go to great lengths before they give up the argument.

If you've ever been hung-over you'll agree that the bachelor dinner should not be held the night before the wedding. Two or three nights earlier is much better, but never sooner than that if you want any out-of-town guests to make it.

Here again your best man comes into the picture: he arranges the whole affair—although you pay for it. If it's a dinner, turn the whole thing over to a good caterer. Or just follow the dictates of your own stomach: steak or filet mignon is practically a "must" where men are concerned. And apple pie à la mode belongs on the menu, too—this is the traditional dessert at a stag dinner. And skip the delicate canapés before dinner; serve them something more on the masculine side—men go for cocktail sausages or frankfurters, hot chicken livers, shrimps with mayonnaise, and other substantial canapés.

Once the guests have decided the groom means what he says, they all join him in a toast to the bride. He proposes the toast and—shades of Sir Walter—they break their glasses afterward. This is a time-honored tradition—it's done so that the glass "might never serve a less honorable purpose." Time-honored traditions being what they are, though, it might be well to keep your time-honored glassware out of sight and use something less expensive for the party.

That's not the only toast that's made, either: on the contrary, practically everybody at the party gets toasted. In fact, most of them get well-toasted! In any case, it would be well to have a well-stocked liquor cabinet, if the affair is being held at home, or give the wine steward carte blanche if it's being held on the town.

The toast to the bride is always champagne, of course, but there the restriction ends. If your friends are Scotch drinkers—give them Scotch. If they prefer bourbon or rye or gin—or even Coke—give them what they like. And remember—one man's drink may be another man's poison, so the good host should be ready for all comers.

The groom usually distributes his gifts to his groomsmen at the bachelor party: if its a dinner, he puts his gift at each man's place. And since they are gifts, they are wrapped as such. And sometime before the party breaks up—or falls over, whichever the case may be—the groom gives a short speech thanking his groomsmen for their co-operation and saying good-by to his bachelorhood—its joys and freedoms and nights-out-with-the-boys. If he gets through this last business without changing his mind—he's set for the wedding!

* * *

When you get back from the honeymoon you may as well face this fact: two can't live as cheaply as one—regardless of all the songs and stories you've heard to the contrary. But that needn't mean that two can't live on what you're earning. Nor does it mean that you must become involved with a lot of nasty little budgets.

"Control and planning" is a much more pleasant-sounding title than "budgeting." Even if you've always shied away from the latter, you'll agree that some of the former is necessary inasmuch as you've added to your responsibilities. Especially now, since the wedding trip and the furniture buying have probably eaten deeply into what once might have been a smug bank account. And you may as well begin thinking of yourselves as *one* now—when we say you, we mean both of you. Controling and planning the family income is now a joint affair.

First of all, living won't be much fun if you've got yourself restricted to "so many dollars for this and so many dollars for that." But living won't be much fun, either, if you don't know at the end of the month, say, what happened to the money you earned during that time—so some sort of an accounting is necessary.

The best way to keep track of your expenses is to use a checking account. You can always refer to your stubs to see where you stand and why—no matter how far back you're checking. This sort of an arrangement will keep you abreast of your recurring expenses at least—the rent, certain household expenses, etc.

If you really want to find out what happens to your money, though, it would be well to study a "sample month." During that time keep a detailed account of everything you spend: cigarette money, newspapers, movies—all the *little* expenses as well as the big things. At the end of the month you'll have a pretty good idea of where your income goes. From then on, although it may not be necessary to follow a budget, at least you'll have an idea of how the income is divided and how far you can go in each "category," as the budgeteers call them. You might call this "mental budgeting."

One thing is important though—emergency funds or savings. You should allot a certain amount of your income to insurance and savings; the amount of your income and your mode of living would determine how much. And if you're one of those people who just can't seem to save any money, you might get in on one of those pay-roll deduction plans whereby your employer or your company withholds a certain amount of your income and either banks it or invests it in bonds for you. This comes under the heading of "what you don't have you won't miss" and will give you some sort of a bank account or security to fall back on when the need arises.

As far as insurance is concerned—the more you have the better off you'll be. And remember that it's to your advantage to pay your premiums by the year—they're smaller that way. But one thing is important: don't get in over your head; buy as much as you can afford—but make sure you can afford as much as you buy.

Since you're just starting off, an ordinary straight life-insurance policy is what you'll be most interested in, unless you want to postpone long-range commitments in favor of term insurance. If your income is such that you don't have to count your dollars so closely, though, a twenty- or thirty- or other limited payment life-insurance policy or an endowment policy is something for you to look into. This last can give you a nice little nest egg to enjoy yourself with come retirement age. But the main thing is to provide your wife with some security.

Here are some figures suggesting the distribution of income after income taxes have been deducted. They're merely suggestions designed to help you work out your own spending and savings plan. If your income is three hundred dollars a month, you should be saving ten per cent of it. Another eighteen per cent of it should go for shelter, thirty-three per cent for food, ten per cent for clothing, and the balance for operating and advancement. If your income is five hundred dollars a month, the percentages should be fifteen for savings, sixteen for shelter, twenty-six for food, fourteen for clothing, and the balance for operating and advancement. If your income is a thousand dollars a month, the percentages should be twenty for savings, sixteen for shelter, eighteen for food, eighteen for clothing, and the balance for operating and advancement. Of course these figures might vary depending on what part of the country you live in, whether or not you own your own home, whether or not you own a car, etc., but using them as a guide and comparing your own income to them, you can work out a plan of your own.

If you want more detailed suggestions or more specific figures to follow, Esquire recommends that you consult an established bank or insurance company that will be glad to advise you. In any case, you're not a carefree bachelor any more, so some rather serious thought should be given to this subject. If you don't think so, consider this statistic: financial troubles constitute the second biggest cause for divorce in this country. #

When to Go Where on Your Honeymoon

If settling the wedding details haven't yet made you realize you're traveling in double harness from now on, then working out your honeymoon itinerary certainly will. Not that we mean to take the dim view, but for the first time in your life, probably, you'll have to figure out where to go on the basis of what somebody else wants to do. Partly, at any rate.

	Summer			***Fall***			***Winter***	
You'll go	(LIVELY) Cruises. Atlantic, Pacific and Caribbean. Great Lakes or Mississippi	(QUIET) Banff, Lake Louise and Canadian Rockies	(BOTH) Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Quiet, ordinarily, but plenty of life during season of summer theatres, regattas, yacht club dances	(LIVELY) New York City, at its best during autumn when weather's fine and everything's picking up speed	(QUIET) Nassau, Bahamas. An island Eden just off the Florida east coast. England in the tropics	(BOTH) California. Southern Cal. for sun, citrus and cinema screwballs—north and central for rugged, outdoors—San Francisco for gracious living	(LIVELY) Havana, Paris of the West Indies, one of the world's gayest and most colorful cities	(QUIET) The Laurentians, center of eastern Canadian skiing and one of the continent's great winter-sports centers
You'll get there by	Eastern SS, Grace, Alcoa, Delta, Puerto Rico, United Fruit & Standard Fruit, Matson and President Lines. Check your travel agent.	Canadian Pacific Railway	New Haven Railroad or Northeast Airlines from New York and Boston	Eleven railroads, nine domestic air lines and all roads lead to New York	Eastern Steamship Lines from New York and Miami. Pan American and British So. Am. Airways from Miami. Seaway lines from Jacksonville.	Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Western Pacific, Santa Fe railroads; American, United, Western, TWA air lines	Eastern SS from N. Y., Miami; Cuba Mail fr'trs from N.Y. S.F. and U. F. from N.O. P&O from Miami. Nat'l, L.A.V., Peru'n, Pan.Am.,TACA, Chgo. & Sou. air	Canadian Pacific or bus out of Montreal. New York Central, Delaware&Hudson, Rutland railroads, Colonial and Northeast air lines to Montreal
You'll both enjoy	The lee of a lifeboat in the moonlight, dancing in the lounge, lounging on the deck, hitting the ports	Majestic scenery. Bridle paths for bridal couples. Fine fishing, golf, tennis, boating, hiking and snowcapped Rockies to hide behind	Swimming, sailing and sunning on white sand beaches. Walking along dunes. Tennis, golf, fishing, riding, eating shellfish. She'll love the antique shops	Name it—you'll find it in New York. Theatre openings, night clubs, radio broadcasts, shops, football, World Series (hopefully), fine restaurants	Swimming at wonderful beaches where palm trees overhang sea. Golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding, shopping in Bay Street, colorful native markets	Just about every sport in the book, plus Frisco's outstanding restaurants, mundane spirit; Hollywood's film and radio studios, restaurants, night clubs	Havana's fabulous night life, native music, dancing, National Casino, jai alai, Sloppy Joe's, Two Brothers' Bar, shopping, swimming, fishing, golf	Real snow country, miles of well-kept trails, open slopes. Skiing, tobogganing. sight-seeing in horse-drawn sleighs. At night good companions around a fire
You'll wear	Lightweight suits of Palm Beach, linen or seersucker; sports jackets and lightweight slacks, sports and T-shirts, swim trunks, beach sandals and robe. White dinner jacket, dark trousers for gala evenings	Sports jackets. slacks, walking shoes. For sports: riding jacket, jodhpurs. jodhpur boots, gloves; processed cotton jacket, plaid shirt and wading boots for fishing; pull-over sweater, flannel slacks, spike-soled golf shoes	Linen or flannel blazers, colored slacks, moccasins, two-tone sport shoes. Beach trunks, terry robe, beach sandals. T-shirts and walk shorts. Tennis sweater, shorts, sneakers	Town suits, hats, outercoats, shoes and gloves for daytime wear. Semiformal attire for theatres and night-clubbing—dinner jacket, trousers, patent leather shoes, homburg, dress shirts, bow ties, white muffler, dress jewelry	Linen jackets, flannel blazers, lightweight slacks, three pair of swim trunks, beach sandals, robe, sport shirts and T-shirts, play and walk shorts, moccasins and two-tone sport shoes, golf shoes	Dressier suits and accessories for stays in the big cities. Sport jackets, slacks and moccasin-type shoes for the resorts, and apparel for such active sports as riding, golf, tennis, swimming and fishing	Odd jackets and trousers in lightweights and summer colors, comfortable sport shoes, beach shirts, trunks and sandals, pull-over sweaters and poplin jackets for golf, blue denim shirts and slacks for sailing	For skiing: poplin cap, ski parka, downhill trousers, a bright sweater, ski mitts and boots. After skiing: sports jackets, pull-over sweaters, slacks, moccasins and wool hose
You'll need	Camera, beach bag, sunglasses. sun lotion	Rod, reel and creel; golf bag and clubs; tennis racket; camera; sunglasses, field glasses	Tennis racket; sun goggles, plenty of sun lotion; rod, reel, creel and boots for surf fishing; camera, portable radio	A camera to shoot the sights. You can ride in Central Park, golf on near-by courses, swim at numerous pools, so bring along you sports gear if you're so inclined	Golf clubs and bag, tennis rackets, sunglasses and sun lotion, and, of course, a movie camera with plenty of film	Beach bag and sunglasses, sun lotion, a rod, reel and a creel; golf bag and clubs, tennis racket, portable phonograph, and don't forget your camera	Beach equipment, golf bag and clubs, tennis racket, a rod, reel for fishing and a camera	Skis, ski poles, waxes, sun goggles, sun lotion to avoid burning or chapping

That's why we're listing our honeymoon travel suggestions in three general classifications: lively places, quiet spots, and resorts combining elements of both. You think about what sort of place you'd like to go to, then find out what sort of place she prefers—and go there. If you're lucky, or she's absent-minded, you might be able to settle on a compromise.

Spring

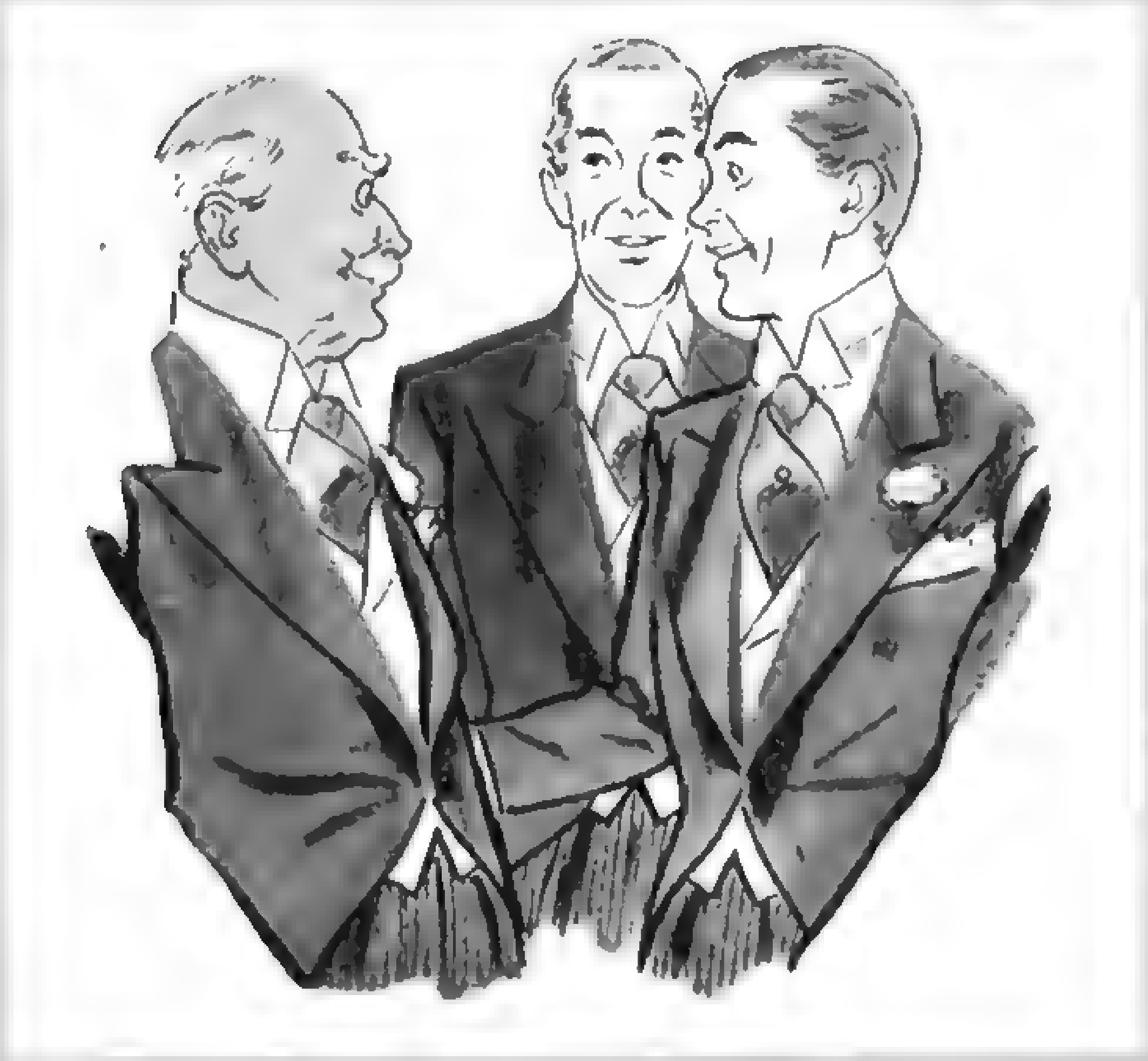
(BOTH) Sun Valley, America's most famous winter resort. Mecca for skiers, but plenty of night life and parties for those who schuss all night and sleep all day	(LIVELY) Mexico City, with its million things to do, and wonderful things to eat—and the mountain air makes you want to do all and eat all at once	(QUIET) Bermuda, an Atlantic paradise that's taken its place with Niagara Falls as haven for honeymooners	(BOTH) Florida. Night life, racing, excitement in Miami, or you two can get lost in a peaceful little town. Weather's perfect and the rates much lower in spring
Union Pacific owns the place, and drops you off at the front door. United Air Lines to Gooding, Idaho, then bus	N.Y. Cen., Mo. Pac., Sou. Pac., and Pa. all link up with Mex. Nat'l Rrs. Amer., Braniff, East'n, Pan Am air. Pan Am h'way good from Laredo to Mex. City	Pan American from New York, Colonial from N.Y. and Washington, British Overseas Airways from N.Y. and Baltimore. Furness S.S. from N.Y.	Florida East Coast, Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line railroads. Delta, Eastern National air lines
Skiing for Olympic champ & gal first-time-out. Dog-sledding, swimming in hot-water open-air pools, dancing at Lodge and Ram. Parties and stuff all night	Sight-seeing in this city of contrasts. Browsing around Indian markets, smart shops. Marvelous night spots. Bull fights. Excursions to Xochimilco, pyramids	Fine coral beaches where you can be alone, or join a crowd. Quiet lanes for cycling, carriage rides. Fishing, sailing, golf, tennis. Shopping in Hamilton	Lazy days sunning on the beach and diving into the surf. Sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, riding, sight-seeing; the whole state's yours after winter mob has gone home
Active ski apparel, cotton jacket, down-hill worsted trousers, etc., sports jackets, pull-over sweaters, slacks and lightweight wool shirts for leisure hours. A terry robe, swim trunks for a dip in the heated outdoor pool	Medium-weight sports jackets and slacks during day, but will need a camel's-hair topcoat for cool evenings. Tropical worsted suits are ideal for mild days. Include rugged shoes for hiking	Lightweight sports jackets and slacks, shorts and sport shirts. Linen or seersucker suits for informal dining, golf jacket and slacks, tennis sweater and shorts, beach shirts and trunks	Linen, Palm Beach or seersucker suits and jackets, flannel blazers, gabardine slacks; knit shirts, flannel slacks, golf shoes; tennis sweater, shorts; beach shirts, trunks; white dinner jacket, dark trousers
Skis, ski poles, waxes, snow goggles, plus a protective lotion against windburn and chapping	Golf clubs and bag, tennis racket for active sports. Beach equipment if you plan to visit the coastal resorts, a camera	Sunglasses, sunburn oil, beach bag, a rod and reel for fishing, tennis rackets, golf bag and clubs, camera	Golf bag, clubs; tennis racket, sunglasses, beach bag, rod, reel; camera

What's on your mind?

Q. What boutonnieres are worn at a formal day wedding?
A. The groom wears a small white flower—preferably a flower out of the bride's bouquet. The best man wears a white gardenia; the ushers and the fathers wear white carnations.

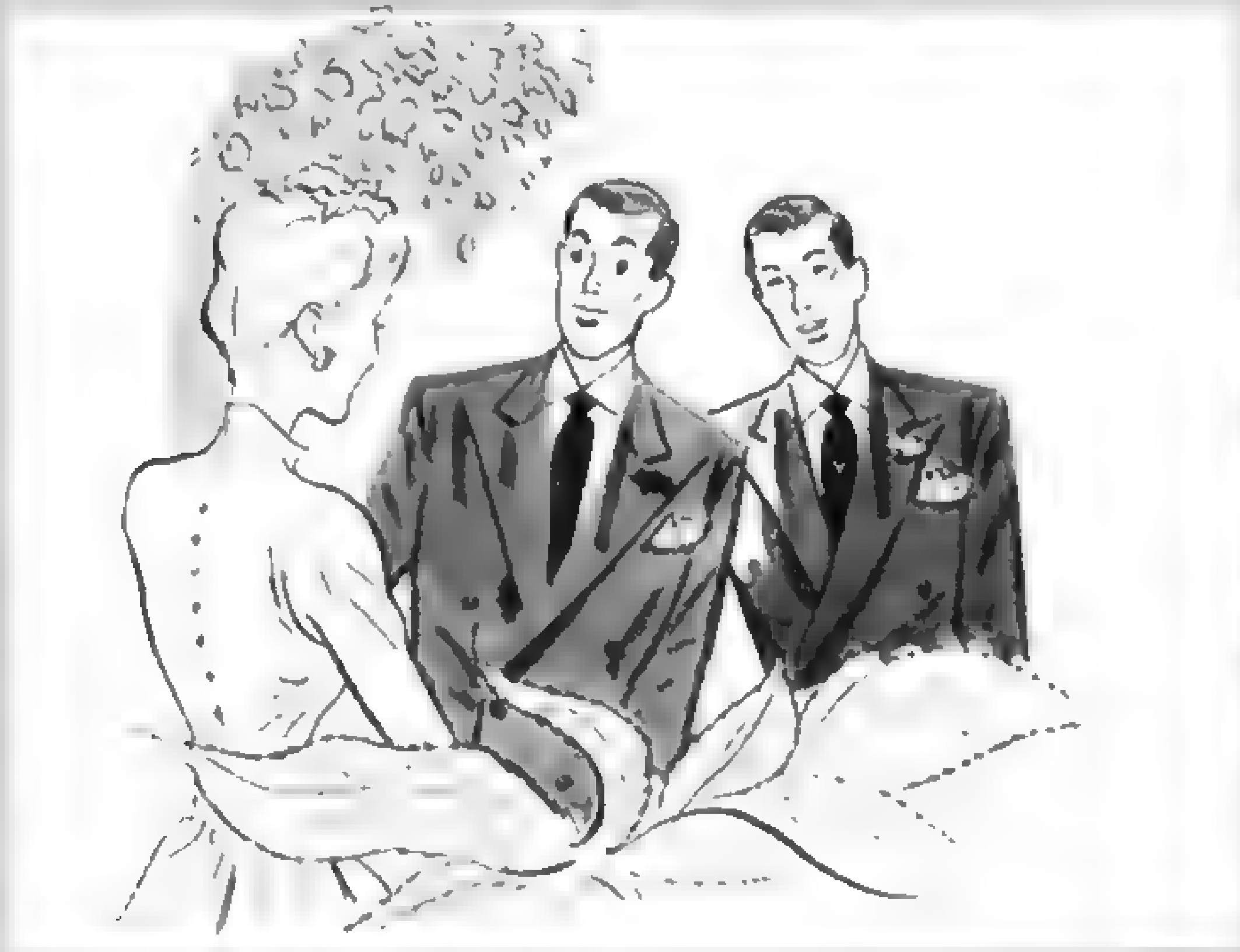
Q. What neckties are worn at a formal day wedding?
A. The groom and his best man wear matching neckties: a small-patterned ascot or four-in-hand in silver grey. The pattern of the ushers' ties, which are identical to each other, does not match the groom's. The fathers choose their own patterns—as long as they don't match the groom's.

Q. Must all members of a formal day wedding wear matching waistcoats?
A. Usually the waistcoats are all the same, but the groom and his best man may wear one kind, the ushers another.



Q. Must all members of an informal day wedding wear matching suits?
A. No. But they should all be of the same color.

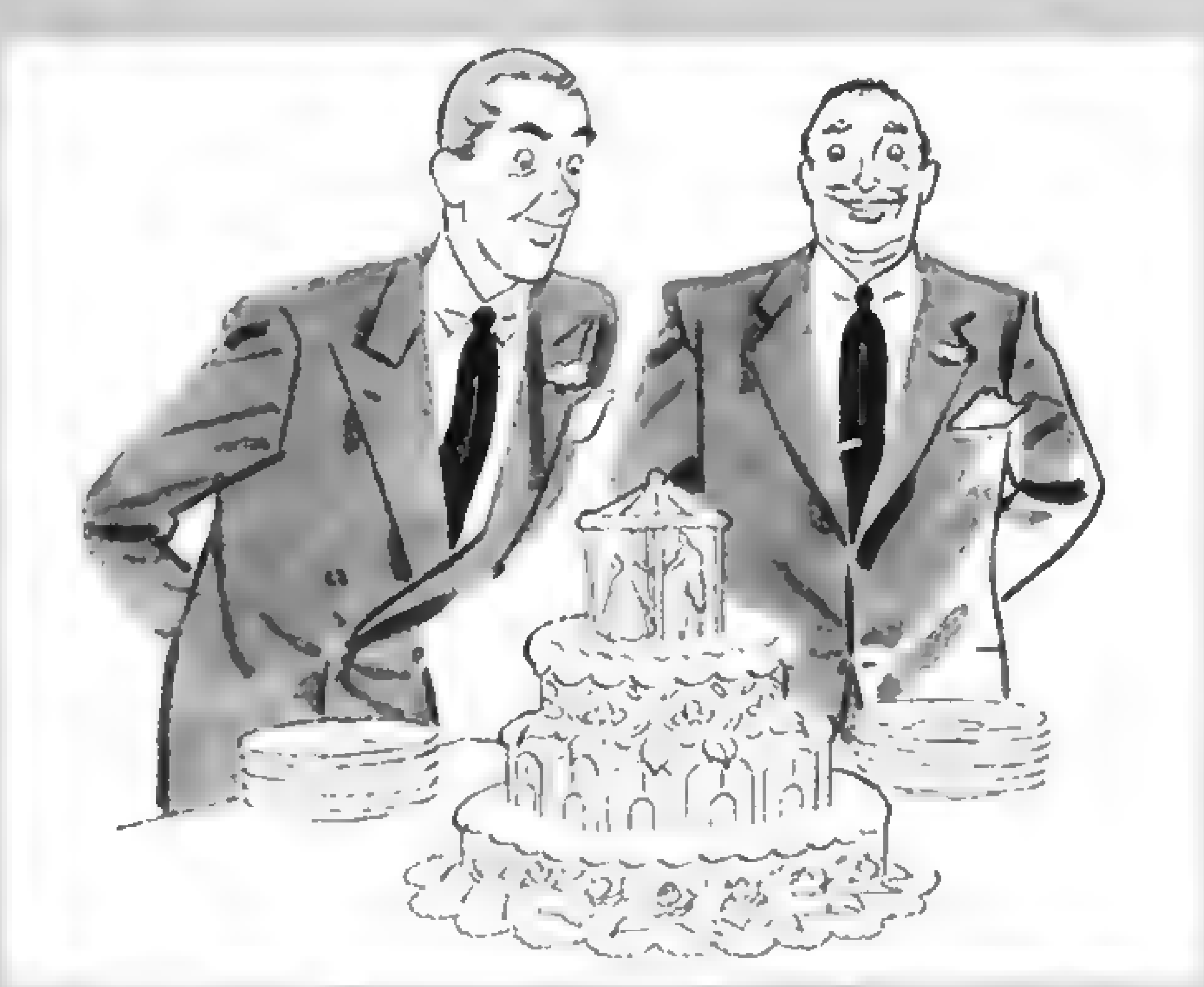
Q. What about ties and boutonnieres for an informal day wedding?
A. The collars and ties worn by the groom and all his groomsmen should match as closely as possible. The groom wears a white boutonniere—preferably a flower out of the bride's bouquet; the groomsmen's boutonniere is optional.



Q. Must all jackets match at a garden wedding?
A. Yes—all jackets must be the same if white flannel trousers are being worn, and all must be single- or all double-breasted.

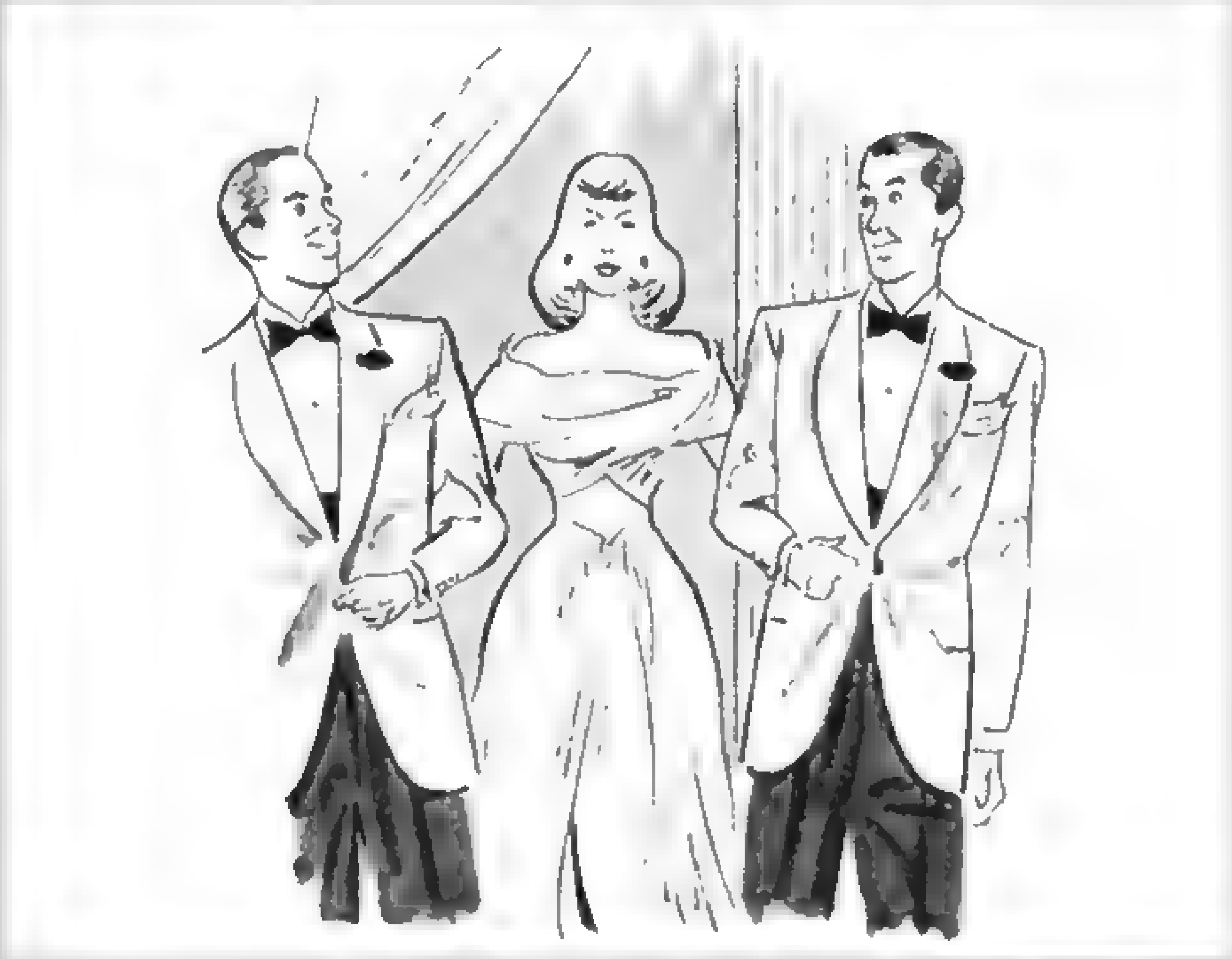
Q. How about ties and boutonnieres for a garden wedding?
A. Ties must match. Practically any boutonniere would be correct except that the groom's must be different and it must be white.

Q. What boutonnieres are worn at a formal evening wedding?
A. The same as at a formal day wedding.



Q. Must all dinner jackets match at a semiformal evening wedding?
A. Yes—all must be black or all midnight blue and all must be single-breasted or all double-breasted.

Q. What about the boutonnieres for the semiformal evening wedding?
A. The same as at a formal day or evening wedding.



Q. What jacket is worn at a summer semiformal evening wedding?
A. The white dinner jacket—and they must all be the same: all single-breasted or all double-breasted.

Q. Must the accessories at a summer semiformal evening wedding match?
A. Yes—ties and cummerbunds and jewelry must be the same color for every member of the wedding party. The boutonnieres depend on the color of the accessories and they are all the same, except that the groom's is always white.

Q. How do the ushers know where to seat the guests?
A. Preferably the special guests receive guest cards which they hand to the usher when he greets them. Frequently a guest list is followed. In any other case, the usher asks each lady who enters, if he doesn't know her, "Are you a friend of the bride or of the bridegroom?" The bride's guests are always seated on the left side of the church; the groom's on the right.

Q. Is the groom responsible for his ushers' and best man's accessories?
A. It is customary, but not necessary, for the groom to outfit the best man and ushers with the proper accessories. But he is expected to furnish the boutonnieres for his groomsmen, his father and the bride's father.

Q. Who gives the bachelor dinner?
A. The groom gives the bachelor dinner, but the best man handles all the arrangements for him.

Q. Is the best man always the groom's brother?
A. The bridegroom usually selects his senior brother to be his best man. If the groom has no brother he may choose to have his father or any good friend serve in that capacity.

Q. Does the bride's father stand in the receiving line?
A. The bride's father may stand in the receiving line between his wife and the groom's mother, but preferably he mingles with the guests as he would do at any party where he was the host.

Q. Is the groom responsible for the bride's wedding flowers?
A. Yes, the groom is responsible for both the bride's wedding bouquet and her going-away corsage. He is also expected to furnish flowers for both his mother and the mother of the bride.

For answers to your other wedding queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York

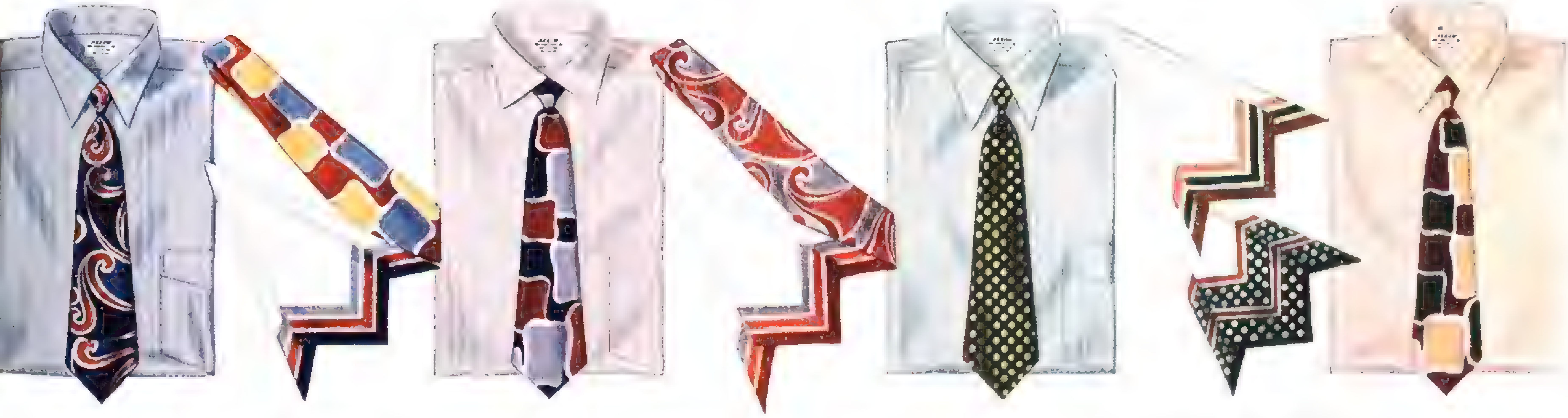
JOHN FALTER

Arrow's Style of the Month
"Arapastel"

WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT in men's shirts this sparkling spring? We'll tell you:

The thing is *soft tones!* Pastel colors. And Arrow's got 'em. Our May ensemble—"Arapastel"—features shirt colors in soft-and-creamy pastel broadcloth in Blue, Gray, Green, and Cream. And the broadcloth is given an *extra* sparkle by the snowy corded stripes in narrow widths. (The effect is super!)

"Go-Together" tip—Combine color ensembles shown below with your BLUE, BROWN, and/or GRAY suits! This, my friends, is A-1 good taste.

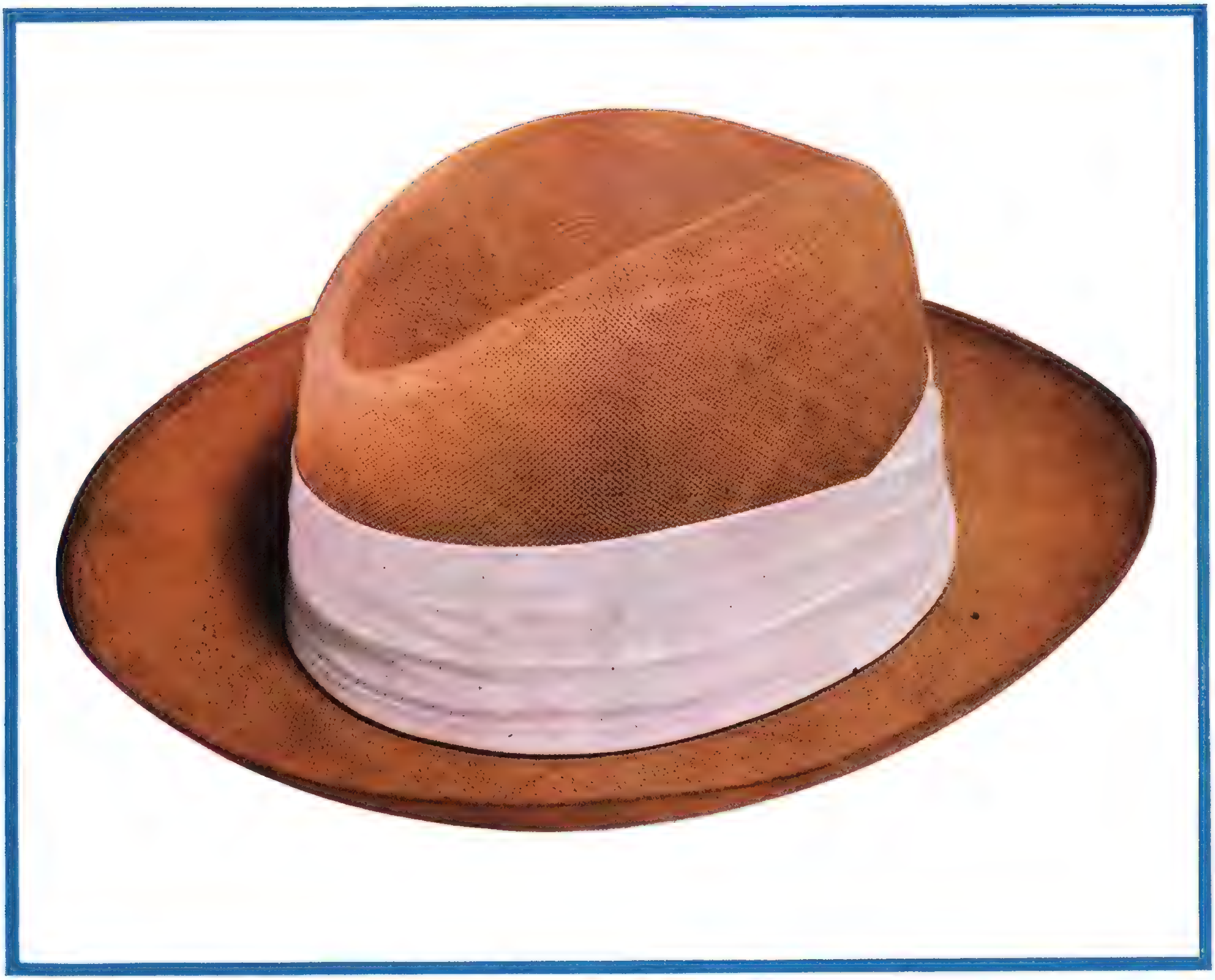


THE SHIRTS are *not only* the best-lookers the year has brought forth. They also give you THE famous Arrow Collar . . . the exclusive "Mitoga" trade-mark, meaning: "shaped-to-your-shape"... and the Sanforized label. (The fabric can't shrink more than 1%.) $1.25.

THE TIES—designed *expressly* to point up these shirts—come in (A) the ever-popular polka dots in rafts of colors, (B) a skittish "allover" pattern, (C) a very beautiful jacquard rayon, offset with brilliant highlights—*woven throughout.* $1.50.

THE HANDKERCHIEFS are the final course—the "ice cream and cake"—in this delectable Spring ensemble! These are peppered with lively polka dots, and match up the neckties handsomely. 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark ARROW "Arapastel" SHIRTS
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS



KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

The Alpin straw homburg

Election year or no election year, we don't need any straw vote to tell us that this hat will be the leader this summer. It's a snapped homburg in a toast-tone Panama with a white puggree; that small group of men who are usually first in men's fashions have already taken to it completely. Its able running mates are shown below.

Coconut-palm hat with a striped puggree

Sennit hat with a club-stripe band

Tapered-crown mesh Panama, bold-print puggree

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

IT'S A
KUPPENHEIMER

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Do Americans Make Good Spies?

Continued from page 43

Jackson's Belle Boyd would have laughed at the idea of espionage being too sinful for American women! And how she would have been joined in mirth by that shapeless sepia spy, Harriet Tubman—that historic Negro figure who organized a spying corps for General Hunter and sat on his General Staff! The idea of sexy spying is an outright insult to the ghost of Lydia Darrah, Washington's brave Quakeress.

On the other hand, cynics maintain that perhaps it's just as well we don't use the American woman in espionage. Something in our character, it's contended, keeps the American female from ever attaining the desired non-national sophistication. Europeans aver they can immediately spot her special chic, her arrogance, her semimasculine behavior, her dreamy long legs, and her inescapable nasal twang. Again, cynics allege that our government likes to hire only Good Girls for any position in intelligence—and that they would be of little value in a rare situation which might be described as an Or-Else.

Sex becomes just as shaming when one considers the American male as a spy.

On one side of the local fence, our American is a Puritan. Like his witch-hunting forebears, he sends maladjusted sex offenders off to prison or social disgrace without benefit of psychological treatment. He assures his fiancée he's virginal and fully expects her to be. He treats sex as a filthy subject fit only for the boys in the back room, instills horrible complexes into his children, and travels far to see the burlesque he banned in his own home town.

On the other side, his every waking moment is bombarded by pure sex. It starts in the morning with perfume in his manly shaving lotion, continues through the bus and magazine and newspaper ads, increases in the sexy undercurrent at office and club, reaches a crescendo in movies and books and radio's so-called love songs. More important, he's a man, a male.

The inevitable finale to such two-faced conceptions of sex is evidenced in the dispassionate and objective findings of the Kinsey research project: almost three out of four American men have had relations with prostitutes by the age of thirty-five, some eighty-six per cent engage in premarital intercourse, and about fifty per cent participate in extra-marital intercourse. Further evidence can be heard in any near-by divorce court. The principle was proved, once and for all time, when the American soldier hit Europe and wallowed in release from inhibited illusions. Ask any overseas veteran when the wife's notaround. EverythingOverThere was off the home-town scoreboard. The whole business was shockingly close to orgy. Why mince facts?

Just as inevitable was the threat to our wartime counterintelligence. Even comparatively naïve C-I officers were aghast at how the American accepted European women at face value. The wildest lie was accepted as literal truth. Several dates and he was "going steady." Assuming his European companion to be innocent and trustworthy, he felt perfectly safe in confiding shoptalk and office troubles. Precious secrets popped out; how many, only Allied secret-service chieftains know.

Women swarmed around U. S. headquarters to an extent unknown to other armies. Female civilian employees were "vetted" as to loyalty. But Allied agencies normally did the vetting. And since an ally always remains an enemy in intelligence circles, it seems likely the vetting officials placed informants in our offices.

Perhaps military security principles were followed during office hours. But even the most loyal veteran must admit that the male American tongue was more loose during World War II than at any period since Prohibition. No one will ever know how many classified details floated away in nightclub smoke, or in boudoir perfume. Again, all due to the American's trust in the unquestionable character of all womanhood.

One general's secret papers disappeared from his bedroom. Our embarrassed intelligence had to ask the French to arrest the lady as an ordinary thief. I say "embarrassed," because no one could acknowledge the girl was a French agent; our intelligence knew that French officers were enjoying a laugh—and a valuable file based on those hush-hush documents.

Another general so trusted female dinner companions that he had to impress them with actual invasion data. Other officers were so childish in London nighttime play (while handling Top Secret data) that the British had to make indirect protests about their long-suspect girl friends.

Also in London, C.I.C. and New Scotland Yard's efficient Special Branch picked up a Piccadilly Commando whose working room was jammed with piles of letters from unbelievably innocent suitors; together, those scribblings presented a complete list of virtually every U.S. air station in the British Isles. Another time, top echelon had to cancel an unusually secret and vital bombing target inside Poland because a boyish American sergeant gabbed with a chance-acquaintance barmaid.

Those stories could be itemized page after page. Suffice it to say that never in recorded history did any army go on such an extended love binge as that of the Americans in Europe. Never did an army make such a collective jackass of itself while blessedly winning a horrible war. Such a statement, hysterical as it may sound, is news only to the stay-at-homes. And it all happened, possibly, because of the American male's attitude toward American women. Moreover, American intelligence agents were right in the forefront of this little drama. They, too, were having a first real fling at Life. They had more freedom of movement, more privileges, more access to gifts, than most soldiers. And more time.

All of which is a rather delayed-action way of arriving at an ugly truth: our best citizen—the clean, fresh, cocky, moral, naïve, overly patriotic young American male—makes a stinking spy.

With the proper travel-language background, he may prove invaluable in research and evaluation pursuits. And they, after all, constitute the major bulk of intelligence. But in the side-line business with which we are here concerned, literal spying, the All-American Boy is out. Normal investigative procedure and standards (moderate drinker and smoker, no record of arrests, no disloyal remarks, no pinkish college chums, third-generation American, good marks in school, production-line college degree, loved by friends and neighbors, etc.) cannot be applied to our prospective spies. They must be drawn from the golden pool of our naturalized and our traveled, our immigrants and our foreign businessmen, our itchy-footed seamen and salesmen, the different variations of Americans who *know* foreign countries.

It's also apparent that an all-around spy, a four-goal man in the game of intelligence polo, is as rare as a pink mink. No one man can converse easily with both intellectuals and wharf rats. No single all-in-one male can be as worldly as a New York bellhop, as well-dressed as an Esquire model, as suave as an antique dealer, and as canny as a con man.

This means we'll have to collect a strange assortment. We'll have to take men who have been arrested once or twice. And others who can open safes, negotiate a second-story window, get drunk, and speak Marseille French instead of Passy French.

Even in this last war there were sad stories, unconfirmed, of nice young kids dropped into enemy territory equipped with only two years of college language study. There were more sickening stories about parachuted agents who disappeared because their superiors failed to realize that well-fed young men would stand out like American flags in hungry German-occupied countries long emptied of young males.

These stories were so abundant in intelligence circles before Normandy that one suspects several grains of truth somewhere in the sifting sands of rumor. Still, it must be acknowledged that initial mistakes soon were corrected. The "Moles" in a London attic supplied American agents with clothes, background stories and papers which made even the British and French gasp with envy and admiration. Yet the original point remains, despite wartime organizational successes. None of the real heroes, the fantastic, dramatic and successful heroes, was a four-letter man who wore a frat pin, spoke high-school French, and still believed in the eternal goodness of woman. In short, wholesome American youth has little place in the dark side of field espionage. Our actual spies, few as they are, must be Men, not Boys. They should shape up as cosmopolites of one kind or another, able to smuggle with the best and snuggle with the worst.

As an enemy of American spies, the national attitude toward Sex and Life is surpassed only by the traditional attitude toward publicity.

Anonymity has been the lifeblood of the French, English, Belgian, Russian, and Chinese secret services. The late chief of China's *B.I.S.*, Lt. Gen. Tai Li, for example, probably was the greatest spymaster of World War II. Yet no one knew his whereabouts, his age, his birthplace, or his face.

In this country, however, the White House announced noisily that Rear Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter was the new director of the Central Intelligence Group. The Admiral's predecessor, Lieutenant General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, was appointed with a fanfare of publicity usually reserved for a new movie star or the goat of a Congressional investigation. The flood of newsprint about the chief was matched by that which exposed the secretive organization itself. Reading like an enemy agent's confidential report on this country's espionage, one news magazine's article shouted blandly: "*Publicity is the last thing that General Vandenberg wants. And yet it is possible to tell, on excellent authority, what the General and CIG are doing, how they operate, what their purposes are . . .*" etc., etc. Horrifying conscientious intelligence authorities in this country, the piece ripped covers off many intimate details of our first peacetime secret service.

Here, again, is another moot point about Americans as spies: they'll never measure up to competition or enjoy a truly secret service—even if all else is up to par—until the domestic press understands its implied duties in connection with espionage. Editors will have to realize when national security outweighs headlines. As it is now, international intrigue vital to the nation is put on the same open-keyhole basis as four-poster gossip from Hollywood and Broadway.

(Two alarming instances of even surface consequences: a reddish Paris newspaper disclosed the name of one of our recent espionage chiefs before he himself knew about it—more than a month before the usual press announce-

Continued on page 104

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Do Americans Make Good Spies?

Continued from page 103

ment of his appointment. And our newly organized Central Intelligence Agency immediately was described in great detail last autumn—in the weekly *New Times*, printed in Soviet Russia.)

This national worship of publicity, this national inability to keep a secret, is even more harmful in its effect upon our actual agents. Firstly, they feel no professional sin in blabbing secrets to newspapermen, columnists, and commentators. Secondly, they're overcome by a natural desire to get out, tell all, and cash in. The not-so-mute testimony lies in a steady stream of I-Was-a-Spy stories poured between magazine covers, into book stalls, and onto the silver screen. True, such confessions also are popular in some countries. But no other nation in the world has as many well-paying, well-read magazines and books as America. So the American agent rushes back into normal civilian life with open mouth and open diary, received by publishers and producers with open arms and open purses.

The loophole, of course, is the absence of any really strict law prohibiting disclosures of information necessary to the nation's security.

It was an Official Secrets Act which enabled Canada to make her huge spy roundup. A more pertinent example of how such legislation works is within my own knowledge. I refer to an English spy who slipped into the Wehrmacht and managed to penetrate the German secret service. He stayed in that suspicious organization throughout the entire war, channeling priceless data back to London while the Nazis promoted him again and again. After the war, he caught "tell-all fever" from some American friends; a large publisher's advance arrived, accompanied by plans for a lucrative lecture tour in the U. S. A.

Suddenly, however, he was pulled into London's Bow Street court. The offense wasn't listed, the principals' addresses weren't released, the hearing was "in camera." Newspapers stated only that it was a "secrets case" and definitely a "mystery." They quoted the chief magistrate as commenting, "I have been lenient." There was a fine. The book and the lecture tour evaporated.

Poor fellow? Yes, by quick rags-to-riches American concepts. But the British regarded their secret service as more important, more permanent, more vital to the nation as a whole, than one sensational book which might benefit a few. That's how they keep their fabled secret service secret.

Aside from the fact that American spies' diary-books invariably lead to indiscreet revelations of the inner workings of our intelligence, there's still another danger. Agents anxious to leave the service and "make a fortune" never will become veteran. To put it another way, the publicity influence also weakens our intelligence by causing agents to resign just when they're becoming polished amateurs. Real espionage of the rare dramatic sort requires professionals who have been in the trade for years. The between-jobs type of man our service has been welcoming is good only temporarily, or for specific missions. An expert American service can't be built without the career man.

Does all this mean Americans don't make good spies?

No, as any intelligence expert will discern, this is naught but leisurely inspection of a few intriguing points—startling contrasts between European and American spies. The main complaints here are directed against (1) our ridiculous reluctance to employ female agents, (2) our dangerous fetish for publicity, (3) our lack of career spies and other lifetime intelligence personnel, and (4) our adolescent illusion that the Rover Boy makes as good a spy as the European.

Book, newspaper, radio, movie, and magazine worlds have heaped so much praise upon our wartime intelligence that it needs no further backslapping here. That, in fact, has produced such an overwhelming aroma of intoxicating victory that the few necessary odors of criticism have been smothered. Intelligence, by its undercover nature and resultant privileges, is allergic to legitimate criticism.

Suffice it to say, once again, that the *right* American has no peer in espionage. Among other things, he possesses one of the most devastating of all spying weapons: $$$$. He is blessed with valuable initiative, ingenuity, optimism, self-confidence and self-reliance. Despite what one authoritative columnist has rightly called "the astonishing mistakes" of O.S.S., that group achieved an historic success of fast-moving organization—starting from absolute scratch. The Clark mission to North Africa, the maneuvered surrender of the Germans in Italy, the weather-report network behind Jap lines in China, the semi-official secret missions in a dozen countries, the amazing value of agents who worked ahead of our Armies in Europe, the priceless job of research and evaluation—all these and hundreds more indicate what a truly American intelligence can achieve when it really gets down to work.

On the other hand, we cannot afford the tollful luxury of any more intelligence disasters such as those of Hawaii, Faid Pass, the Ardennes. (Even in vital research and evaluation, as Dr. George S. Pettee points out, we made consistent errors in judging German war production, fighter aircraft, guided missiles, military casualties, oil reserves, sulphur sources, factory dispersal, railway equipment, etc., etc.) An atomic Pearl Harbor may well be the last

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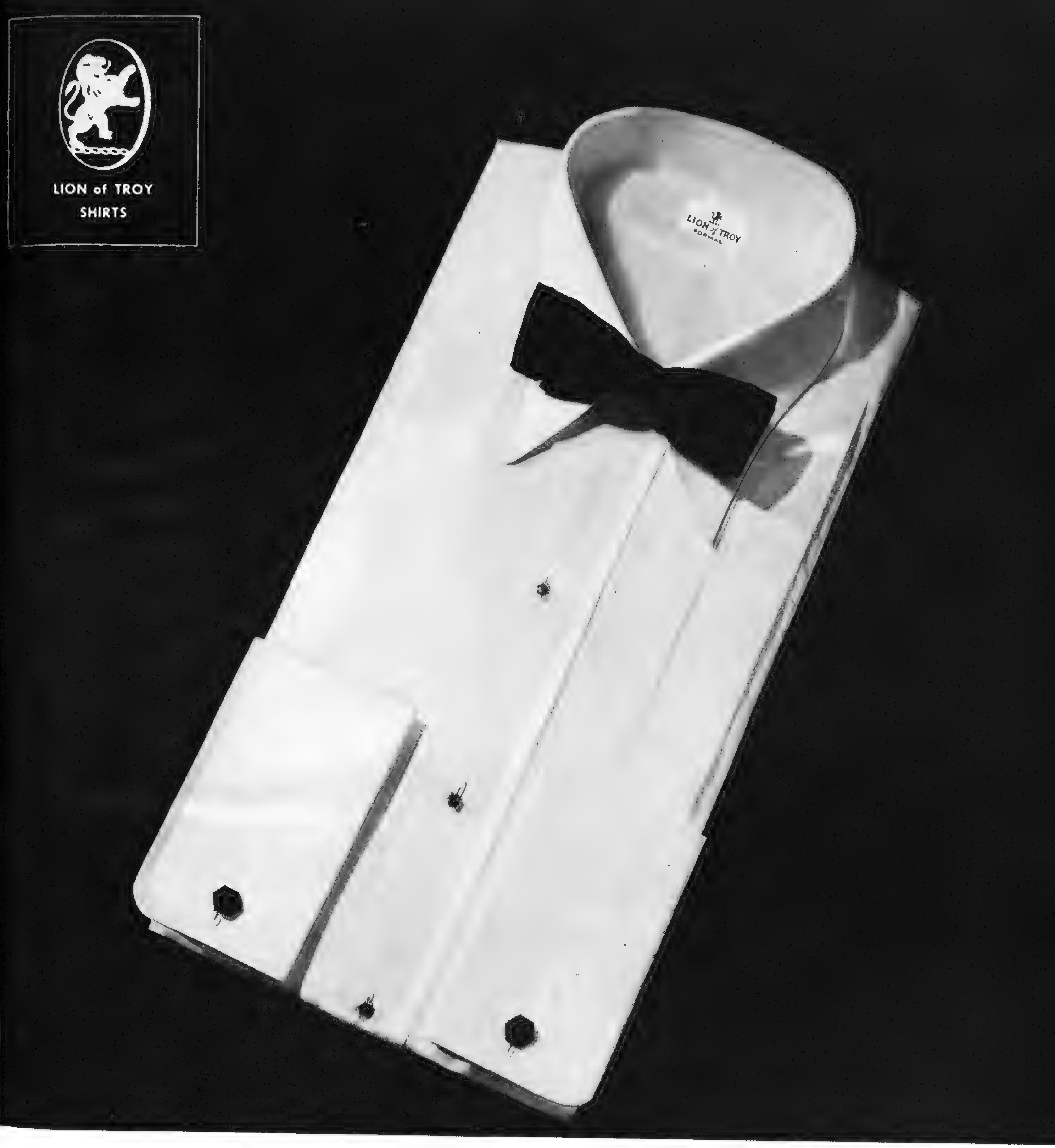

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BOSOM FRIEND OF WELL-DRESSED MEN

Do Americans Make Good Spies?

Continued from page 104

page of our history. And the sole defense against atomic attack is a professional, cosmopolitan, imaginative, powerful, and quick-acting intelligence. That has been emphasized so often that it's almost a platitude—but nevertheless terrifying in importance. The prayer is to let our new intelligence get to work with every assistance we can provide. And, above all, to let our secret service remain that.

Parenthetically, the United States has no patent upon mistakes of organization and questionable national traits as far as espionage is concerned.

All authorities are agreed that the Germans' highly vaunted intelligence was a nightmare before Himmler got through with it. His "monumental series of intelligence failures," according to the astute Fletcher Pratt, "without the slightest hyperbole, may be said to have cost the Germans the war." The swastika sleuths predicted we would hit Norway, not North Africa. They said we would bypass Sicily, attack Sardinia first. And when Patton's knights in mobile armor were spear-heading through the St. Lô opening, German intelligence reported "Blood and Guts" as preparing for a second landing in Calais sector.

Most of the Nazi spies we ran across in Europe were poor grade, hastily recruited, lightly trained, utterly helpless, completely unenthusiastic. Some of those landing in Britain could, of all things, speak only broken English; often, they hadn't the slightest idea of their whereabouts. Even a professional Nazi was picked up in England because a keen-eyed constable noticed that the figure "7" on his allegedly British radio had a German cross mark through it.

Italian spies tired of their game immediately upon landing anywhere near our lines: they raced to surrender. The frighteningly expert French intelligence sometimes fell apart because of an occasional officer's corruption, especially right after Liberation. Our protests in one instance, after all-night interrogation of two Corsicans dropped from a German-captured B-17, resulted in a recurring series of courts-martial. (The curious case of the Gaullist Colonel Andrew Dewarvin, the "Colonel Passy" of French intelligence fame, is another example of how politics can smear espionage in continental life.) Prewar Japanese spies in the United States went to musical-comedy lengths to obtain data from aircraft factories, while amused competitors gathered the same information from current aviation magazines. The Russians must find it unnerving to send a man abroad while worrying if he'll ever return once he tastes capitalistic life. The unassailable British? One of their own veterans maintains flatly that the English mania for secrecy is most valuable in covering up mistakes and preserving the invincibility legend. One of our own counterspy's most important joint "shadowing" missions in England was almost ruined because two British agents left our quarry alone for an hour—they had to stop for afternoon tea.

Meanwhile, for our original purpose here, anyone dwelling idly upon *our* shortcomings as babes in the intelligence woods might do well to consider the case of Captain X. He seems to typify, in one little 1944 incident, much of what's wrong with the All-American Boy involved in international espionage.

Through the usual vagary of assignment, Captain X was put in charge of the major American interrogation camp in France. He handled most of the "housekeeping" end, in actual practice, while several lieutenants and sergeants directed the more professional work. This arrangement was mandatory because Captain X, although a hearty, sincere and trusting chap, simply had no conception of intelligence, espionage, or the type of men with whom he was dealing. His unhappy wards were former German spies, collaborationists, ordinary thieves, opportunistic mistresses, stay-behind agents, line crossers, etc. But Captain X was the Good Guy and gave them all a very Square Deal. He became especially fond of one ingratiating whiner who became known behind scenes as Little Joe.

When a conscientious corporal hinted that Little Joe was directly connected with some grim boxes in the cellar—tiny caskets filled with remains of French patriots tortured to death by the Gestapo—Captain X took it as an insult to his judgment of character.

The British asked for Little Joe for detailed questioning, and on his arrival in London they immediately sent a blistering report back to Allied headquarters on the Continent. They said they might overlook the fact that their prisoner was well-equipped with cartons of cigarettes, blankets, clothes, food rations, even a strictly forbidden knife. But their anger erupted into volcanic ire over a letter carried by Little Joe, signed by Captain X, American Intelligence. It was the sort one might write for a lodge brother—a naïve and typically American *letter of recommendation* for the most dangerous Nazi spy in all of France. #

Continued from 43

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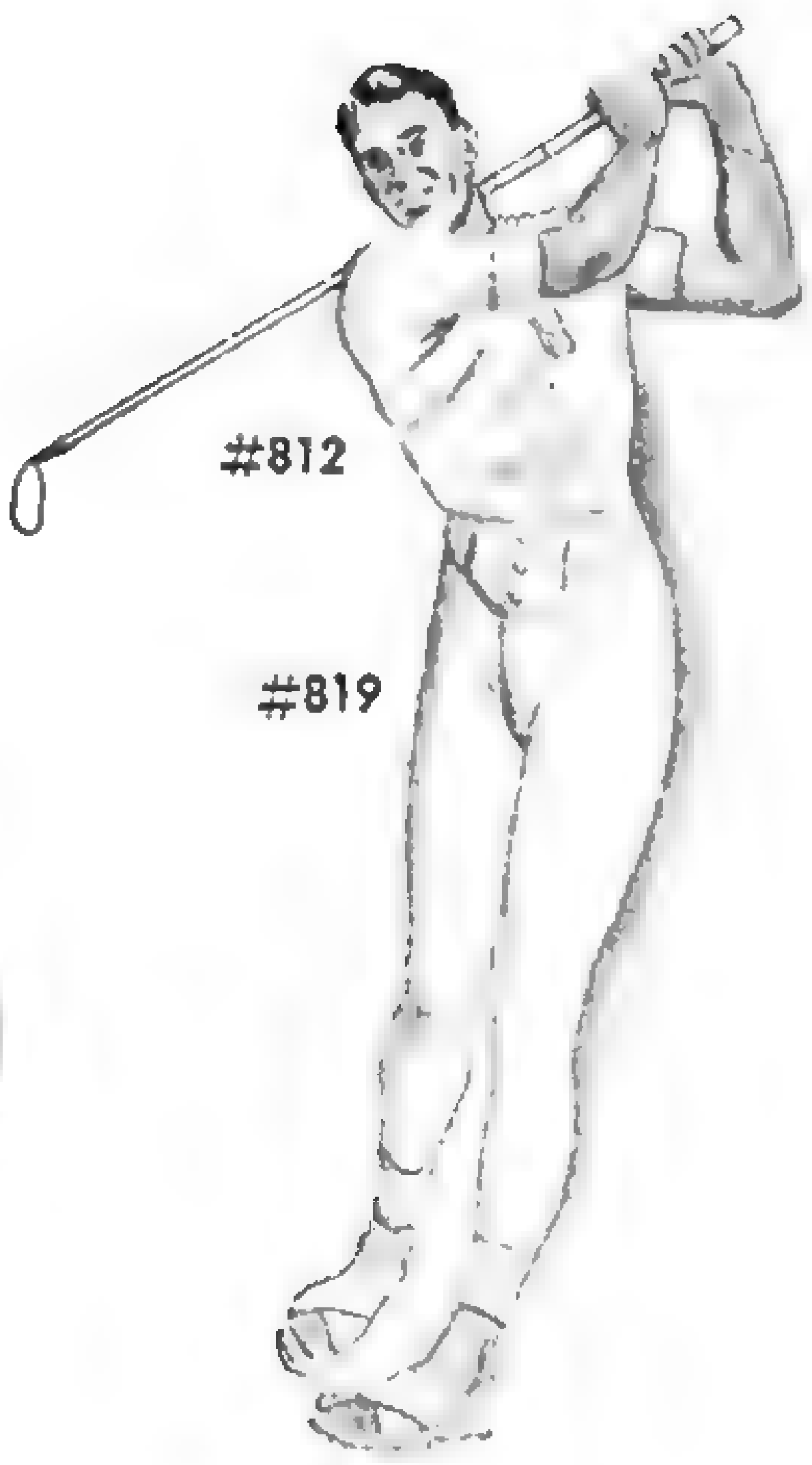

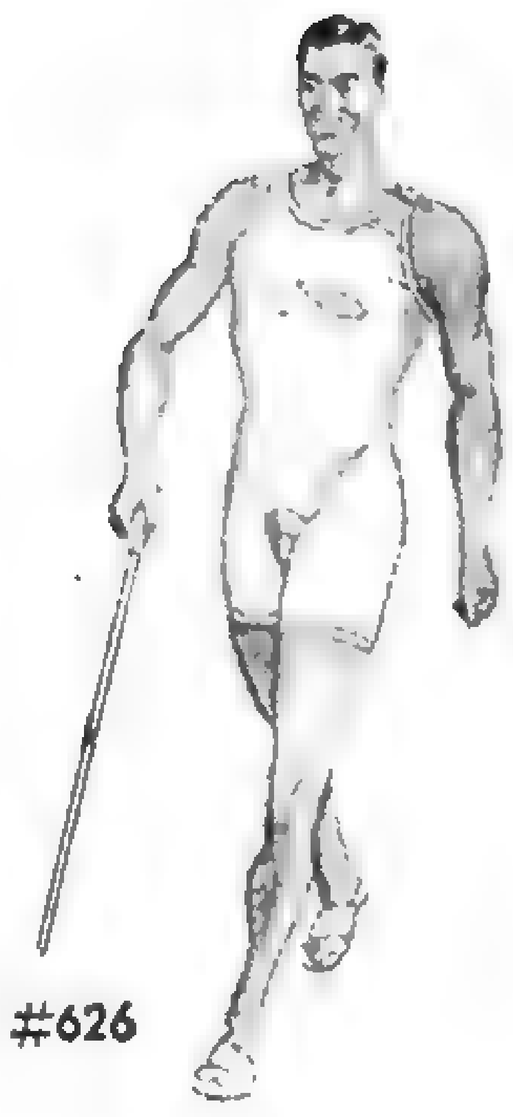

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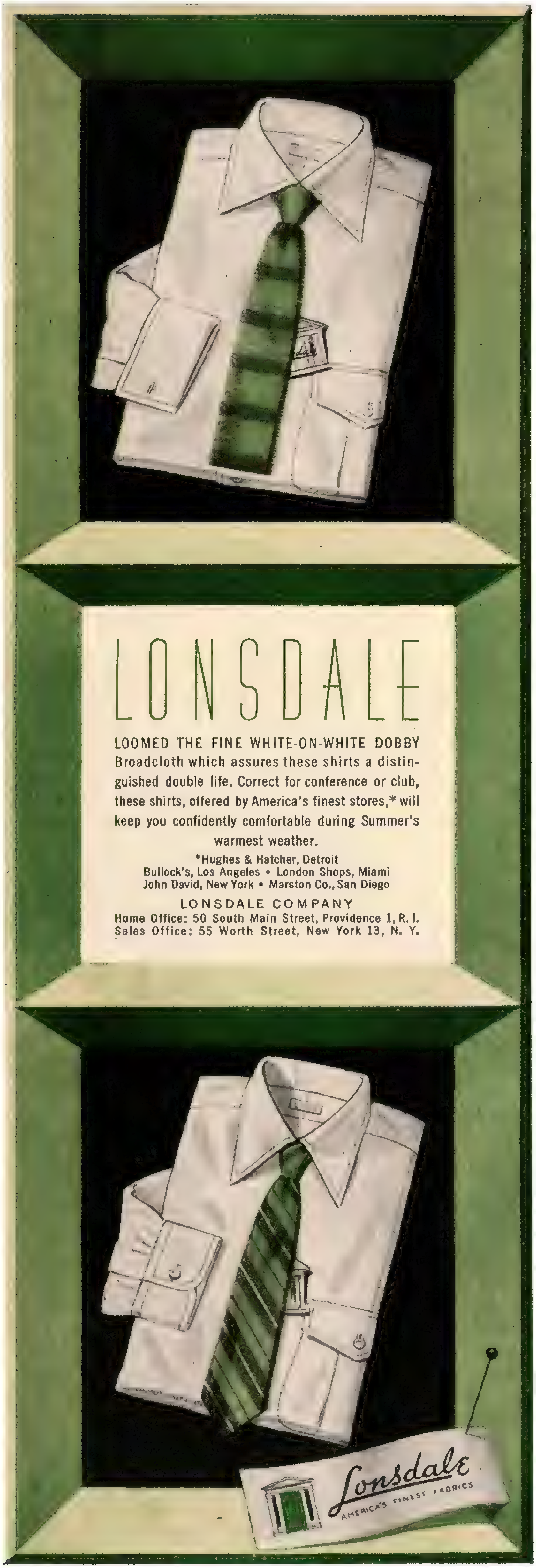

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Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 62

we don't buy it—after plenty extra checking just to make her happy—then she wants a shamus."

"Because why?"

"Because she likes it—in back of her head."

"Which means what?"

"Which means there's a will."

"Sally Bentley?"

"Who else? Leaves more than a hundred G's. Half to the old lady. Half to the sister, Delores."

"Where'd she get it?"

"Earned it, I suppose."

"So?"

"So, there's a tenet of law, states that if you murder someone, it's not allowed that you inherit out of your own handiwork."

"Tenet," I said. "Lieutenant, you are really making with the words."

"So, if it's murder, and Delores done it, she don't get. See? It goes into the pot, which is called residuary estate, legally. And who gets this residuary estate? The old one, that is who, because then she is the one remaining heir. Catch?"

"I suppose."

"So she comes here and she tells us it's murder because it just can't be suicide, and she tells us about how maybe it's Delores because Delores just hates this Sally, but hates her good and hard, and about the will, and about how Delores knew about the will, and about how Delores could certainly use that dough, as who the hell couldn't."

I dug out cigarettes and I added to the fog hanging off the ceiling. "What about the tickets for Europe? What about the happy good humor of the evening before? And what about—if the old lady is telling exactly the truth—without sordid ulterior motive? Can't it be?"

"Sure it can be. Sordid ulterior motive—now who's shooting with the words? Okay, so she's calling them like she sees them, and no sordid ulterior motive. It makes no difference. We've got a clean suicide, and you can't beat that, and you just can't take the lid off the dead one's head to know what was really operating and why she acted like she did before she knocked herself off."

"How clean?"

"What?"

"The suicide."

"Clean like this. Clean like a bullet in the head, close up, powder burns. Clean like a gun in her hand and a note on the desk and the door locked tight, and it wasn't a snap lock, either. I'm not even handling it. I take care of the hard ones. I don't waste my time." He put a lazy circle of smoke between us.

"Who's handling it?"

"Sergeant Williams."

"May I see him?"

"Why not? And all the exhibits too. I'm no wise guy. Maybe we don't have it straight, which I doubt. Maybe you can help, which I also doubt. Don't think I like the part about the ticket for Europe, and everybody is gay and carefree the night before."

He took his feet off the desk and he buzzed the box for Williams. "I want you, and all the Bentley things . . . now . . . right now." He clicked off. "Smart boy," he said, "that Williams. College boy."

Williams was tall and straight and slim with a pointed nose and an important face. He showed me the exhibits. I saw a picture of a rigid woman with her head sidewise on a desk and her right arm straight down with a gun in its fist. I saw a close-up of a hole in back of her right ear. I saw the gun, a flat and graceful .38 automatic. I read a note in the usual blue-black ink: "I am going to kill myself because I am sick and tired of living. I don't like it. Good-by and forgive me. Here goes."

"Handwriting?" I asked Parker.

"Hers. Absolutely."

"No signature?"

"A bullet in the head is sufficient signature."

"Behind the car?"

"Look. Don't carp. A girl writes a note and kills herself. Simple. Nobody wrote it for her. It's not a forgery. We know that. So don't start telling me that behind the car is not usual. Maybe, for you, we'll arrange it that prospective suicides draw diagrams on themselves first, so we can keep you happy."

"It's sort of reaching around, don't you think?"

"No, I don't think."

"She reached, brother," Williams said. "I checked very careful, because of the old lady's squawk. This case is closed with Mamma's complaint registered right on top of the file. We had them all in. Zetz and the sister and the boy friend."

"Boy friend?"

"What," Parker asked, "*do* you know about this case? Anyway? Except that you've got the two thousand."

"Boy friend," Williams said. "Gino Stark, Five-eighty-eight Lexington. Dancing instructor, when he takes time off from improving the gee-gees over by Belmont. Met her at a dance at the Waldorf about a year ago."

"You check that too?"

"Checked. Zetz introduced them."

"Where did Zetz get to know him?"

"Met him a few years back when Zetz went to Arthur Pallette's to brush up on his tango, or something."

I heaved off the cigarette. I stood up and I looked down at Parker. "Stinks a little."

"Maybe. But it's still suicide, and that's the only part that's our business."

"How long was she working for Zetz?"

"Six years," Williams said.

"How much she earn?"

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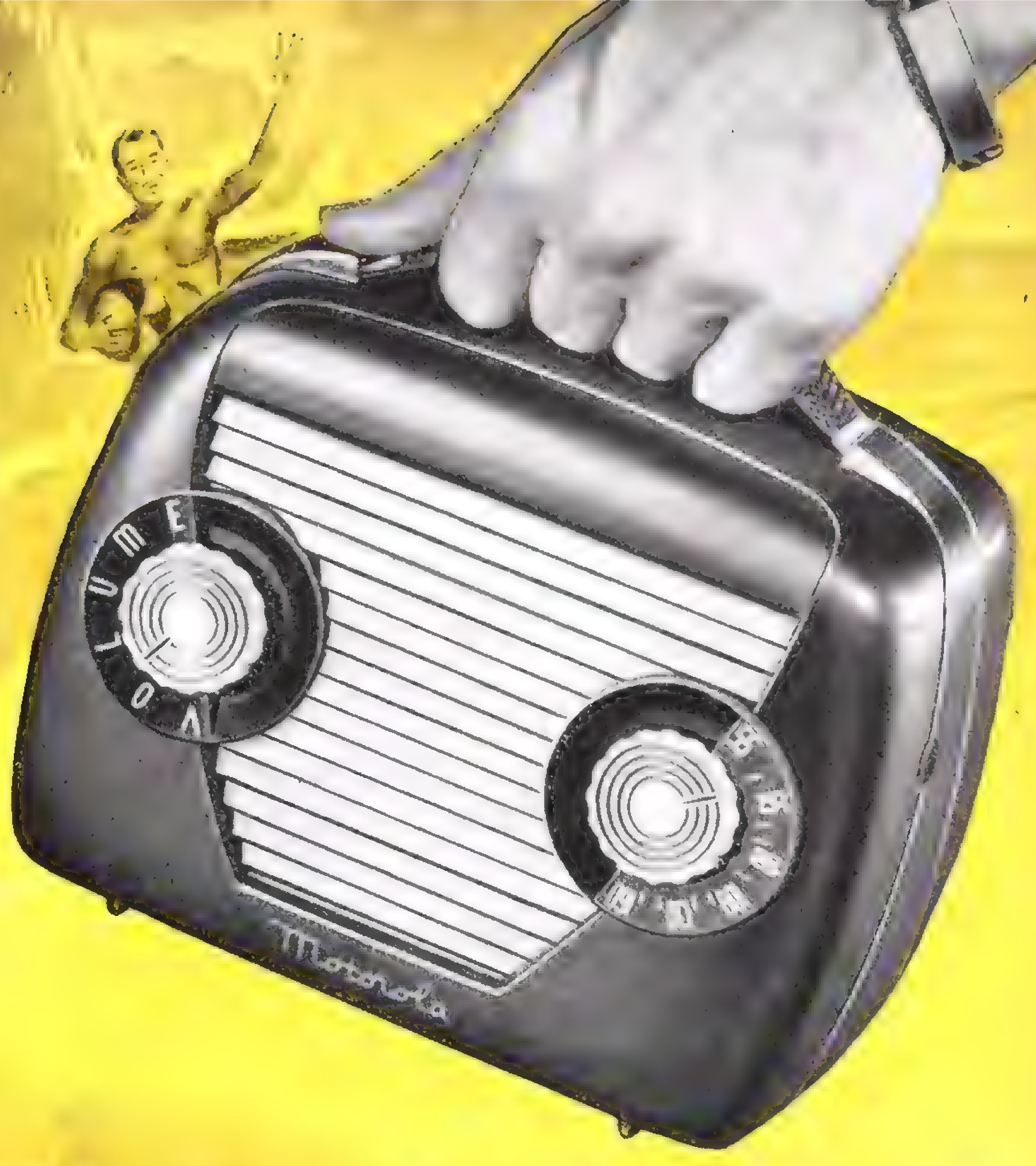

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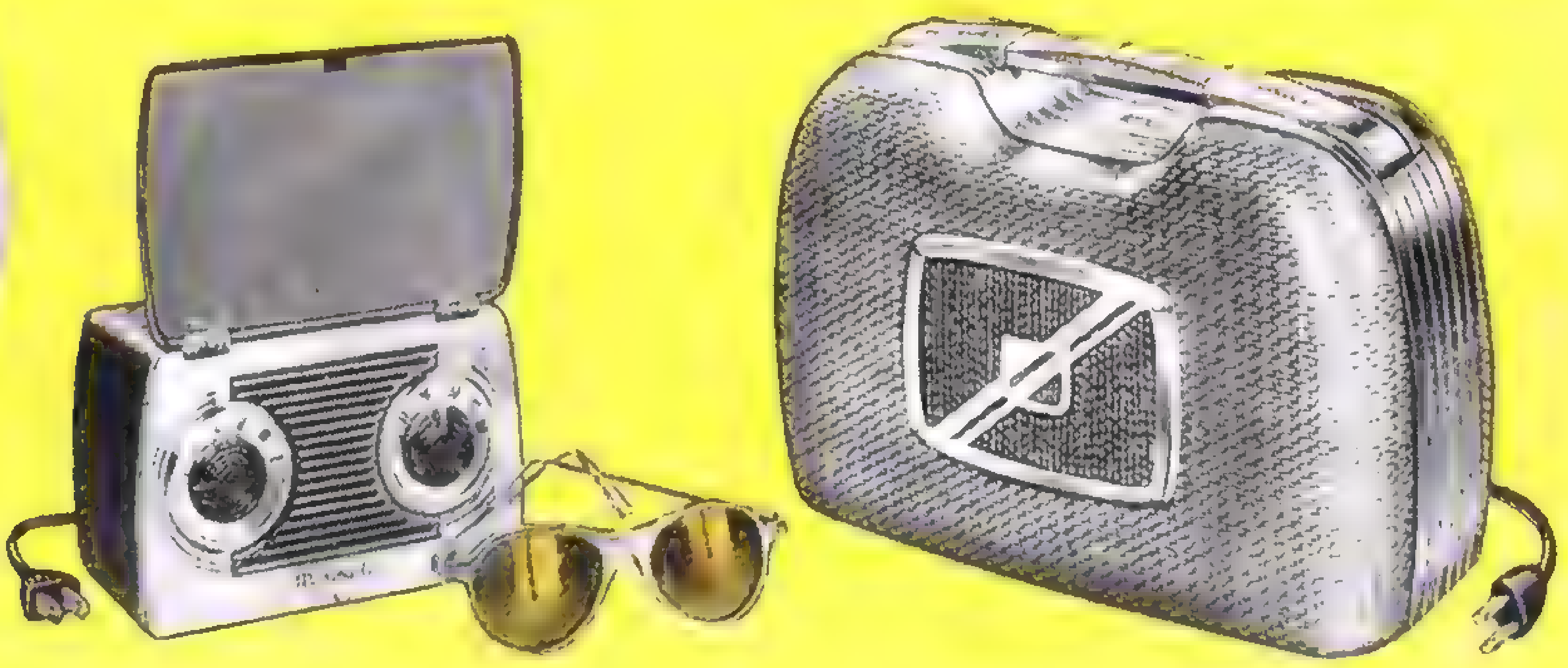

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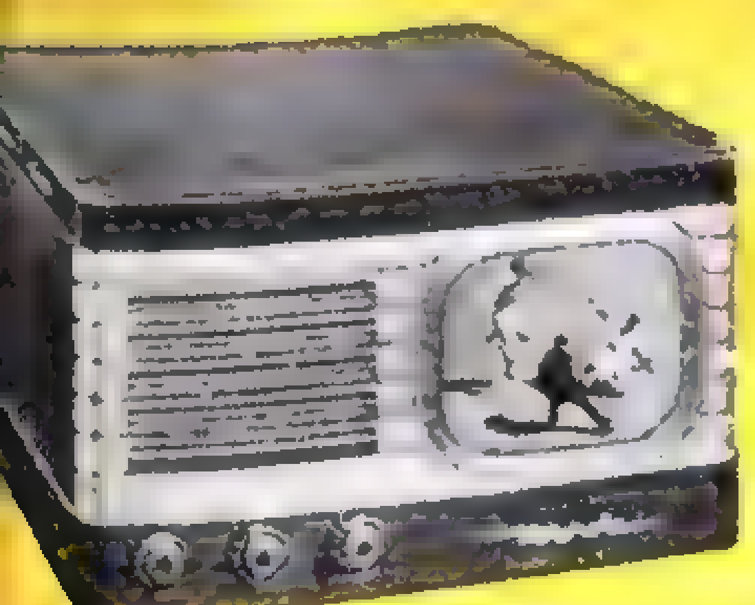

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Moyer

Manufacturing Company Youngstown, Ohio

FINE SLACKS SINCE 1894

Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 108

"A hundred and fifty a week."

I made eyebrows at Parker. "See what I mean?"

"Sure I see what you mean. You mean how come she's got maybe a hundred G's in the bank, working for a yard and a half a week. Ever hear of party girls?"

"Not the kind that work for a living."

"Well, maybe it was extracurricular. Who the hell knows? Maybe Zetz' wife paid her to watch Zetz. She's the former Margot Dinsmore."

"Big society, huh?"

"Biggest and the richest. Out of town right now, she and their two sons. Over by Provincetown."

"Zetz marry her for dough?"

"I wouldn't know, but I'd say no, because Mr. Zetz is a millionaire a couple of times over, mostly by inheritance. I'm sorry, Pete, I just can't make out any of the characters black for you."

"What about her friends?"

"What friends?"

"Out of the address book."

"No good, bright boy. It happens she don't have an address book, not even a diary. Terrible, huh? Here's a girl that don't act like the rest of the girls. But she had a lot of letters. Stacks. We went through all of them, checked. Normal people. Just friends."

"Do you have the letters?"

Williams said, "No. They're at the apartment. We had no use for them here any more."

"Can I see the apartment?"

Williams looked at Parker and Parker looked back. Parker said, "You still got the key?"

Williams said, "Yup."

"Give it to him. What the hell. You got to learn, boy; you got to be friendly with one shamus. One. They're a help, sometimes."

"Oh, " Williams said. "There's another exhibit, still over at the lab—"

"Stick it," I said. "I'll take the key."

I took the key and I took my hat and I bid adieu to the lieutenant and I waved a couple of fingers at the sergeant, and I got out of there and onto the I.R.T. subway, and I crawled out at Fifty-first, which I figured would be near Five-eighty-eight Lexington, and I didn't figure too badly. I found his name on the brass-plated scoreboard downstairs and I pushed the button and I got a click and I went up one flight and there he was waiting for me in a bathrobe tight around the belly with bulk in the shoulders.

"Mr. Stark?"

"Who wants to know?"

Real pleasant. He was tall, taller than I, maybe six feet four, with a custard-smooth olive complexion and soft sliding eyes. He was V-shaped in figure and casual with the false poise of a drunk being led to the pie-wagon. He was the long loungy kind of guy that the girlies go for, but bang.

"Peter Chambers," I told him. "I'm checking on the Sally Bentley thing."

He fiddled with the tassel of the robe. "For whom?"

"Confidential, feller. I'm a private detective."

"Oh. One of them guys. No good, bub. I did my talking to the fuzzies. Don't know a thing."

I moved closer to him in the doorway. "But—"

"No buts, bub. It's like I told them. I don't know nothing about it. Don't know a thing."

"Yes, Mr. Stark, but—"

"Don't know nothing from absolutely nothing." He put a wide hand on my chest and he shoved with relish and sharp determination, and the door slapped shut in my face. Mr. Gino Stark got filed away as a handsome young man with a tough-guy complex that needed treatment. Something psychiatric. Like a haymaker.

I took a cab, still rankling along the chest and rumbling around the stomach and trying to engage reasons for administering the treatment for our Gino's complex, all of which is good for the passage of time, because before I knew it I was paying off the hackie in front of Two-ninety-six Park.

I pushed my hat back and I looked up at the narrow four sandstone stories of a very svelte little pigmy amongst the flat-faced monsters that go to make up our canyon of Park. No doorman. No nothing. Just a silver-grilled ninon-backed glass door with an ivory boundary and a horse's head for a phony knocker and a shining lock. I stuck in the key that Williams had given me and I was in a hallway with enough plush for a lupanar, and a curlicue stairway. Very dandy, but a walk-up, nevertheless. Ah, me, and the rasp of a sigh: your detective trudged, grudgingly, bending over to study name plates. On the second floor front it said BENTLEY.

She had a sensational living room with two walls papered gold and two walls painted grey and a two-toned diagonal modern carpet and limned-grey furniture, expensive. She had a kitchen, regulation, right up to the latest in drip coffee makers, and a bedroom that was an invitation to retire. For two. It had a double-mattressed circular bed and black-mirrored walls and a miniature stockinged leg for a light switch that gave you indirect lighting that called for absinthe and a hazy glow and stifled giggles and a hand to reach out a finger to switch off the lady's leg for darkness. I got out of that bedroom, fast.

The kitchen cupboard was stacked with more notable potables than the lockers of a private-bottle club and I helped myself to three neat brandies and a slow shake of the head to get over that bedroom. Then I gave the apartment the old one two. And three. I went over it like an embarrassed Mamma with the fine-tooth comb when Curlyhead gets sent home from school, and the best I could

Continued on page 115

putting it on the line in slacks

The *wash* line, that is. Because this is a Mooresville "wash line" fabric . . . 100% spun rayon that swims through the soap suds without running or fading. Won't shrink or stretch more than 2%. Crisp as a cracker, gives wrinkles the brush-off without so much as a shrug, is light and airy—honest, man, what *more* could you want? Ask to see it now at your favorite store, handsomely tailored in a new series of *Seven Seas* slacks by Moyer.

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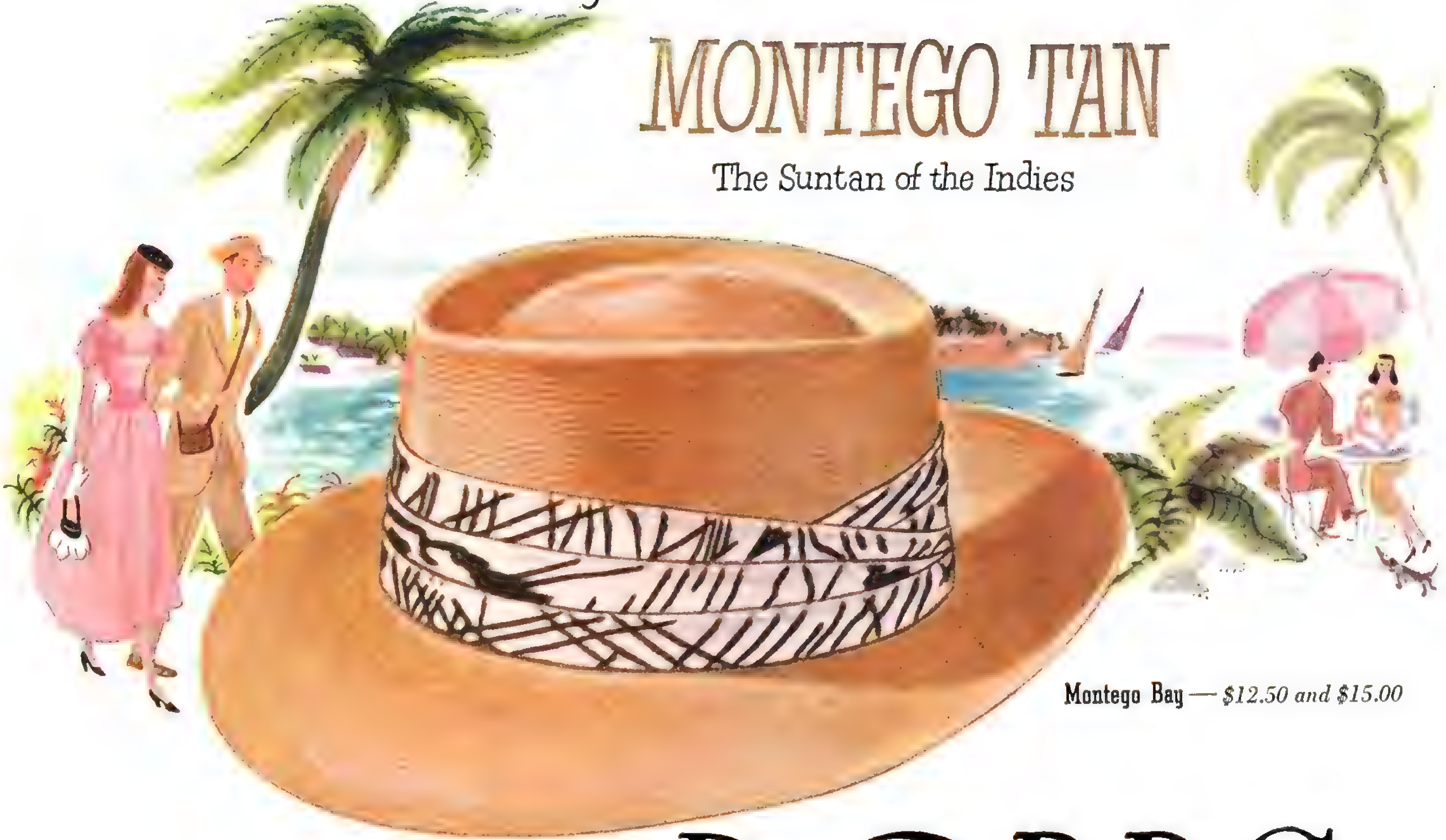

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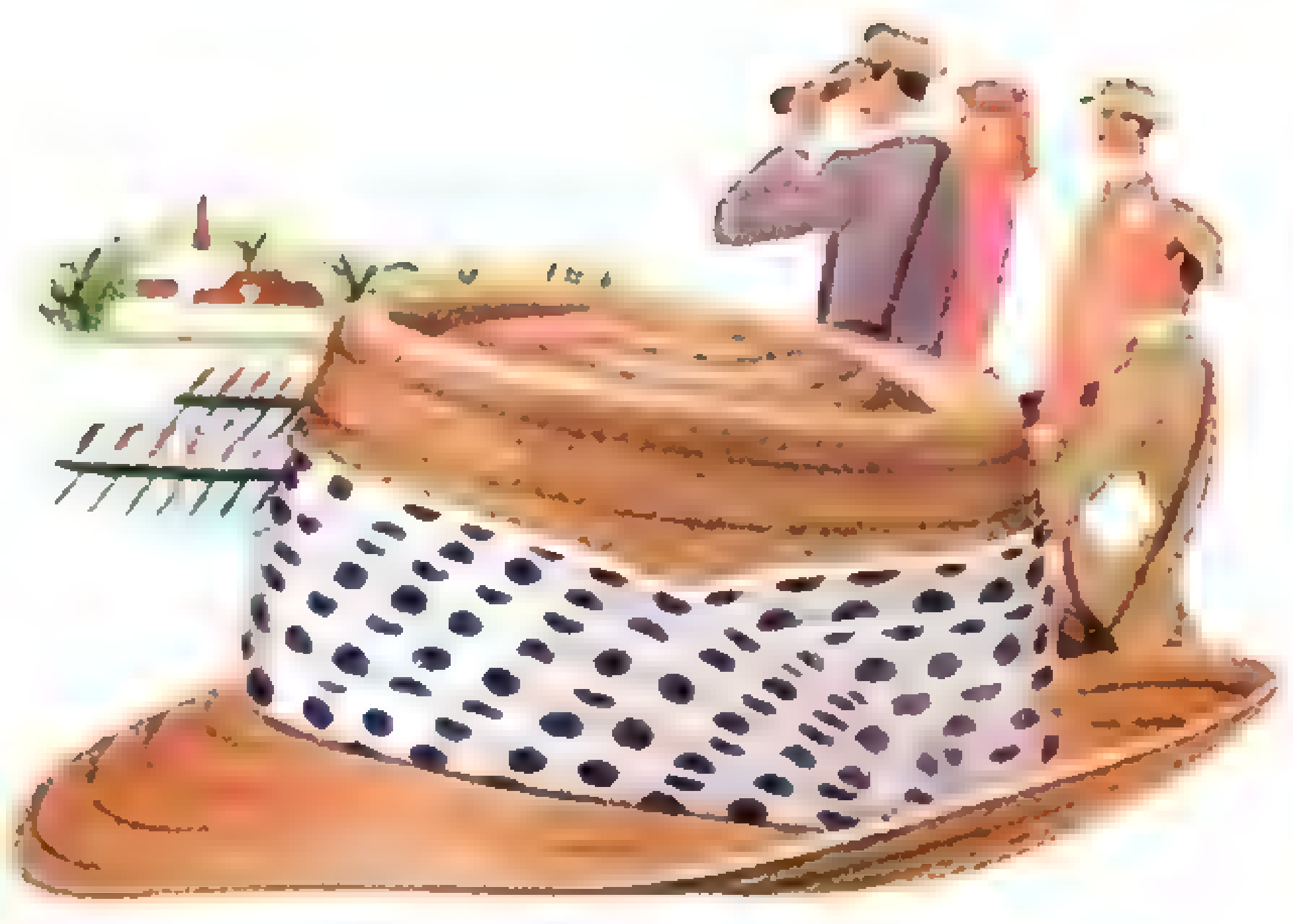

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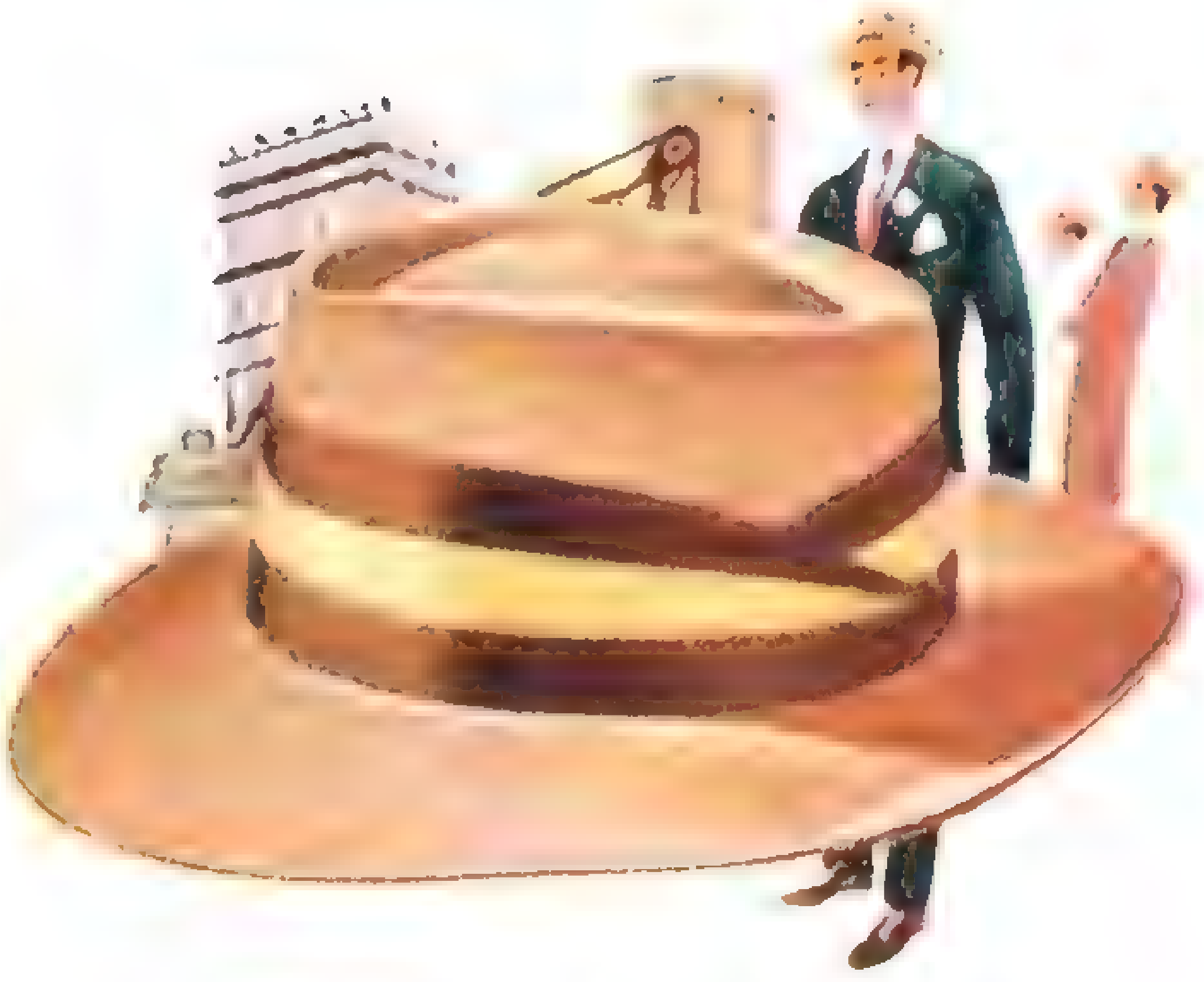

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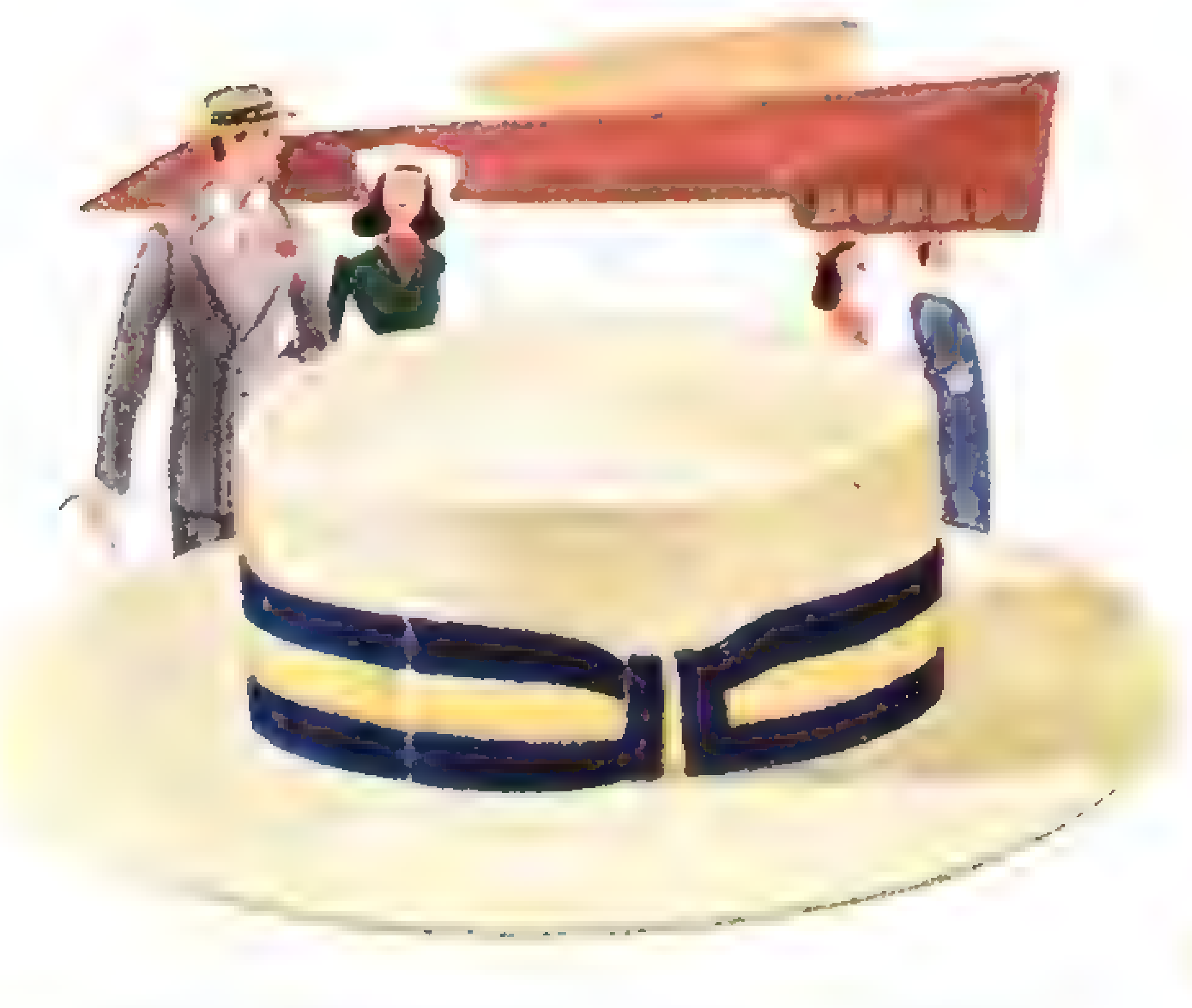

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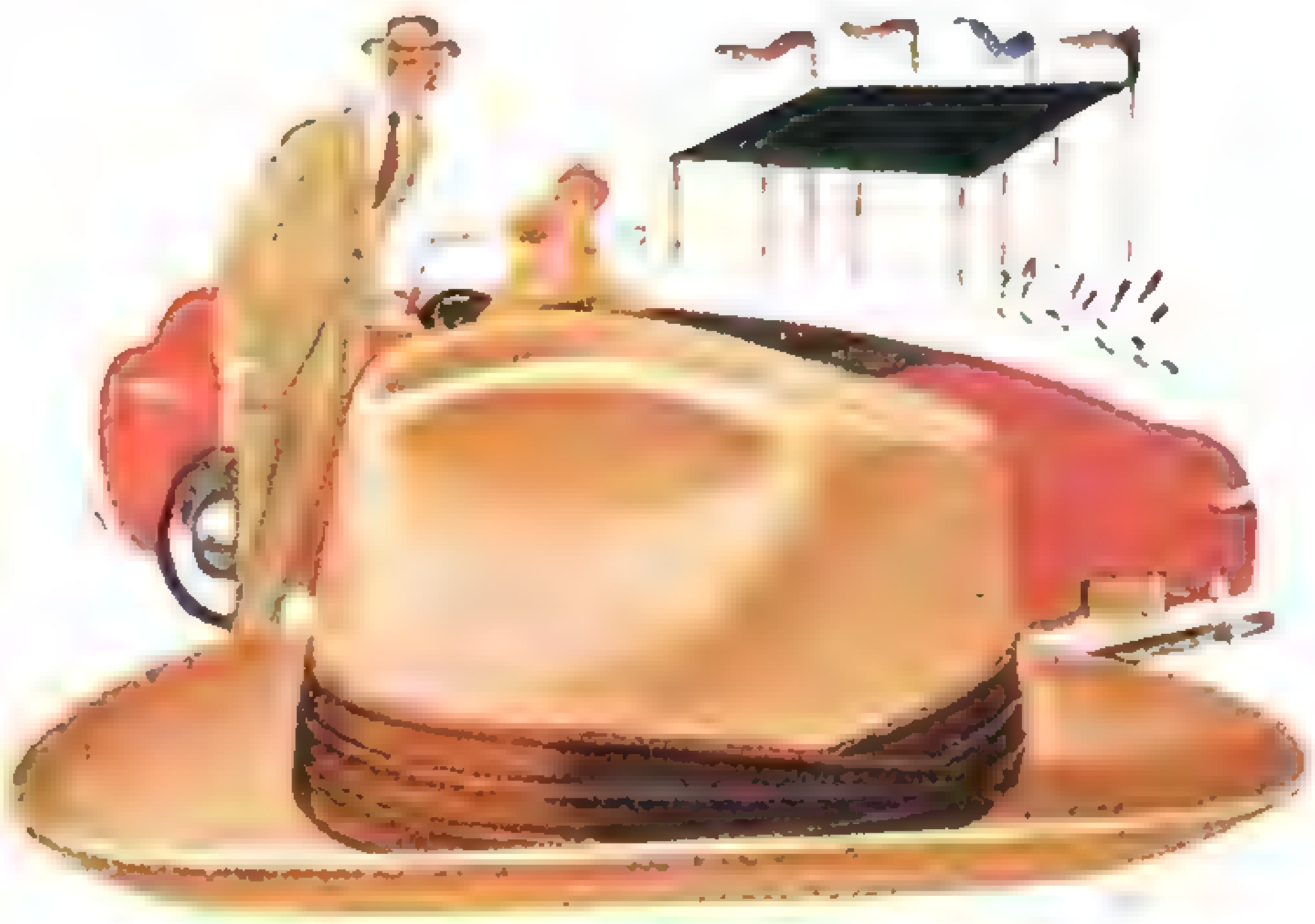

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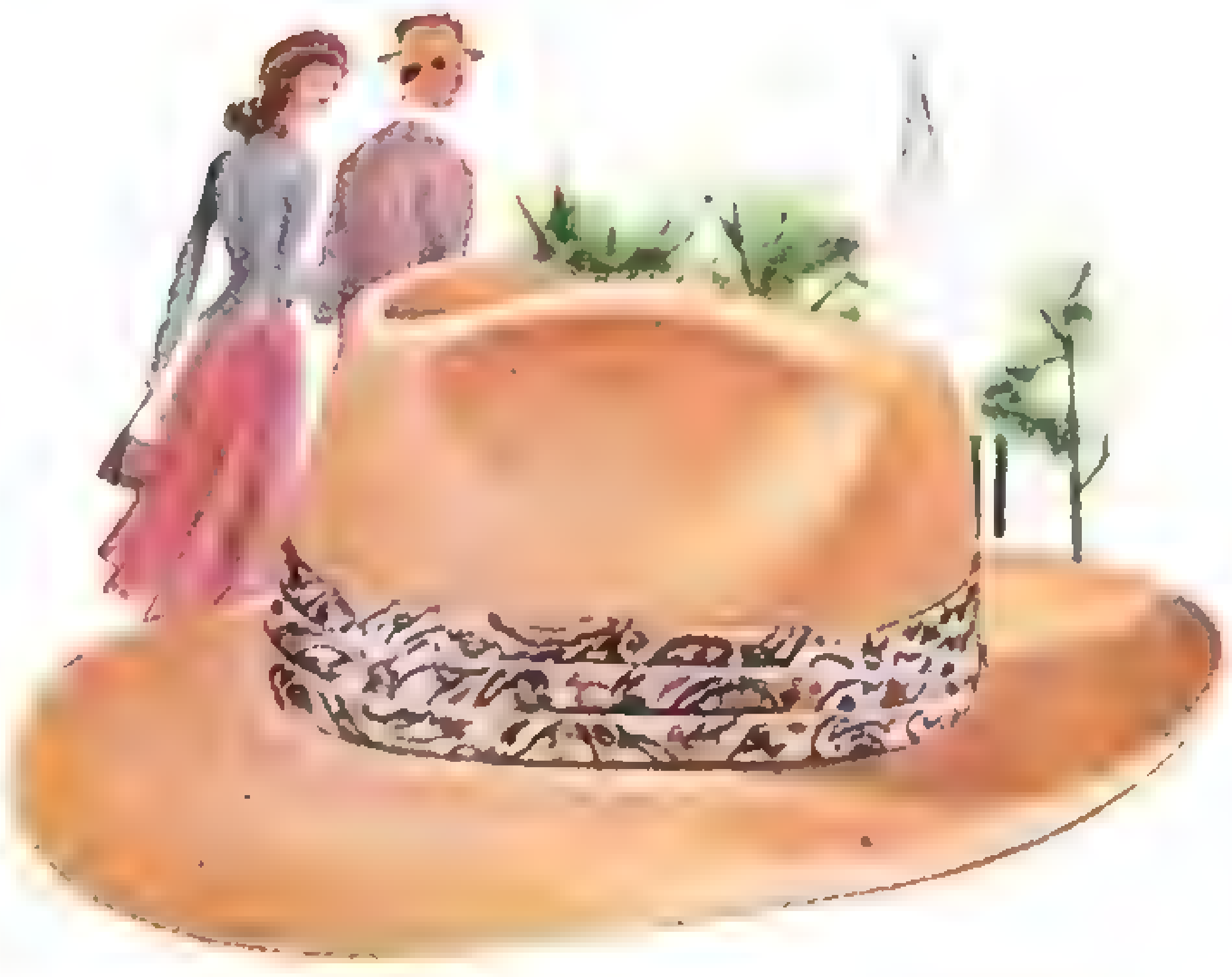

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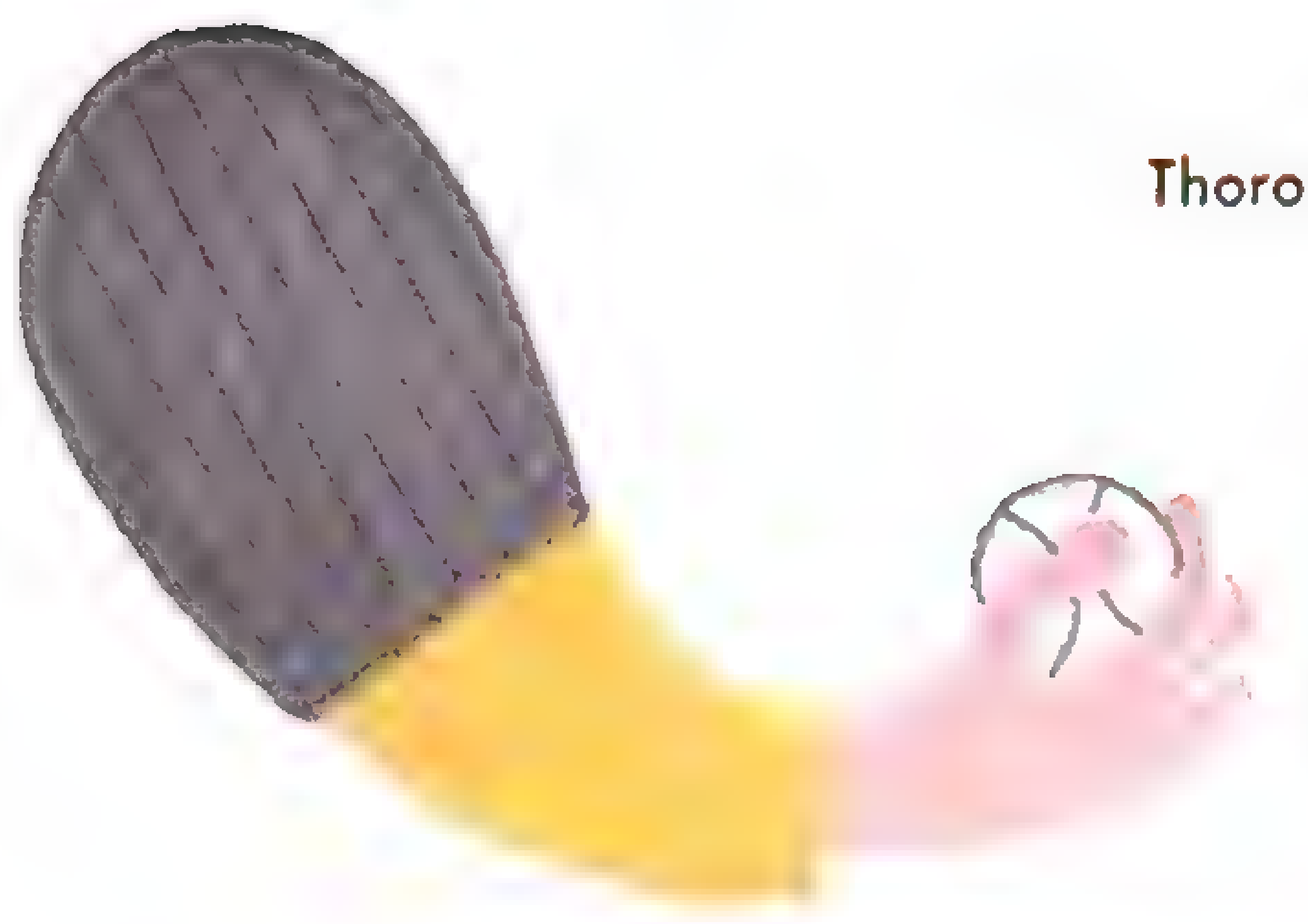

*lined with Celanese rayon reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 110

come up with was one box of brand-new unsharpened pencils, and a fine typewriter on a carved desk in the living room, and letters. Nothing else. Lots of letters, neatly piled and filed in a tall wooden cabinet with Chinese adornments. I read them all, between skirmishes with the brandy bottle, and they told me nothing except that Sally had had a great many friends who thought she was one hell of a swell girl.

What with the brandy and that bedroom I thought again about Delores, and I hoped that she wasn't one of those hillbilly singers, with roped veins in their necks and bandy legs. I tidied up, had another drink on the house, and went directly to Delores.

Delores wasn't home.

So I saw a couple of newsreels and let the duck squawk at me out of a couple of special extra shorts, and then I went home and had a shower and a shave and I called the Café Jenz. I reserved a table right up front, the evening show was at nine, and I set the alarm clock and I went to sleep. When the thing buzzed, I recollected. I called Parker.

"How come," I said, "you're always in when I call?"

"Nobody's getting killed in New York. I don't knock off till midnight. So I sit and I ponder. What's on your mind?"

"What about the gun?"

"What gun?"

"The tomato with the bedroom. Bentley."

"Thirty-eight automatic."

"I know. Whose?"

"Hers. License and all. Show you I'm a detective."

"Sho nuf."

"She kept it in the end table back of the desk alongside that turquoise couch. Good, huh?"

"Very good."

"I know because all her friends told me. Anything else, sucker?"

"No, thanks."

I dressed in a pin-stripe and a tab collar and I took a lot of care with my mustache. I worked five minutes picking a tie. I gave my military brushes a workout, and I prigged around with all sorts of essentials, like talcum for my face and a switch in ties and some mighty male perfume out of a fancy bottle. That Delores.

The Café Jenz bubbled with noise and the clink of eating hardware and the sibilance of half-slammed females. I took my formal table all by myself at the edge of the unspacious square of high-polished dance floor, and I watched the visiting firemen wag their rhumbas at me. I ordered a double brandy with soda and I wrote a note on a napkin for Delores to come see me, and I got a crisp, "Yes, sir," replacing the scowl from the waiter when he glimpsed the ten beside the note I handed up to him.

Then the lights went down and the spot came up and an unseen gentleman on the bandstand lisped along the band-mike about Delores Bentley who was coming on now, folks, to sort of lift you right out of your seats; and vindication dazzled within the rim of the round white spot, vindication for ablutions of mighty male perfume and extra touches with the mustache and indecision amongst ties.

She had auburn hair with glints, and pale high cheekbones under upslanted wide green eyes, and a push-pout of glistening burgundy lips that straightened you out in your night-club chair, clutching for your highball. She was tall in a smooth whirl of packed black evening gown that had more cut-out than a muffler in Indianapolis, which was all to the good. She was soft-curved with firm shoulders and no bones and her voice was deep and low and soft and lazy. She gave you music like the lap of waves on a hot night by the beach with the sky down near you and lots of stars.

She burned off five terrific numbers and she did things to all of the boys in the appreciative periphery of dimmed-down audience; and I clapped like the rest of the yokels in a slapping anthem for an encore, and we got a smile and a squeeze of her small tight nose—then lights, and lots of dance

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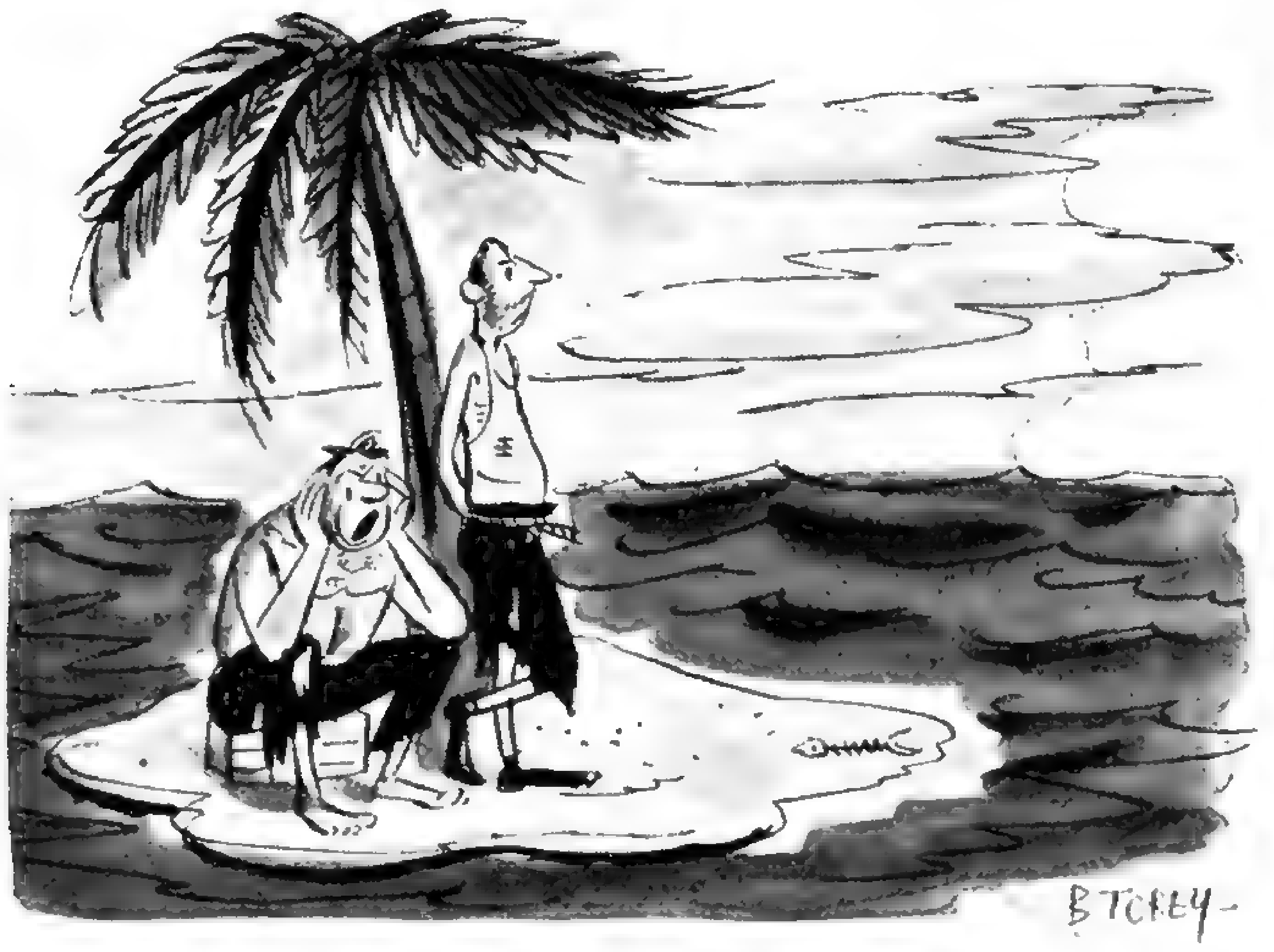

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Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 115

music.

I ordered more brandy, and I needed it, because there she was, suddenly, in the seat opposite me, in another black dress with nothing on top except shining white shoulders and a deft cleft of bosom. She looked at me and I looked at her and my hair pinched up on end.

I said, "Drink?"

She said, "Sure."

I said, "What?"

She said, "Brandy."

I said, "Good."

She said, "Why?"

"Please?" the waiter said.

"Brandy. For the lady."

Mock-toned she said, "Oh, it's good, because you're drinking brandy too. That what you meant?"

"Sho nuf." I had contracted this involuntary sneeze of shonuf from a Copacutie out of New Hampshire by way of a fast two weeks in the land of baseball commissioners—but across from me sat the cure.

The brandy came and the waiter went and she sipped, half-lipped, and she put it down. Her eyes stayed on the pony glass. "The note said you wanted to talk to me about my mother. That a new system?"

"About your mother, *and* about your sister."

Her eyes came off the brandy glass. "Cop?"

"Yep."

"Not you."

"Well, private cop."

"You look more like a gigolo, well . . . maybe on the interesting beat-up side."

"Like?"

"Tell you the truth—yes. Very much."

"Swell."

"Why?"

"I like you too."

"Sure. Why shouldn't you like? They all like."

"I've seen better, sister, and I haven't liked."

One eyebrow clambered. She made a circle with the bottom of her glass. "Fresh, too. All right, more brandy. Let's have lots more brandy, you and I. Seen better, have you?"

We clicked. Fast. Just like that. We clicked like an abacus in a busy Chinese laundry, and we laughed over brandy and we clinked our glasses and we bandied biography and we told our jokes all the way from rigid right to purple left. We danced, close and warm, and I smelled the salt-sweet smell of her hair and she dug her fingernails into my arm and the trickle of her breath whispered at my ear. We talked about ourselves, with sly embellishments. She said, "Let's get out of here."

"Where?"

"Anywhere. I'm not due back till the one o'clock show."

"Sure."

We went to Jackson's, side by side and near on a red leather seat under the dimness of the amber lights, and we listened to the tinkle of the faraway piano. We held hands and we touched knees and I hoped that she wasn't a murderess.

"You've been very nice," she said. "Very nice. You're a guy with a lot of kicks. Okay. You've softened me up. Stop being nice. What do you want?"

"I want to help. If I can."

"Whom?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"You're nuts."

I took my hand out of hers and I moved my knee away. "Look, lovely, they know you hated her. They also know that she didn't know you hated her. Because she left you all that dough. She wouldn't have done that if she'd have known you hated her, now would she?"

"She was bad. Mean vicious bad. She . . ."

"Cops are funny people. They'll come awake one day and then you won't lose them, forever. If they figure the old lady is telling the truth about you and Sally, and maybe they do."

"She told them?"

"She did."

"The old bat."

I made tsk-tsk with the tongue. "Naughty to talk about Mamma like that."

"She's not my mother."

"Once more."

"Not my mother."

"Sally's?"

"Not Sally's, either. Mother died, a long while ago, and Father remarried. Oh, she's been all right, don't get me wrong, she's been a mother, helped like all get-out when Father died. But I didn't expect . . ."

"She knew how you felt about Sally?"

"Yes. We talked about her often."

"Real bad?"

"Sally? The worst. But you compromise with that sort of thing. You keep away from her, if you can. Look, I, personally, I had nothing against her. It was just . . ."

"You hated her, but you had nothing against her. Good. Real good."

"It's just . . . can you care for something that's loathsome . . . like a spider, or a rattlesnake? Even a pet rattlesnake?"

"I know what you mean."

"That's it."

"Think she killed herself?"

"How would I know?"

"What do you think?"

"She wasn't the type."

"I'm not asking about the type. I'm asking *do you think she killed herself?*"

She opened a slender silver cigarette case with a bronze monogram in script—Delores—and she clipped out a cigarette and tapped it against the table. Musingly. "No. I don't think she killed herself."

I lit it for her. "Got a candi-

Continued on page 118

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Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 116

date for murder?"

"No."

"Honey, you're a very lovely girl."

"Lovely of you to tell me.'

"You're one too many."

"You're real Gertrude Stein, or whatever her name is."

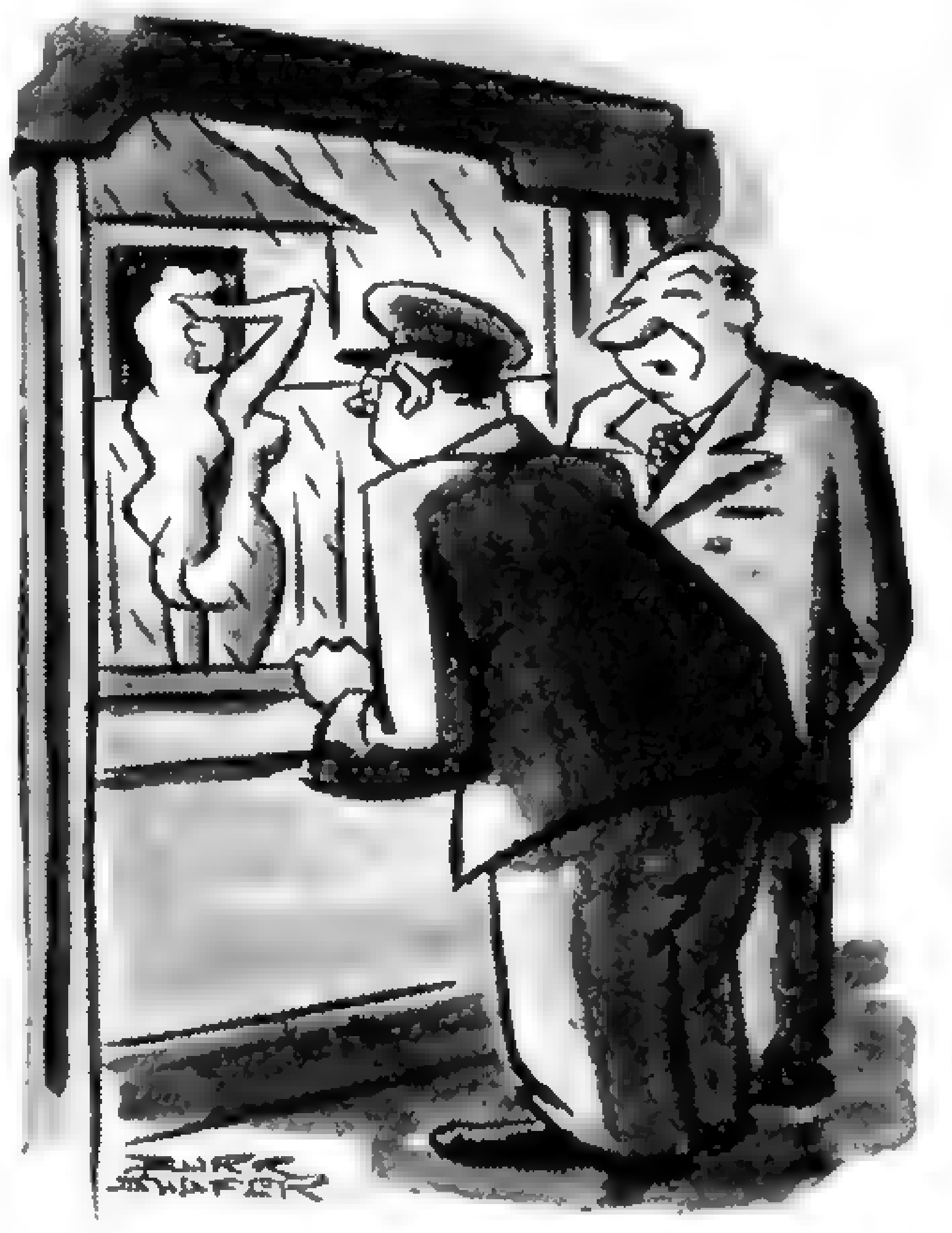
"I mean you're one too many that doesn't think she killed herself. Mamma Bentley's the other one. It leaks out, that sort of thing, what people think. There must be other people that think like that. Miasma of opinion, or something. But coppers smell it out sooner or later. Then *you're* the candidate."

"You trying to frighten me?"

"Natch."

"Why?"

"I want you to open up for me. I want some stuff. Real stuff. It's you, or it's nobody. I mean, for information. If I leave it alone, it's just going to sit around. And if it sits around, it ain't good, honey. Believe me. You'll be number one with them, and the things they can find out when they really go to work."



"So what—she always washes her hair in rain water!"

She was placid scratching out the cigarette, placid picking up the swizzle stick. Then little lumps jumped in her jaw and the swizzle stick broke in her hand and blood crept out along her thumb. "All right, guy. You've worked me into a corner, and maybe I'm drunk, and maybe I like you, and maybe I'm afraid. Maybe, some damn way, somebody's going to find out that I was there that morning, and maybe that won't play back too good."

"Why didn't you tell them?"

"Whom?"

"Coppers."

"Friend lover, I was afraid to tell them. You don't like to get mixed up in things like that. It's suicide. All right, it's suicide. Why look for trouble?"

"You're telling me."

"I'm telling you. Complete. Because maybe you can work it out. And I'm giving you nothing. Except words. If you bring it to the cops, you made it up, I told you nothing. I deny it. I'm telling you because you've got a way of lousing a person up. With fear."

I smoked, with pleasure. I listened, with eagerness. I'd worked hard for the simmer. Now I got the boil. "I love you," I said, "sister."

She wiped blood from her hand with a napkin and she brought brandy to her mouth, then put it away. Her lips peeled back from her bright teeth and her eyes moved together in a green-glinting squint of indecision. Then she picked up the brandy and finished it. "I had a key to her apartment. For a while, when I first came to New York, I lived with her. She helped, liberally, until I landed my first job. I owed her money, about twelve hundred dollars, and I paid her, twenty bucks every Sunday morning, after I began to earn it."

"Anyone else have a key?"

"What?"

"Key."

"Oh." She looked at the empty brandy glass. We had more brandy.

"I'm sure," she said. "I'm sure there are others who had a key."

I swiveled with the head. "No. None of that. I mean someone you *know* had a key. That's what I mean."

She snapped her fingers. I waited. "Sure. I know one. A guy. Gino Stark." Then she looked like she was sorry she had said it.

"I love that, sister."

"What's that?"

"I said I love it."

"That's what I thought you said. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. How do you know?"

"Forget I mentioned it."

I started to get up. I upset the glasses on the table. People looked at us. The hell with them. "I'm getting out of here, kid. I'm pouring it right back at you. If that's the way you want it, okay; that's the way you want it."

"Sit down."

"All right. I'm sitting."

She wasn't happy. "I know he had a key, because I had it made for him."

"Why?"

"She asked me, about a year ago, to have a duplicate of mine made, and she told me, boom, like that, for whom she wanted it, and why. That was Sally."

She had marbles in her throat. That Gino. I changed the subject.

"So you owed her money. So what happened?"

The marbles went away. She was back on the beam. "Generally, Sunday mornings she slept late. Generally, I'd just open the door with my key. If she had company, I'd just peek in, leave my check and get out of there. Otherwise, I'd help her over her hang-over, make breakfast, that sort of thing."

"Just a minute. This guy Zetz."

"Zetz?"

"The boss guy. What about him?"

"Well, what?"

"Was he ever company?"

"Not that I know of."

"She really work for him?"

"Oh, yes. She liked being a big shot's secretary."

"Was she any good?"

Continued on page 120

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Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 118

"What do you mean?"

"I mean did she know her business? Did she earn her keep?"

"Yes, I think so. She couldn't take shorthand, I know that, but for a creative writer, that kind of thing, you really don't need shorthand. They think a lot, they go slow: you know, mumble around. But she was a whiz on the typewriter, and she really took over and handled his business all the way along the line. This I can tell you, she was a wonderful secretary for the guy. I know that."

"Where'd she get all the dough?"

She wrinkled her forehead, peering at nothing. "I really don't know. She was very beautiful and very practical and she was full of schemes and she had many friends, many, many friends."

"Many, many friends," I said. "Anybody special, that she could really hook for a handful?"

"I don't know. I can't say."

"Okay. We go back to Sunday. What happened? Exactly."

"Well, I came in, and there she was, all dressed. She bawled me out for not ringing. That's the way she was, perverse. She told me she had a date with Gino, it was a beautiful day, he was to drive her up to the country."

"His car?"

"Her car. He doesn't have a car."

"Then?"

"Then she talked to someone on the phone. I was in the kitchen."

"Gino?"

"I don't know."

"Incoming call, or out?"

"Incoming. The phone rang and I heard her answer it."

"Did you hear anything? I mean, what?"

"Nothing. That's what. I was in the kitchen. The water was running out of the sink. I wasn't listening."

"Do it careful now, honey. Then what? Exactly."

"Then, exactly, I got out of there." She put her elbows on the table, and put her wrists together, and put her chin on that, and her eyes came down to narrow, recollecting. "I told her I had a date with my agent . . . a spry young guy . . . for early lunch. I took out my checkbook . . . I had left my pen at home . . . I used her pen and I wrote a check for her, which the police found later and asked me about . . . and then I put the checkbook away and the pen . . . *oh!*"

She scurried fingers into her pocketbook and she made a small hill of its contents on the table. Then she brought up a fountain pen. "See? I'm telling the truth. Here it is. I put it in my bag by mistake. I took it with me. Now, damn you, do you believe me? The way you've been watching me talk, and cross-examining me . . ."

She was crying, suddenly.

Softly I said, "Did you kill her, kid?"

"No."

"Let's get out of here. Let's walk."

We walked the cool streets of Madison Avenue and I held her arm and she held the arm close to her. I pushed her into the windy recess of a thin alley between a department store and an apartment house, and I held her and her face tilted up to mine. "Please," she said. "Please, please . . ." I said, "The hell with that," and I kissed her. I held her and I kissed her, good.

I called a cab and I told him to drive us around, anywhere. He did the curves of Central Park while I bit a fingernail and she made her mouth up. "According to you," I said, "you didn't tell the cops because you were leery. It was straight suicide, and maybe you didn't believe it could happen, but there it was. So you kept your nose clean, because, like most people, and I don't blame you, you're afraid of cops and law and ramifications and the way they can twist things around and it gets to be a mess with lawyers and publicity, and maybe, even, you're stuck, and you can't get out of it. So there it was suicide, so you let it sleep. What did you do with the key?"

"I threw it away. The minute Gino told me."

"Gino?"

"The maid found her at twelve o'clock. The police had Gino in for routine questioning. They couldn't reach me. I was out with this boy, my agent. But Gino knows there's a place I like, Couvie's, so he trotted down there, and he told me."

"What'd he do with his key? Do you know?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"What'd he do with his key?"

"Just what I did with mine. In fact, he advised me. Not that I didn't agree. I went home alone. There was a policeman waiting for me. He took me downtown. Everybody was polite."

Central Park was all around us and the thousands of lights out of the misty blank buildings made a small broken ice cube of the pale city moon. A soft wind blew in through the windows and the smell of the park was sweet. I reached for the cabbie. "Roll it up."

"Sure t'ing."

The partition of nothing rose up to a partition of plate glass. I moved close to her and I took her face in my hands. "You're crazy," she said.

"All right," I said. "I'm crazy . . ."

Then she was crying again.

"How much did you hold out?"

"Nothing. Nothing about myself. Except about a guy, a man I once thought I loved . . . and Gino . . . I didn't want to involve him . . ."

Oh, that Gino.

"Maybe," she said, "I held out *because* of Gino."

"You and him?"

"No."

"Then what the hell are you talking about?"

"Look. I'm going to put it in your hand. All of it. In the palm of your hand. If you can use it to show that someone killed her, all right. But if you can't, throw it away. Will you? Will you?"

"Well . . ."

"Look, guy, there's a lot been happening between you and me, on very short notice. It happens, sometimes. I think I know you. Promise?"

"Okay."

"Mostly because of Gino. Because he's been square with me, more than square. He protected me. I want to protect him. Do you understand?"

"Sure."

"He owed her money."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"*What?*"

"Twenty."

"That's money."

"She put a clamp on people that way. She could afford it. She owned him, like that. You know?"

"Uh huh."

"On the other hand, she took a man away from me, a man I thought I was crazy about. And I found out about that only last week. That miserable . . ."

"My," I said. "How you talk of the dead."

"I'm not talking about her. I'm talking about him. The filthy . . ."

"Easy, pal."

"Gino knew about it. Gino heard me argue with her. He heard me tell her I'd kill her. But I cooled off. A guy you can lose that simply, a guy like that is nothing. I hated her, but I hate him worse; a guy like that is nothing."

"So?"

"So Gino, in a sense, was loyal. He didn't talk about it. He told me that he didn't mention it to the cops. He didn't tell them about my having a key, he didn't tell them about what happened between us . . ."

"Sure he didn't. And you didn't tell about *his* having a key, and about his owing her twenty G's. For a smartened-up tomato, a little bit, you're dumb."

She said, "You see it one way, I see it another. I don't want the estate suing him for the money. He earned it, in a way."

"Any proof of the debt?"

"Maybe *I'm* dumb. But Sally wasn't. Sure there's proof of the debt."

"Where is it?"

"I have it."

I looked at her.

"She gave it to me one time. She didn't want it around the apartment. I kept it for her. She didn't want Gino maybe picking it up. The love affair was finished. Now she had him like she liked him, part escort, part servant, part lover."

"Where do you keep it?"

"Home."

"Let's go home."

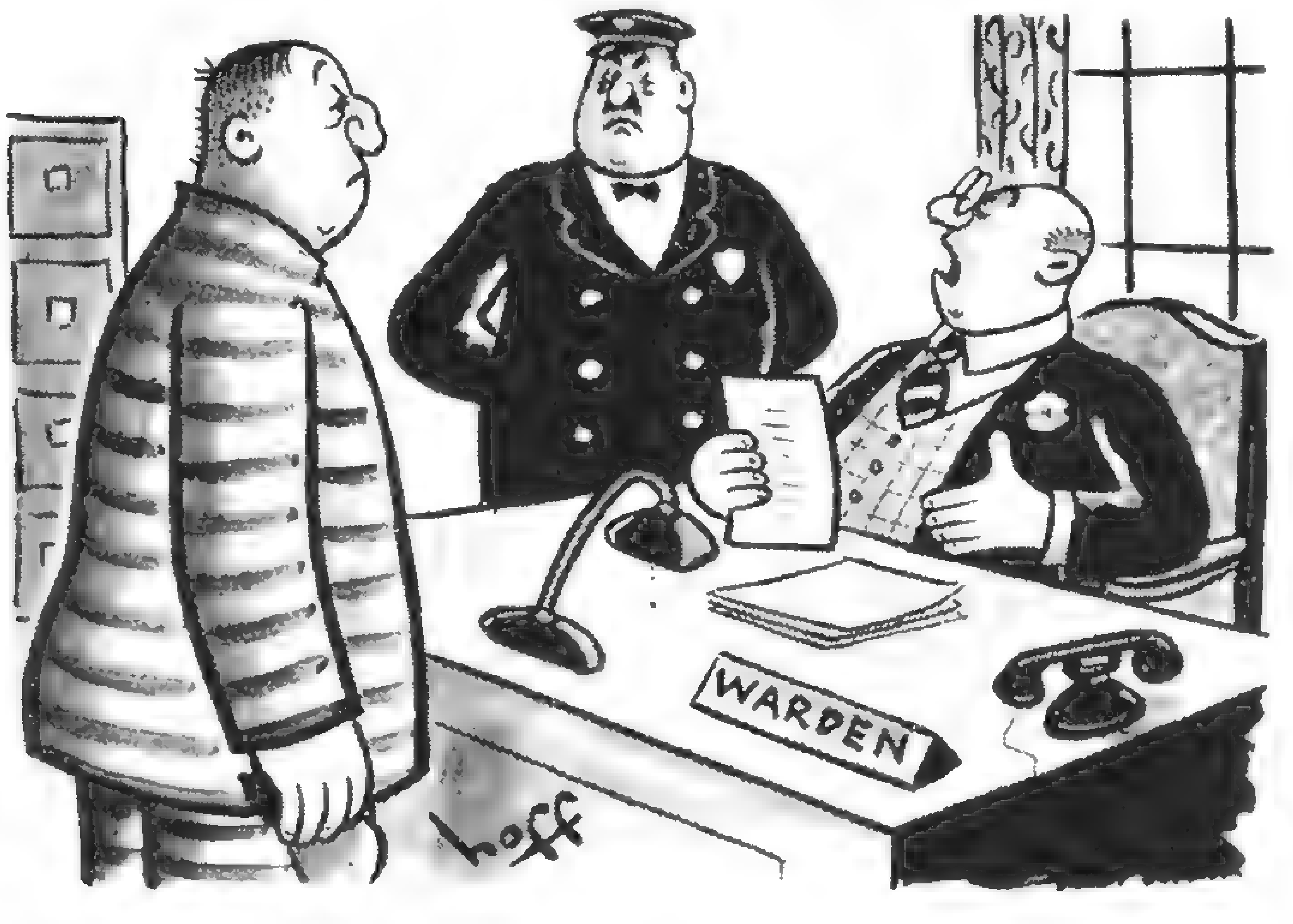
I tapped on the glass. The cabbie rolled it down. The meter showed four bucks and ten cents. "Twenty-two West Seventy-ninth," I told him. The New York cabbie is a Sphinx, a talking Sphinx, a Sphinx that talks but stays a Sphinx. "Sure t'ing," he said.

It was a room and a half with a bed in the wall. It was neat and cozy with quiet lights from two rose-tinted modern lamps. She lifted her hands to a shelf of books over a desk, and the full long immaculate lines of her body heightened in challenge. I moved toward her, warm with the brandy, but her eyes weren't with me; they were murky and preoccupied, dull-shiny-moist, like mud puddles on a wet road. I didn't touch her. She brought down a fat book and she riffled through it and she gave me the envelope. It was dated Rio, three years back, on pale grey linen, and the letter was simple enough in a scrawl of thin backhand, and to the point: "Sally, I love you very much. I miss you very much. I wish you were here. Coochie," but beneath that, in flat wide angry strokes, in a graceful but rigid up-and-down: "I.O.U. From Gino Stark to Sally Bentley. On demand, twenty thousand dollars. Sue me."

"What did he need it for?"

"He was supposed to open a little dance studio of his own. It never materialized."

Continued on page 122



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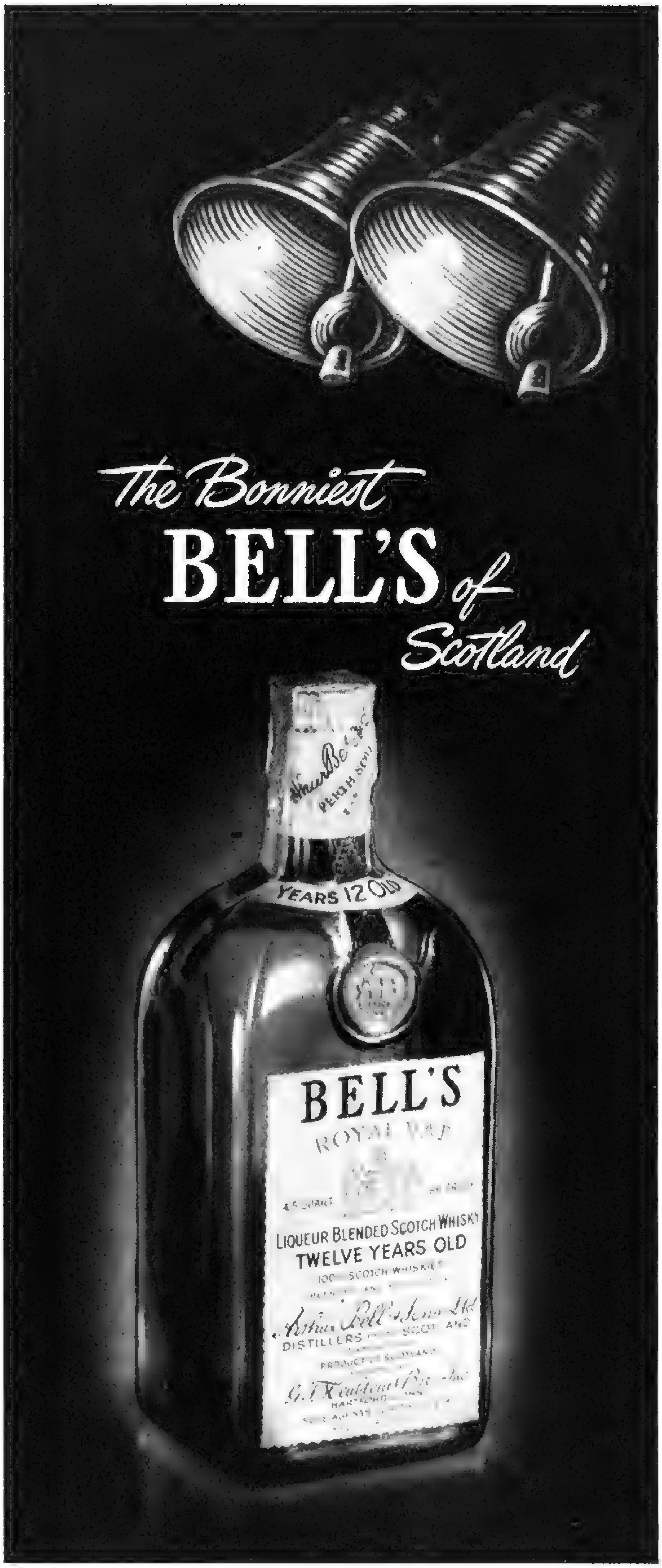

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 121

"Yeah," I said. "Thanks. I'll be seeing you."

"Where you going?"

"To Gino."

"Be careful."

"Stop kidding."

"And remember what you promised."

"Don't worry." I kissed her, but when you kiss a girl like Delores Bentley, time is on the other side, and it was eleven-thirty when I got out of there.

I whisked down a cab and I went to Lexington. I rang his bell downstairs and I rang his bell upstairs and there he was in pajamas, Gino-boy, and I said, "A little talk, you and I. Conversation." I pushed past him and I was inside.

"Out," he said. "I'm sleeping."

"Talk. A little conversation."

He was moving up on me, and I let him. "Mister," he said, "you're a square. Strictly a square."

"Hip," I told him. "You're a real hip kid." I reached up a knee and he grunted, extemporaneously, and his face flowered in front of me. It scraped up rapid landscaping.

He was green, but he was rugged, and he came up off the floor with a surprised look on him, making like a tough guy out of the side of his mouth. He moved away from the wave of a left fist, and then he ran into the point of a right elbow squash in the socket of his eye. He rasped with screech like chalk edgewise on a blackboard, and he covered up, and then I filled in with a few to the belly and a long one off the floor that sat him down on the scatter rug, with no mind to get up.

"You had a date with her and you were there. I know that."

"How?"

"You killed her, you big . . ."

"No. She was dead when I got there. Please. I tell you, she was dead, just like that, her head on the desk . . ."

"You hunted for the note."

"Note?"

"Twenty G's worth of note."

He was truculent, but he stayed sidewise on the floor, blue flesh crowding up around his eye. "Yes, I did. So what?"

"Before or after?"

"Before or after—what?"

"Before or after she was dead?"

"Look . . ."

Then all of a sudden, it fit. All of it. I swung my hand around and my palm hit me on the forehead, flat-hard.

Pebbly-voiced, Gino said, "Man, I think you're nuts. Get the hell out of here. Puh-lease."

"Get dressed," I told him. "Hurry up, get dressed," but he stayed there on his elbow and I went for him, when a castanet of knuckles rubbed the door. We froze to tableau, the gladiators of Lexington Avenue, the dick with his hand in the suspect's hair, and the suspect reluctant, half off the floor, with his mouth open. I dropped him.

"Who's that?"

"Delores."

I opened the door for her.

"I was worried . . ." Then she saw him.

"Don't worry," I said.

"Uh huh."

"All right," I told him. "Get dressed. We're going visiting. We're going to have a conference."

"Who?"

"All of us. A Kaffeeklatsch. Where's your phone?"

He dressed while I called.

"Parker," I said. "Parker, get the old lady, will you, and meet me down at Zetz' place. What? Yeah. I'll have them all there, the whole damn cast of characters. But characters."

A cab with more bounce than a European waltz took us down to East Tenth, and Mr. Zetz himself opened the door for us, Zetz in a natty blue suit and a flow-collared shirt and a look of disturbed surprise on his face. The look got more disturbed. "Excuse me," I said.

I grabbed at the sparkle with a grasping left, and the right was a straight lump to his throat. He stood stiff and still and courteous, but his eyes weren't blinking. He needed a short right for composure, and he got it. He keeled to the thick-piled mouse-grey carpet and he lay there, spread-eagled, a twitch at his lip, and one knee bent, not ungraceful. I put the donation from Denmark by royalty in my jacket pocket, and I closed the door.

"This guy is nuts," Gino said. "But positively."

Delores said, "My God, what's the matter with you? You *must* be drunk." She bent to him.

"Leave him alone," I said, and then Parker was there with Mrs. Bentley.

They brought him to the satin-striped davenport of the wide-ceilinged, richly furnished room, a flicker coming back to his eyelids, and we all spread out while Delores patted his face. He opened his eyes and looked at me.

"How's things?" I said. "Coochie."

First his face flamed. A twisted cord of blue vein in his forehead stood out like a plain-jane in Hollywood. Then the vein flattened back and the color drained down and his jowls matched the mouse-grey of the carpet. He was hunched forward, motionless, his hands squeezing his knees, but his eyes were wild chattels in the bleak prison of the locked face. I knew I had him then. I think Parker knew too.

"Everybody," I said, "had their fingerprints around that apartment, I'm sure. But they all belonged there, sometime or other, so it didn't make any difference."

"Correct," Parker said.

"All right. I'll tell it. If anybody wants to help, they can fill in. Including you." I pointed a thumb at Zetz.

Continued on page 127

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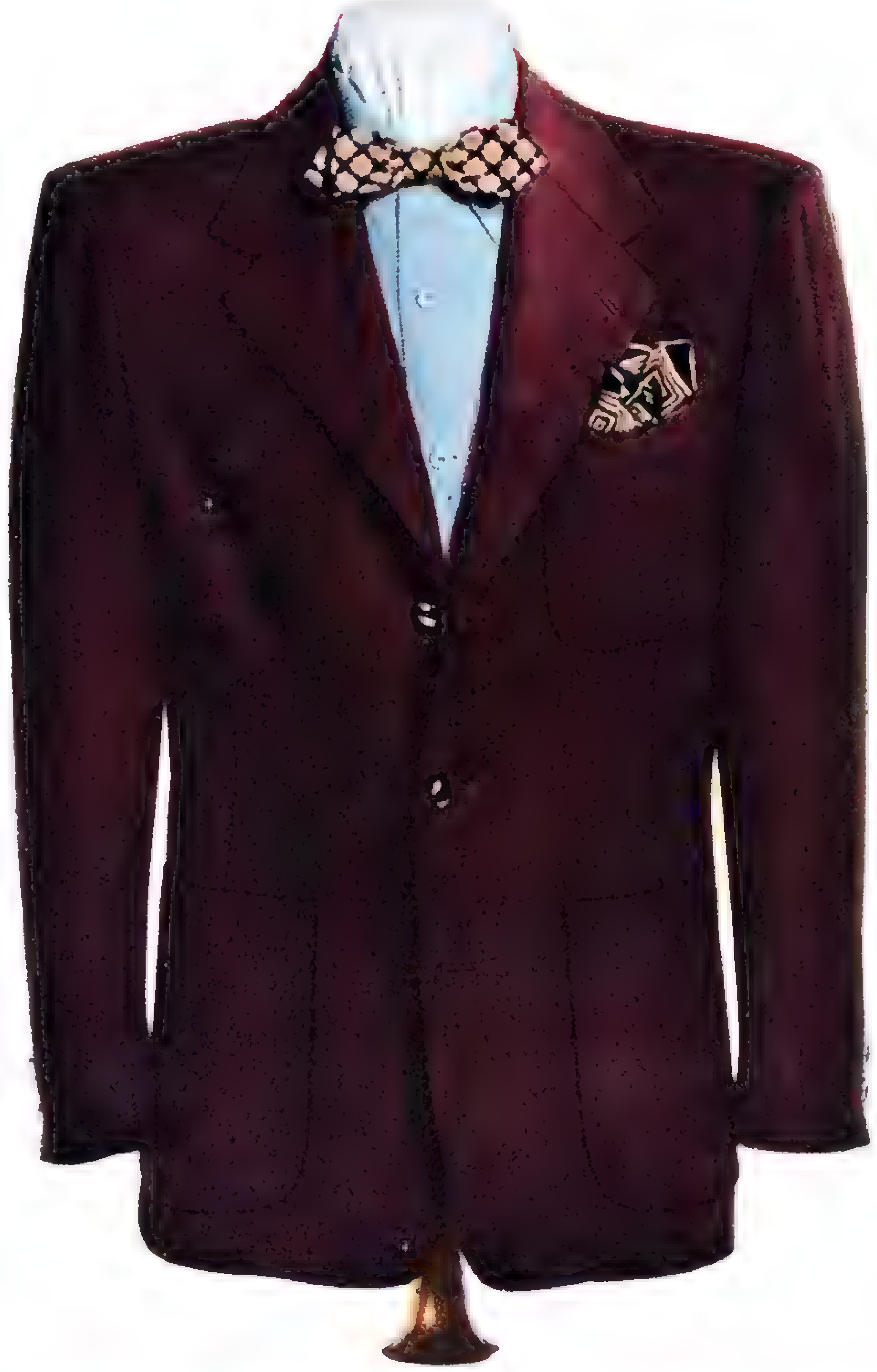

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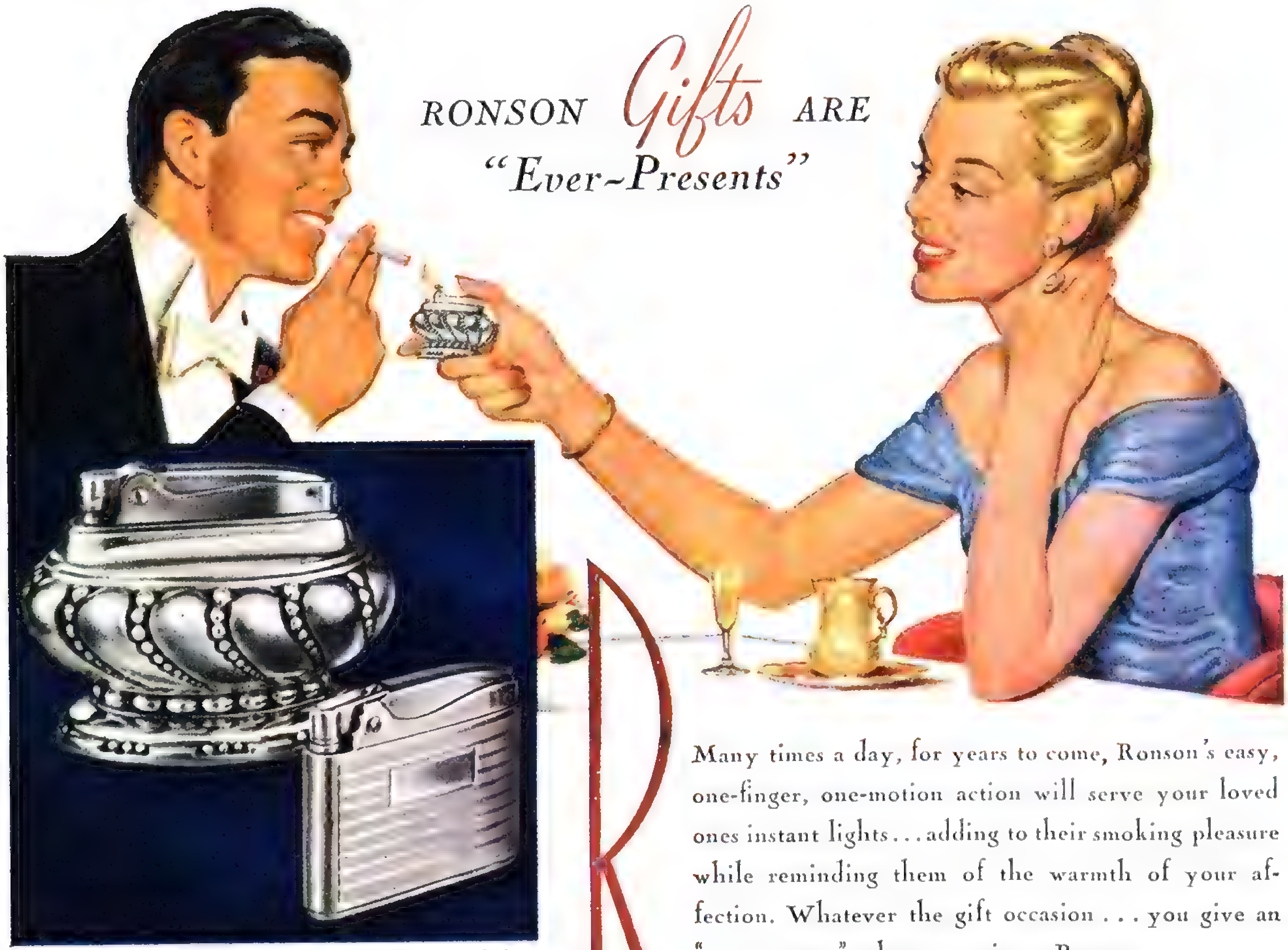

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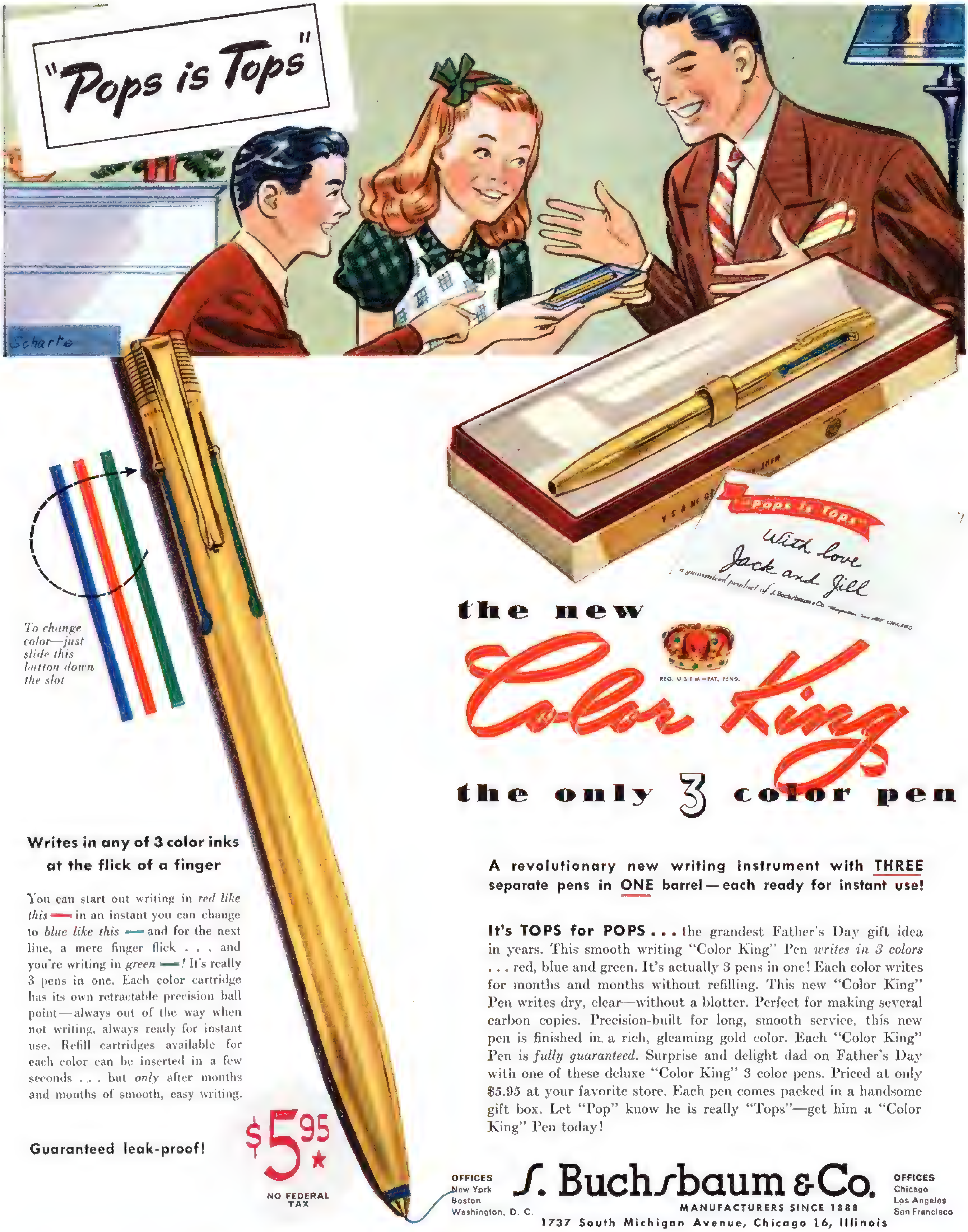

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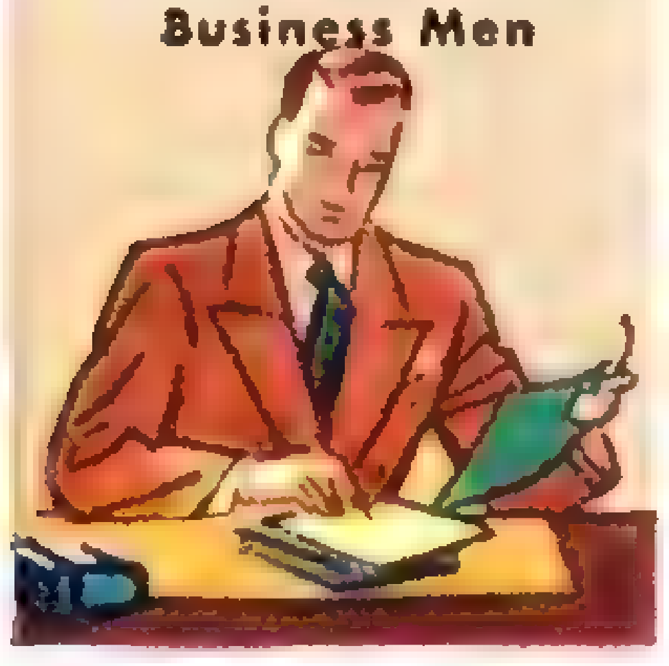
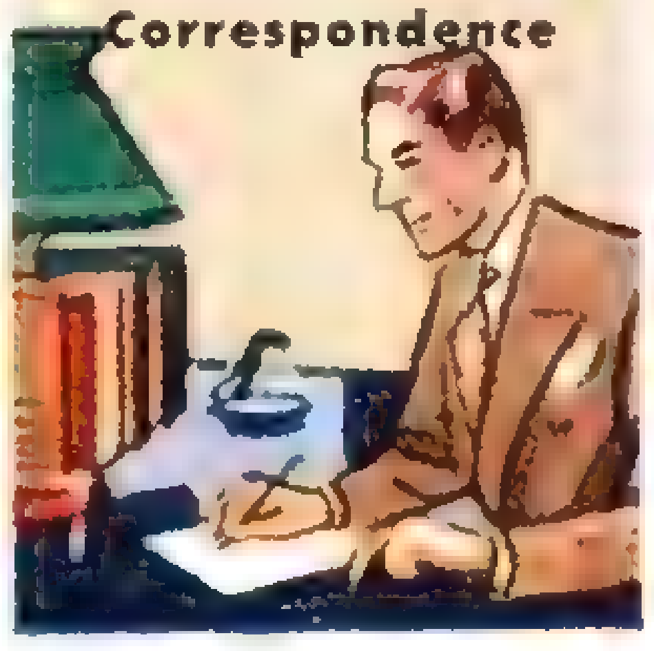


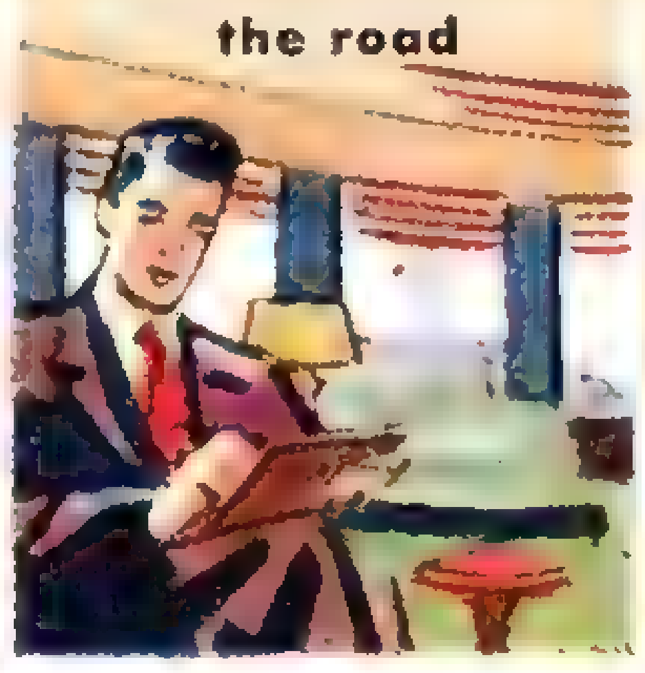
Keeping Card Scores

Reports and Personal Correspondence



Keeping Score

For notes while on the road



Bookkeeping

For writing orders

Suicide Is Scandalous

Continued from page 122

Parker moved closer to him.

"Like this," I said. "Mr. Zetz gets a secretary. There's a good title for your next book, if they give you time to write one—Mr. Zetz Gets a Secretary."

"Stop with the grandstand," Parker said.

"All right, they get together. She's his secretary. She's also his sweetheart. She's a wise, wise cookie, and this guy's not the most beautiful guy in the world, but look at all the dough he's got. So all right. So after a while she starts taking him. Maybe she threatens a little bit. He's a married man, with kids, and a big society wife. So he pays, and what the hell, but he's drawn himself a losing ticket and he knows it, and he'd like to tear it up."

"Sweeten it," Parker said.

"He's a detective-story writer. He thinks about a lot of angles. He wants to get rid of her, but first he tries it kosher. He introduces her to a good-looking lank of boy friend, and he hopes that she'll fall for him, and marry him, and good-by sweetheart. That doesn't work."

Parker looked at Gino. Gino looked like he'd just climbed out of a wreck, and wanted to climb back in again. The rest of them looked at me.

"He ponders it, and it comes to him. Finally. Maybe he's tried it a few times, and it hasn't worked, but this particular Sunday—it worked. He calls her on the phone, she's up, and he comes avisiting. She's sitting at the desk, and, bang, the professor gets a brainstorm—for a short story, for a novel, something. 'Honey,' he says, 'quick. This is something. Take it down.' He puts a sheet of paper in front of her, or maybe there's one there already. She reaches for a pencil. No pencil, only a new box of unsharpened ones. She looks for her pen. That isn't there."

"Why not?" Parker asked.

"I'll tell you later. He can't wait for her to sharpen pencils. He's got her in position, he's got her all primed, he doesn't want her to get up. He's already sneaked the gun out of the end table. So he gives her his fountain pen, fast; he's excited, and the old genius is working like mad. 'Take it down,' he tells her, 'it's a real beauty, what an idea . . .' and he starts dictating. She doesn't use shorthand. He knows that. He starts dictating and she starts writing: 'I am going to kill myself because I am sick and tired of living. I don't like it. Good-by and forgive me. Here goes.' She doesn't suspect, or maybe she just doesn't have time to begin to suspect, or maybe she was good and drunk the night before and the fuzz is still fixed around her brain. He sneaks the gun out and shoves it behind her ear. Bang."

Nobody said anything.

"You know what I mean," I said to Parker. "Behind the ear."

"I know what you mean."

"While she isn't looking. Then he's got it, all done. He wipes the gun, puts it in her hand. There's her suicide note in her own handwriting in front of her. He has a key to her apartment, as who hasn't. So he first looks through her neat file of letters, and takes out all of his that he wrote in the old heat of early passion, and out he goes, locking the door behind him. Perfect."

I was waiting for him to move. He didn't move.

"He throws the key away, the dirty . . ."

"Quiet," Parker said. "We got ladies in the joint."

Now Parker was waiting for his move. He still didn't move. So Parker played it dumb. "How would you know about all this? When'd you get on?"

"Well," I said, "there was one letter of his that wasn't in her apartment."

He moved, not much, but he moved. He ran a hand over his hair. Sweat pasted it down.

"Where was it?" Parker asked.

"Delores had it. Gino here, good Gino, borrowed money from Sally. Sally took a note back. On what? On one of Zetz' letters. Right on the letter, on the bottom part, Gino gives her his I.O.U. Sally doesn't want that I.O.U. around where it can be picked up, so she gives it to Delores for safekeeping."

"Just a minute." Parker made his mouth sour. "Why didn't he heist his letters earlier? He had what they call access to the premises."

"Access to the premises. All right, so he had access to the premises. So then she'd know just who picked them up, and boy, she'd bust out wide with plenty trouble, which Zetz couldn't afford. No, sir. It was either that she got married to some guy she loved, and couldn't afford that kind of trouble herself, or else . . ."

Mrs. Bentley said, "My God, my God . . ." but Zetz kept right on sitting.

I talked. "She probably knew that Zetz had picked Gino for her, and for what reason. It was her way of showing her contempt for Gino—she made him sign his I.O.U. on a letter from her other lover. That did it. That cooked him, Zetz: that, and the pride that's in him, that's in everybody."

"Don't start with the philosophy," Parker said. "Just shine it up a little."

"I saw the note. I saw the letter on top of it. Out of Rio, three years back. You'll check on that. You'll find he was there. But he had written some addresses for me in my office this morning, and I recognized the handwriting. *A thin scrawl of backhand.* That's when it began to perk."

"No!" Zetz shook his head. "No."

"Yes," I said.

"No. You can't prove any of

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Suicide Is Scandalous

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that. Talk. You want a fall guy. You want to earn an additional fee. Talk, talk, talk. Even if we were lovers, that doesn't mean I killed her." *He knew I had him: he was hoping that I didn't know I had him.*

I talked to Parker. "Like I said, Lieutenant, pride. Pride, twice. Pride in the knowledge that he had committed a murder that couldn't be solved. And pride in a gift from royalty."

His hand scrambled for the showpocket. Right up to then he hadn't known I'd scooped it. Maybe he didn't know, then. Maybe he thought it was lost, somehow, miraculously. His teeth came down over his lip and his face squeezed into a creased mask of constraint. He was shaking.

"You and your Williams," I said to Parker. "Perfect suicide. Did anyone think about the pen that wrote the note? Look, I don't blame Williams. You can't think of everything, not when it's laid out so perfectly. You just don't bother to. It's there, and the small things just get blotted up. But. *There was no pen in the apartment.* Delores had taken it by mistake, that morning. That's when I thought it was Delores; she had the pen and the suicide note was in ink—and then I saw the letter from Rio."

Dryly Parker said, "You know how it is. Cops are stupid. Whose pen?"

"His. A gift from royalty with diamonds. That's what I mean about pride. He threw the key away, but our detective-story genius just couldn't know that the sister had taken the pen out of the apartment that morning. He knew the pen could hurt him, but he was so sure he had done it right, he just couldn't part with the pen that royalty had given him in Denmark."

Now I looked at him, straight at him. "Pen marks are as good as fingerprints, or type from a typewriter, and you know it, or you ought to know it. *That's the proof.*" I took it out of my pocket and I waved it at him. I dropped it back before he came at me.

He came fast, in a bull-rush, slobbering at the mouth, but I was expecting him. He got one in the stomach that bent him across to me and then he got all of my shoulder and most of my spine in a crunch to the crockery that left the mark of his bite on my fist for a month. He bounced like a rowboat in a squall. He draped the davenport with his neck over the arm and his face hanging down, and the hasty blood spurted through the quick-swelled lips. Parker brought him back and wiped his mouth and clamped the jangles on him; he shook him up a little and the guy blathered, he blathered plenty.

"Sure," I said, "the dirty son of a—"

"Quiet," Parker said. "We got ladies in the joint."

And then, later, much later, around a small square table at the one o'clock show at the Café Jenz, with the detective-lieutenant expansive over rye on the rocks, as my guest, by reason of an additional three thousand dollars honestly earned—and while Delores Bentley was changing from costume—he poked a finger at my shoulder, which agitated a good deal of brand-name brandy. "Don't preen."

"Preen?"

"Preen."

"Oh, preen. I get it. When the private eye does a job, he hears about preen from the flush-faced lieutenant, he does not hear about thanks."

"Lucky."

"Sure. Lucky. When the private eye does a job . . ."

"I didn't want to take the shine off. In front of the new dolly . . ."

"Now look, Louis . . ."

He looked into rye on the rocks. "Remember the exhibit? The one Williams told you was still in the lab, the one you didn't want to hear about?"

"That college boy? Listen . . ."

"You listen."

"Don't bother me."

"It was a fountain pen."

"*What?*"

"That's it. Cops and college boys—they're not quite so dumb. Two things I'll straighten you out about."

"Straighten away, Lieutenant." But my brave words were cripples.

"One. Scratch marks from a pen are *not* conclusive; oh, they'll rule out many pens—*but these fit.*"

"I'll be . . ."

"Quiet. Two. *She must have had two pens,* because there was this other pen, this exhibit at the lab, which we picked up at the apartment at that time, and the ink fit, too; so both she and Zetz had evidently filled from the same inkwell. So you see what I mean about lucky?"

I swallowed. Air. "You mean?"

"I mean we found the pen in the bedroom, in the top bureau drawer. So you *were* right about Zetz not wanting her to get up, once he had her in position. He just handed her *his* pen. Only, we had it figured that she had written the note in the bedroom, put the pen away, put the note on the desk, walked around a little, maybe had a drink, sat down—and did it."

I saw Delores coming and I waved at her. Weakly.

He killed the rye in the old-fashioned glass and he jiggled the ice. "So you barked up the wrong tree, pally, and, if a dumb cop is permitted to mix his metaphors—you knocked down a ten-strike, regardless. So don't preen. And if you'd like me to mix it up a little more, my bright and beloved detective, I honestly think a guy lucky as you, if you should ever happen to fall into a barrel of . . ."

"Quiet," Delores said. "We got ladies in the joint, Lieutenant." ⧺

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Some Girls Sing

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this about her right away though.

Nick introduced her and said she was a singer. I glanced at her hair, but I didn't see anything but the color and I thought about the dress she'd wear and figured it should be white. I did notice that she was taller than the girls before her. Taller than Nick, really, if she hadn't been wearing flat shoes.

I didn't waste any time; Harry was putting the band through a few new arrangements so I told the girl we'd go out and let her shout a number.

"You want to stick around, Nick?" I asked.

"Sure, Johnnie," he said.

We went out to the main room and I briefed Harry on the deal and then left it up to him and went over and sat with Nick. Harry and the girl seemed to talk for longer than was necessary and then finally Harry came over to Nick and me.

"She don't like our songs, Johnnie," he told me.

"What does she want?" I asked.

"*Stardust.* She's got her own arrangement."

I shrugged and told him to humor her. It didn't cost anything. He went back and talked to her again and then they seemed to settle on just a piano accompaniment; he ran a few bars and she started to sing.

A night club in the morning with the chairs stacked on the tables and all the fake glamour exposed by the harsh daylight isn't the best place in the world to judge a singer. But this Toni was good; even better than good. She had a voice that would start you crying in your beer and the way she brought out the "when our love was new" tore your heart out. It was a low husky voice and listening to her was when I noticed those things about her shape and her eyes and her hair. Nick was noticing too. And there was something new in Nick's eyes.

When she finished the song there was a long silence and finally Nick leaned over and spoke to me and there was awe in his voice.

"She's good, huh, Johnnie?" I don't know why he made it a question. He knew.

"Yeah," I said.

"And she's got class." That should have tipped me; it didn't though. Maybe I was liking what I saw in the girl too much to notice Nick. But right then I should have known that Nick was in love with her.

Well, Nick told me to see that she got everything she needed and that he had to run and he'd see me that night. And he left. I went back to the office and waited while Harry and the girl hashed over her arrangements and ran through some more stuff. I left word she should see me when she was finished.

I tried to work while I waited, but it wasn't any good. What I wanted to do was go out and look at her some more and I guess I was on my way to the door when it hit me. She was Nick's.

I didn't even get it then that he was in love with her. I just figured she was another plaything and the idea made me sore. The more I thought of it the sorer I got. She had class and she had talent and she was just another girl of Nick's. I wasn't sore at him, understand; it was her. Nick didn't twist any arms. He was an honest guy who put his propositions in simple language and with all the terms clearly defined. And a girl like Toni should have spit right in his eye. If she didn't it was her fault; it was something she took with her eyes open. I was hating her when she came in.

"Sit down," I told her.

She sat down and she was careful about crossing her knees and that made me even sorer. "We've got some dresses," I told her. "Maybe one of them can be fixed up for you." I kept them in my office closet and I went and got a white one, the one a black-haired girl had been wearing a week before. "Slip it on," I said.

"Here?"

"Don't worry about me," I said. "I'm a eunuch."

She gave me a strange look, but I wasn't sharp enough to get it; and then she stripped the sweater off and dropped her skirt. She had a slip on; I didn't watch her, but I knew she wasn't taking that off. The dress didn't fit her. It was too full in front and too short, but she got the idea all right.

"We'll have to have a new one made," I told her.

"I . . . I have an evening dress of my own," she told me.

"If it's tight like that one is supposed to be and it's cut low in front and has a long slit up the leg, bring it in; otherwise go to this address and they'll fit you."

I handed her a card and made it plain that I was busy and didn't have anything else to say to her. I was pretending to look at some letters while she dressed and she left without saying anything.

I knew I shouldn't have done it. She didn't need the dress. Her voice and looks were enough without any cheap strip show, but, remember, I was sore at her.

I couldn't get her out of my mind. I'd met plenty of dames in The Stag, dames who were good-looking and who had fine old family names and who weren't shy about wanting to play house with me, but I didn't have any trouble forgetting about them. Sometimes I had trouble getting rid of them, but once I did manage they didn't haunt me: Toni did.

I don't know where the afternoon went. The next thing I remember clearly was going out of the office to catch the first show. I spotted Nick right away, ringside table, but I didn't join him. I stood in the back of the room and watched Toni's first show. She didn't have the dress I ordered. The one she wore was just

Continued on page 130

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Some Girls Sing

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right for her and she looked like she was slumming in that crowd, a crowd dressed to the teeth. But it didn't make me sore that she hadn't done what I'd told her. You couldn't be sore at Toni while she was singing. She did *Stardust* and they brought her back and she did *Embraceable You* and halfway through it I left the room and went back to the office. I couldn't stand watching her. Some of Nick's honesty must have rubbed off onto me because I admitted to myself right then that I was in love with her, that I didn't care if she was Nick's woman, I was going to tell her; and him.

Nick came into the office when Toni was through singing.

"Nick," I began, "I . . ."

"Sure," Nick interrupted, "she's terrific. She's too good for this spot, but, well . . . I'm nuts about her, Johnnie."

You'd have to have heard him say it and know him to realize that he was professing as great a love as Romeo's or any of the other romance-league leaders. He even blushed. Love was something new for Nick, something he wasn't used to, but there wasn't any doubt about it. Not the way he looked; not the way he said: "Completely nuts, Johnnie."

So that was that. I buttoned my lip, quick. Don't get the idea that I was afraid of Nick. I was his friend and love may be stronger than friendship ten out of ten times, but it isn't strong enough to cause you to kick a guy like Nick in the teeth. Do you get it?

Nick was a little man, and he wasn't any beauty-contest winner. He'd been pushed around when he was a kid because of his size and he'd never quite got over it. He'd made himself tough and he'd made himself smart and he'd also made himself a code. This code included being honest, but that was only part of it. The code also included winning. Nick had to win, maybe not right at the moment, but in the long run and eventually. He *had* to. If he didn't he wouldn't be Nick, and just to make it tougher he had to fight fair no matter what anybody else did. His ideas of fairness weren't exactly what the forces of law and order recommended; they were a little too primitive for that approval. I knew a lot more about Nick's business than he thought I did, but I honestly can't say that I know if he had anyone killed.

A few newspaper guys and a lot of cops are sure he played that way, but no one ever proved it. Nick got his reputation by saying what he believed and if a double-crosser got a chest full of slugs or a one-way ride Nick announced publicly that the guy had it coming. It didn't create the right impression, but it was his code.

I didn't approve of Nick and his methods, but mine was a negative disapproval. They said a lot of things about him, but he wasn't any better or any worse than a lot of people they didn't dare say anything about. I'm not making a case for him, I just say he was a guy who'd go a long way for me and there aren't many like that. I just say that I couldn't tell him I was in love with his girl. And I couldn't tell her. In fact I couldn't go on believing it myself. That was my code.

During the two weeks that followed, I learned a lot about Toni, but not everything. Nick didn't come to The Stag every night; he made it about three times a week. And on the nights he wasn't there Toni used to spend the time between shows in my office. I didn't encourage it. In fact I wasn't at all nice to her, but she kept coming anyway. I don't know why. The first time was the night after she opened. Nick wasn't at the place and it was right after her first show. I hadn't watched it because I didn't think I had to beat my brains out; it was enough I was giving up my chances.

When she came in she started to explain about the dress.

"Skip it," I told her. "It would have been a mistake."

"I don't want you to think that just because Nick . . ."

"Stop it," I told her. "What I think is my own business."

She clammed up on that subject, but I had touched her. I could tell she was sore.

She talked about a lot of things, none of them important or, at least, none of them things I would have wanted to know if I hadn't crossed her off my list. She told me she'd worked with a small band for awhile, just off and on because they didn't have steady dates. Before that she'd been in school. She told me her family had once had money, but that her father had died at the wrong time.

"Is there a right time?" I asked.

"I think so," she said.

I let it go. She told me she hadn't "learned" to sing, but that she'd studied piano.

Then it was time for her second show. After that one she came back again.

She told me she didn't drink.

"I tried once, though," she said. "I got sick."

"And it stopped you?"

"Not just getting sick. I didn't really think it was fun."

She told me her mother was still alive.

"What does she think . . ." I was going to say "of Nick," but I changed it to ". . . of your singing?"

"She doesn't really approve, but we need the money."

I lit a weed and let it go too. But I wasn't having any . . . I wasn't taking the old, old story of the destitute mother as an excuse for accepting favors.

I went for a walk when she left for her third show and I didn't come back until the place was closed. It didn't do any good, I still had to check up with one of

Nick's boys to get the story of her riding away in the car Nick kept out in back.

That's the way it went when Nick wasn't there. When he was, she sat at his table and drank ginger ale.

But you can't turn love off just because you say you want to. When the chemicals get together only one of two things can happen. Either they burn with a steady flame that goes on and on or they flare up into something that burns out in a short time. With me it was the steady business. Always. Even though I knew what she was doing with Nick, and even though I knew she didn't really love him at all. I knew that. You can't see and talk to a girl as much as I did with Toni, even if you avoid the subject of her boy friend, without knowing how she feels about him. And she didn't love Nick. She liked him, she was nice to him because she was grateful for what he'd done for her, but she didn't love him. It made it worse, of course, but it didn't change how I felt about her. Sometimes I even found myself hating Nick for taking advantage of her need and ambition.

It couldn't go on, not the way it was going. And it didn't. One night she was in the office talking and all of a sudden, right in the middle of a sentence about something else, I was saying: "Toni, I love you."

And somehow she was in my arms and she was whispering, "I love you too, Johnnie. I always have."

And when I tried to say something about Nick her lips were stopping mine. Then it was time for her last show and I told her I'd see her after. But Nick came in before the show was over. He was alone and there was something in his eyes.

I knew he'd heard. It wasn't hard to figure how; Nick always kept a couple of his boys around the place in case of hijackers or troublesome drunks; and maybe to keep an eye on me, although I never did believe that. I didn't keep my office door locked and someone might have looked in. I wouldn't have noticed, not with Toni in my arms.

"Well, Johnnie?"

"Is it about Toni, Nick?" I asked. He nodded.

There were a lot of things I might have said. What I did say was: "I made a pass at her, Nick," and shrugged my shoulders.

He looked at me for awhile, but I couldn't tell what he was thinking. Then he said: "How did she take it?"

"I had to duck," I said.

And then Nick smiled at me. "Stay right here," he told me and he walked out.

I had about five minutes to think about what was going to happen to me before Nick came back. He had a deck of cards in his hand and he kept shuffling them while he talked.

"I always liked you, Johnnie," he said, "and I always knew you'd tell me the truth if I asked. And you did. But it doesn't change the fact that we aren't going to be able to go along together any more, see?" I nodded. "So here's my proposition. We cut the cards." He laid the deck on the desk between us. "High man wins. If you win, you own The Stag—all of it. I get out. If you lose, a couple of the boys will take you down to the freight station and see you leave town and you give me your word that you won't come back or write or nothing. Fair?"

"Yeah. More than fair," I said. "You could make me walk out without anything, whether I win or lose. Why the chance?"

"Like I said. I like you and you told me the truth. I'll cut first."

He cut about a third of the deck, but he didn't turn his card over. I cut the five of hearts, and turned it up. Nick turned over his; the deuce of clubs.

He stood up. "My legal guys will fix up the ownership, Johnnie. Good luck." He walked out and I sat there until Toni came into the office.

"Darling," she said.

"Has Nick talked to you?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

I told her about his visit and the card cut. "I own The Stag now."

"Will he really give it to you?"

"You don't know Nick very well. Do you?"

"Not really, Johnnie. He's been awfully nice to me; he gave me a chance here after hearing me sing with that little band and he leaves a car for me to ride home in every night. I . . . I think he . . . well, I think he's in love with me."

"You think he's in love with you! You mean . . ."

And then I got it. Nick had been courting her like a little gentleman. Love meant the same to him as it did to me; no propositions, no crude work at all. Maybe even a house and kids.

I was trying to tell Toni about it when Bronk, one of the boys Nick kept around the place, came in.

"Hey, Johnnie, did Nick . . ."

"Thanks for stooling to Nick about Toni and me," I interrupted.

"I didn't do it," Bronk denied. "It was Bat, honest. He seen you two in a clinch here and he give the word to Nick. I heard him telling Nick how you was mugging her and she was telling you about how she loved you. I didn't tell him, though."

"He knew Toni said she loved me?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Bat told him. Hey, you seen my shavers? Oh, there they are." He gathered up the cards on the desk and stuffed them in his pocket and went out.

"What are shavers, darling?" Toni asked.

"Cards," I explained. "The deck is cut off-square so it can be stacked by turning certain cards."

"A crooked deck?"

"Yes, honey," I said, "a very crooked deck." ⌗

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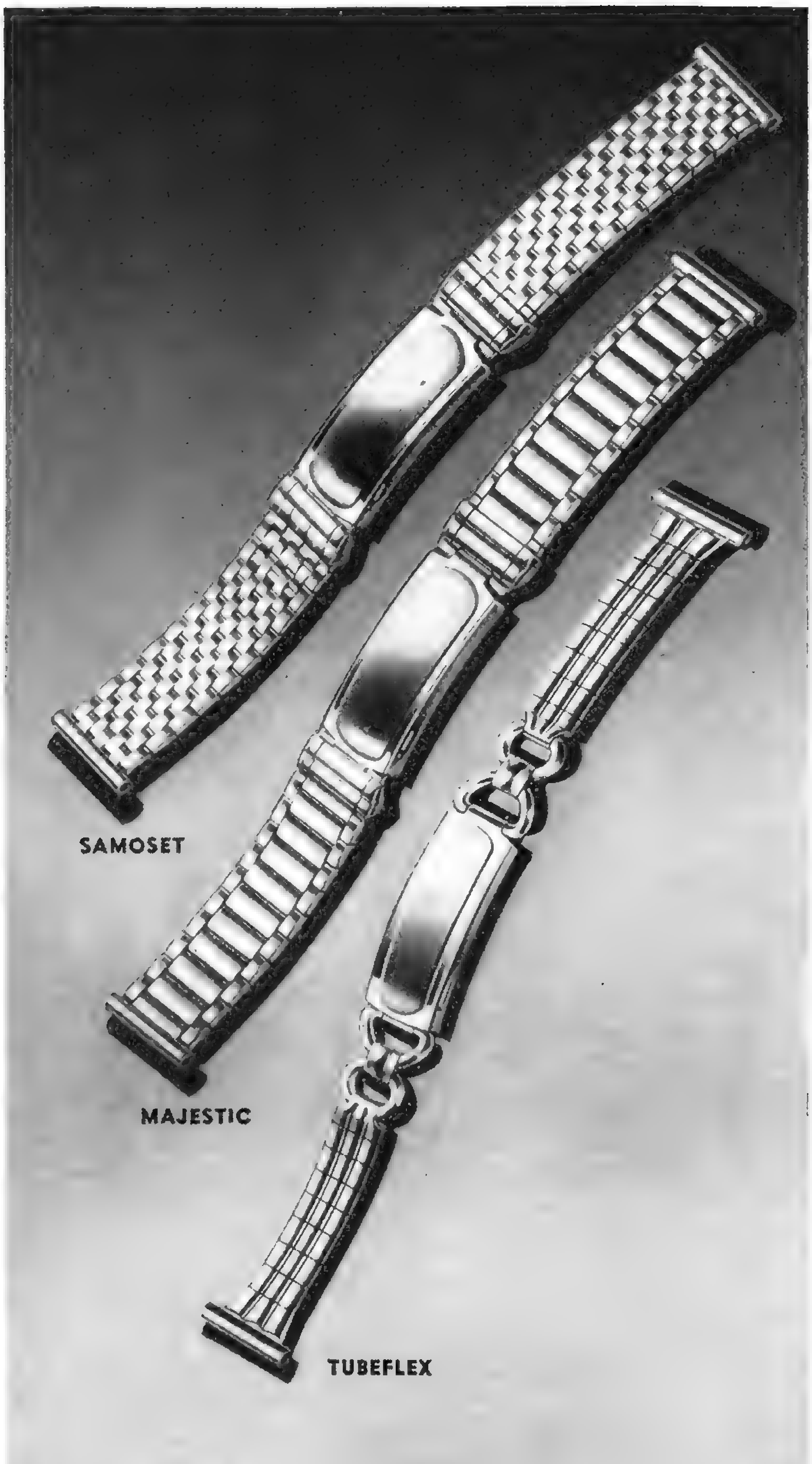

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Watch That Ball!

Continued from page 50

gives it a vast amount of backspin. This results in lightened air pressure above the ball as it spins on its way, keeps it going upward until gravity finally asserts itself. On the other hand, a topped ball doesn't fly as far, but the overspin will give it a longer roll.

British golf balls are slightly smaller than ours and British pros who came to the U. S. last fall first practiced with the American ball. They reported that they liked the American ball, especially for putting and pitching. But they announced that it tended to exaggerate a player's faults—and the chorus of "Amens" from American dubs to that statement is bound to be overwhelming.

The third major sport substantially altered by technical improvements is baseball. A century ago the baseball weighed only three ounces, and throwing the ball at a player to put him out was not as lethal as it later became. Then the weight was doubled, the diameter of the ball loosely fixed between two-and-three-quarters and three-and-a-half inches. Since 1872 the ball has been stabilized at between five and five-and-a-quarter ounces, between nine and nine-and-a-quarter inches in circumference.

However, the big issue in baseball has been the liveliness of the ball. The cork-center ball came along in 1909 without too much effect. But the big step came when the switch was made from American to Australian woolen yarn for winding the ball, about the same time the pitcher's fangs were drawn by outlawing the spitball. The American League went over to it first, and the hitting records began to topple. Babe Ruth, the American League home-run king, hit twenty-nine in 1919 and fifty-four in 1920, the first year of the livelier ball. In the National League the home-run record jumped from fifteen in 1920 to forty-two in 1922. Then came the era of the boys who broke up ball games with one lined out to the center-field bleachers, and the older tight game—that depended on punching singles over the second baseman's head, on base stealing—became a rarity.

The modern official baseball has a cork center surrounded by layers of black and red rubber. There are three layers of wool and one of cotton yarn covered by horsehide, sewn together by 108 stitches. There seems to be general agreement that wartime baseballs weren't very much. But last summer Edward Hubbert, Sr., who has been turning out horsehide covers for baseballs for thirty years, reported the postwar baseball was better than ever. However, Luke Appling, the White Sox permanent shortstop, complained last year that the ball was knocking out of shape too easily. When he picked up a throw from the outfield, after the ball had been batted out there, it looked lopsided to him, seemed to beat out of shape too easily.

However, the ball is really lively. A pitched ball met solidly has wound up more than five hundred feet from the plate.

Equally important is the evolution of the bat. Hillerich and Bradsby are currently turning out more than 200 different models and styles of bats. These are not the bludgeons of the great days. Babe Ruth once swung a mighty fifty-four ounce model; later his bat weighed only thirty-eight ounces. Back in the days when Hornsby was belting them out the bats weighed up to fifty ounces. And the Rajah is still convinced that bats up to forty ounces and thereabouts wouldn't hurt the hitters any. The modern bat averages from thirty-four to thirty-six ounces. Johnny Mize uses a thirty-six ounce bat. Lou Fonseca admits light bats make for more home runs, but says they waste a lot of handle hits that went further with the heavier bats. The length of the bat is also involved. Most bats are around thirty-six inches long, although they can reach forty-two inches in length. But one of the shortest bats was swung by the great hero of placement hitting, Wee Willie Keeler, who practiced the doctrine of "hit 'em where they ain't" and used a thirty-one-and-a-half-inch bat. Meantime there's still talk of magnesium bats.

Physicists and expert batsmen agree that the way to get the ball started on its travels fastest is to swing the bat in the same plane as the one the ball is traveling, hitting it neither up nor down.

Physicists advise ballplayers to avoid getting their hands stung or breaking bats by hitting the ball at a point three quarters of the way from the handle. At this center of percussion the ball can be hit without jarring any of the rest of the bat. It's dubious, however, whether anybody facing Dave Ferriss or Bobby Feller will be heard muttering, "Remember the center of percussion, remember the center of percussion."

Now that manufacturers and players have finally got around to standardizing the size of the ball used in softball, that game should be in for a sounder growth. This game, which has had more aliases than any other—diamond ball, indoor, softball, and kittenball are only a few of them—was played for years under the widest variety of rules. The rules have now been standardized and a six-ounce, twelve-inch ball adopted.

Most mathematical and engineered of all sports is billiards. At the University of Michigan, Engineering Professor Arthur Moore has been filling notebooks with observations and calculations for over six years trying to figure out an absolute scientific approach to the game. He talks about the coefficient of restitution when he means bounceability, and language like that would start a fight in several pool halls that I know. There's no question, however, that Professor Moore's study offers a good guide for serious players. For example, he has found two basic ways of stroking the ball. He believes the average player uses what he calls a ballistic stroke, gives the ball a sharp shove. Professionals use a smooth, controlled stroke with a definite follow-through.

(The big difference between amateur and professional play, Moore says, is the ability to play position—to end one shot in position to begin the next.)

Professor Moore finds that the obvious stroke is used by most professionals, the lower arm swinging vertically from the elbow. Outstanding exception is Willie Hoppe, who learned the game when he was so young that he had to develop a sidearm stroke to get the end of his cue on a level with the table. In spite of the delicacy of the game the balls often move at great speeds. A billiard ball has been clocked at thirty miles an hour. And Willie Hoppe's cue ball in three-cushion billiards has been known to travel forty feet before coming to rest, egged on by English after its original momentum was lost.

English as applied to billiards (a spinning or rotary motion round the vertical axis given to a ball by striking it to the right or left of its center), was discovered by an Englishman named Jack Carr.

His brilliant playing astounded his fellows and, when pressed for an explanation of the startling behavior of his cue balls, he blandly announced that it was all due to a magic chalk. When pressed, he reluctantly parted with small amounts of this chalk for substantial sums. Along with the chalk he gave instructions on how to use it. These instructions simply told the user where to cue the ball to get the effects of English. Things went swimmingly until one user ran out of magic chalk and used ordinary chalk on the tip of his cue. Cuing according to Carr's rules, the ball still had English—and Carr's little monopoly collapsed. Modern players operate inside a spot about the size of a fifty-cent piece on the back of the cue ball. Experts perhaps use less English than enthusiastic beginners, put spin on the ball only when the shot calls for it.

Bowling applies the science of physics to the basic human desire to throw things. Engineers have turned out an absolutely round ball, an alley whose surface never varies more than 40/1000ths of an inch. The ball is now standardized at between ten and sixteen pounds, has either two or three holes. Most of today's bowlers are coming over to the three-holed ball; even some of the stars are shifting over. First bowling balls were made of lignum vitae, heaviest of woods, and had the pleasant habit of warping and getting egg-shaped after hard use. Then came a hard rubber ball, and finally today's composition ball, whose chemical make-up is a closely guarded secret. To make sure the ball is round, it's ground automatically.

Bowlers don't shoot for speed, concentrate on English to hook the ball in the vital pocket between the one and three pins. The sideways rotation of the ball wreaks havoc among the pins, sends them spinning against each other. Speed isn't too important; it takes a bowling ball about four or five seconds to hit the pins after it hits the alley surface. Actually it skips a few times along the alley surface before it settles down into a smooth roll and "takes the hook." Too fast a ball cuts down your score, because the fast ball sails right through the pins. The slower twirling ball scatters the pins far better.

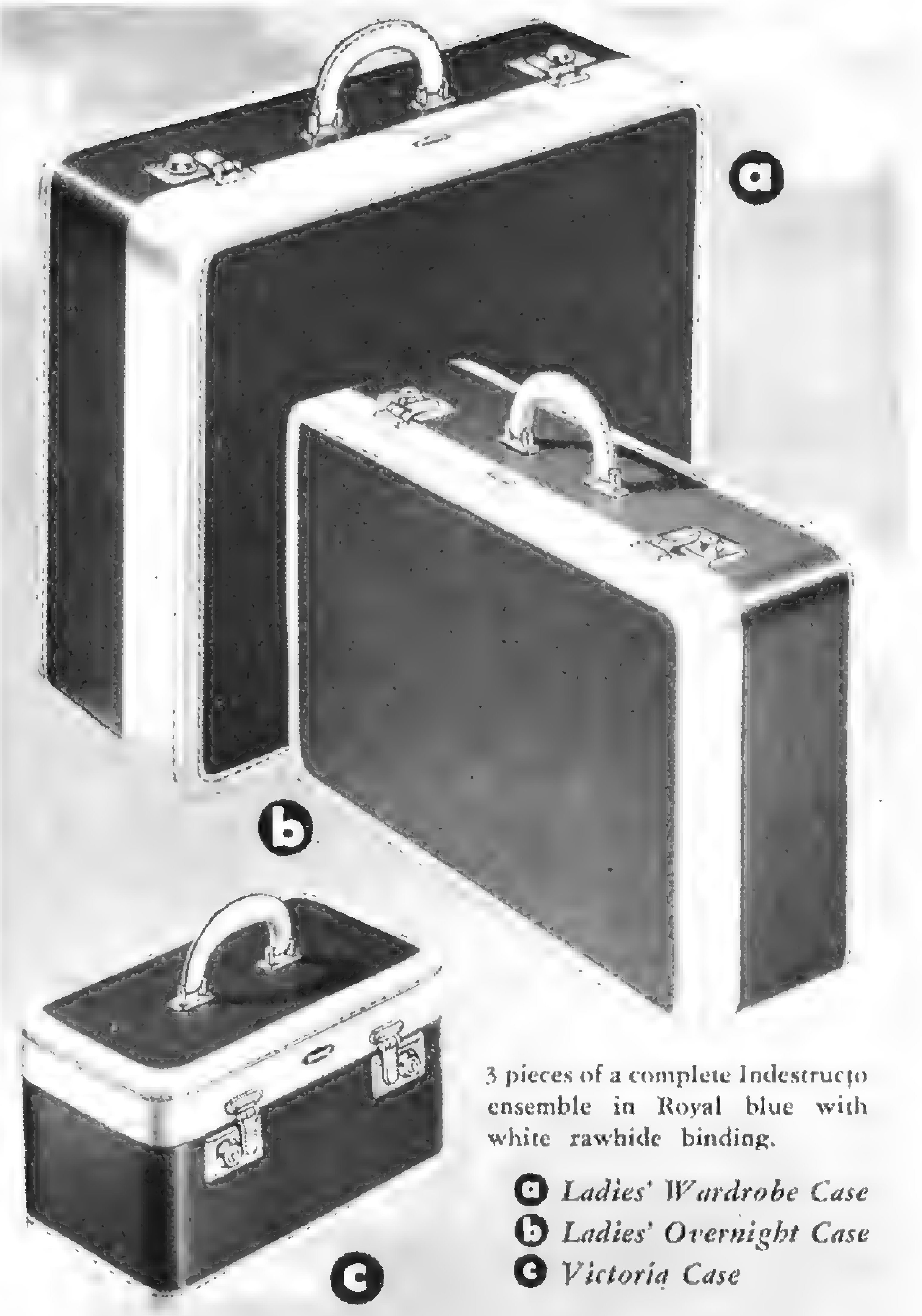
The rise in championship bowling scores is proof equipment is getting better. ABC singles championship scores never reached 700 in the nine tournament years until 1910, and have fallen below 705 only ten times since. Only once before 1908 did a prize-winning team crack 2800. Ever since the tournament in 1923 the championship bowling team has cracked 3000 every year.

Lawn bowling, which started from entirely different origins, uses a weighted ball to get a curve along the green. Such a ball can curve four feet on its trip toward the jack. Early weighted balls were made of lignum vitae, with light heartwood on one side, heavier sapwood on the other. And before these, stones were used, ground roughly round on one side, egg-shaped on the other to get a curve. Rolling such a ball, waiting for it to curve into place, must have compared favorably with the sensations of getting scalped.

Research tests of sports equipment are getting more elaborate all the time. During World War II, the Army Quartermaster began an intensive program to test the equipment that was being bought and sent to bases around the world. In the Army labs baseballs were mashed, squeezed at pressures up to 390 pounds; tennis balls were endlessly whacked by mechanical devices, their bounces measured, to find out how long they would stand up under ordinary playing conditions; golf balls were rolled to get a final report on how true they'd be on the greens; basketballs were tested in bouncing machines for both their ability to take rugged going, and their trueness of bounce.

Or take the grueling tests, the intense thinking put into a tennis racket, intended merely for casually batting a ball across a net. First comes the problem of wood, figuring out which combination of ash, hickory, maple, birch, beech, and oak are to be used in the racket. Next comes the problem of bonding the wood together to stand up under the hard use of play. One problem is the shape of the racket. Early tennis rackets often had lopsided heads, much

Continued on page 134



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Watch That Ball!

Continued from page 133

like court tennis rackets today. These rackets looked as if someone had missed a shot and slammed his racket edge down on the court, they were that much out of kilter. In a good service smash, the racket head may bend a quarter of an inch behind the handle. But the bend isn't too surprising when you think that the ball has been clocked across the net at 151.20 miles an hour. Science goes a step further, figures out what the best stringing for a racket should be. Expert opinion believes that animal gut, strung at a tension of eighty pounds, is probably best, although silk and Nylon are also widely used. Sheep intestines provide the animal gut. Then, as a final test, the completed rackets are put in a machine which bats them against balls about twice as hard as in play. If the racket stands half an hour of testing, the experts figure it ought to stand up under an entire season of play. Then, just for luck, they drop the racket five feet down onto a concrete block, to make sure it isn't likely to crack up. Some rackets have stood four hours on the rotating tester, been dropped on a cement floor from forty feet up without breaking.

Incidentally, while science and engineering have improved sports equipment, they've received at least two big boosts from sporting goods. The first time Europeans ever laid eyes on rubber, they saw it as a ball which a bunch of South American Indians were batting back and forth. From that start came the modern rubber industry. The entire plastics industry was founded because some billiard-ball makers in New Jersey wanted to find a substitute for ivory. They offered a cash prize, and one of the ivory substitutes submitted was celluloid. It became the granddaddy of all the plastics we use today.

You could bat your brains out for a month counting up all the games that involve a ball somewhere along the line, all the way from the giant sphere used in pushball—remember the old newsreels—to the little marbles that skitter around the slanted surface of a pinball machine. Or in counting up all the materials that have been used in balls, from the flour-stuffed balls used by the Romans to the five or six different substances that make up a baseball. The instruments used to bat the ball around have varied from the persimmon-wood golf clubs to the wickerwork cesta of the jai alai player. The balls have varied from the newly standardized soft balls to the cricket ball that hasn't changed too much in a hundred and fifty years, or the pato ball with the six handles, carried by gauchos on horseback.

Even more elaborate than the equipment are the rules and methods of moving a ball around. Football, for example, with its dozens of cousins, has got more elaborate and complicated than the fine print on the back of your life insurance policy. U. S. football, with its Saturday stadium jamming, is familiar enough; most of us have a more than passing acquaintance with its little brothers, touch football and six-man football. But what about Canadian football, with its twelve-man teams, its 110-yard-long fields, its curtailed interference? Or the Australian game with its premium on kicking, its field that may be twice as large as our football fields? Or the queer hybrid, Austus football, cooked up during the war, combining the kicking of the Australian game with the passing of the American? And to wind up the football family that maltreats an egg-shaped ball, there's always Rugby, with a wide-open game.

Football in the older style, kicking a round ball, has just as many relatives. There's soccer, that packs stadiums from Moscow to Manchester, drawing crowds that make Navy-Army fans look like the onlookers for a sidewalk pitchman. This simon-pure kicking game, where the educated feet dribble the ball, where men hurl themselves through the air in an attempt to bat it with their heads, is perhaps the most widespread of all football games.

The football game to end all, of course, is Gaelic football, seen by several thousand New Yorkers when Kerry and Cavan moved the championship final from the Ould Sod to the new in 1947. This game uses elements of nearly all football games, and a couple borrowed from basketball, as well as a couple due to purely local lethal inspiration. The ball is kicked as in soccer, dribbled as in basketball, passed by being punched. The latter feature offers fine murderous opportunities to the players quick of fist, careless of eye. In the original form, the ball was merely an excuse, the players played each other. But the game has got more orderly since the days when five kicks were taken at opponents for one at the ball.

Tennis has almost as many relatives, if you count squash, handball, table tennis, court tennis, racquets, the Mexican game of frontenis, paddle tennis, squash rackets, and a couple of dozen or so games that were out when the census taker called. And nearly every other ball game, except that unique American invention, basketball, has got enough relatives on the pay roll to bankrupt it.

But of all inventions for controlling the ball, of all strange athletic aberrations, the commonest and least useful is that weird activity of golfers, bowlers, tennis players, and everyone else who has a moment to reflect before the ball he has moved hits its destination. It's that fantastic contortion known as body English. It's probably the only thing that skilled engineers haven't been able to research out of the ball.

Continued from page 50

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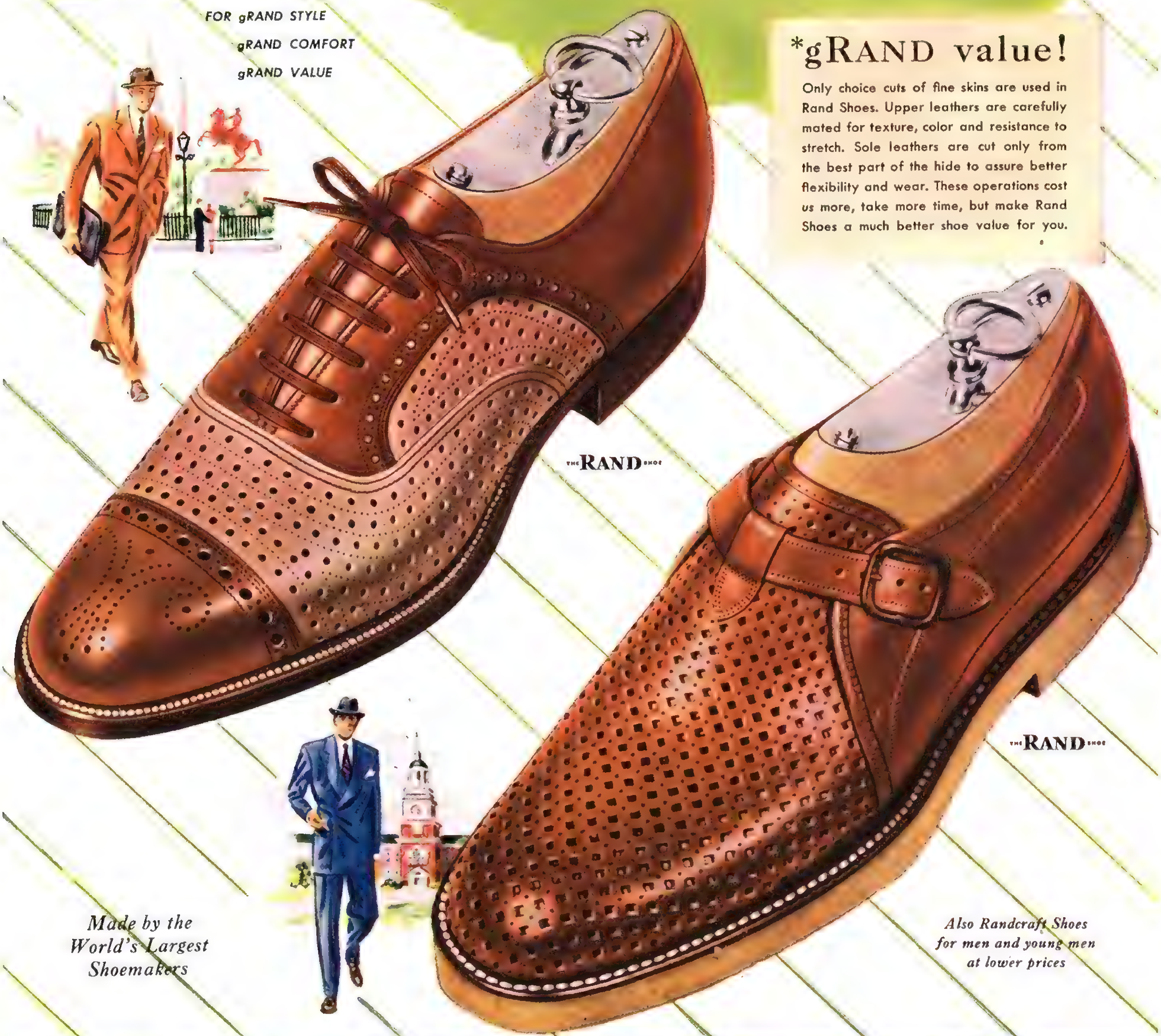

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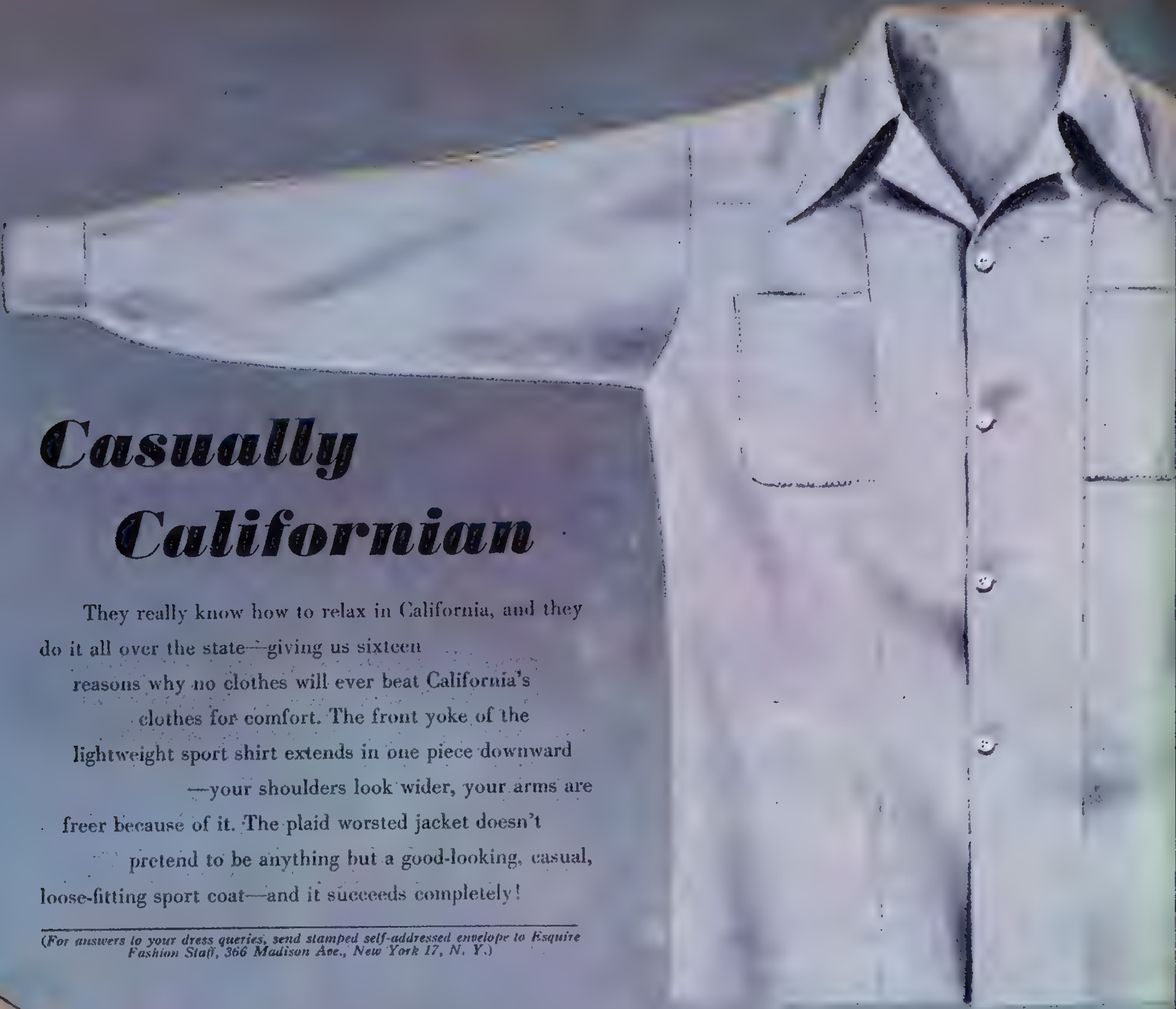

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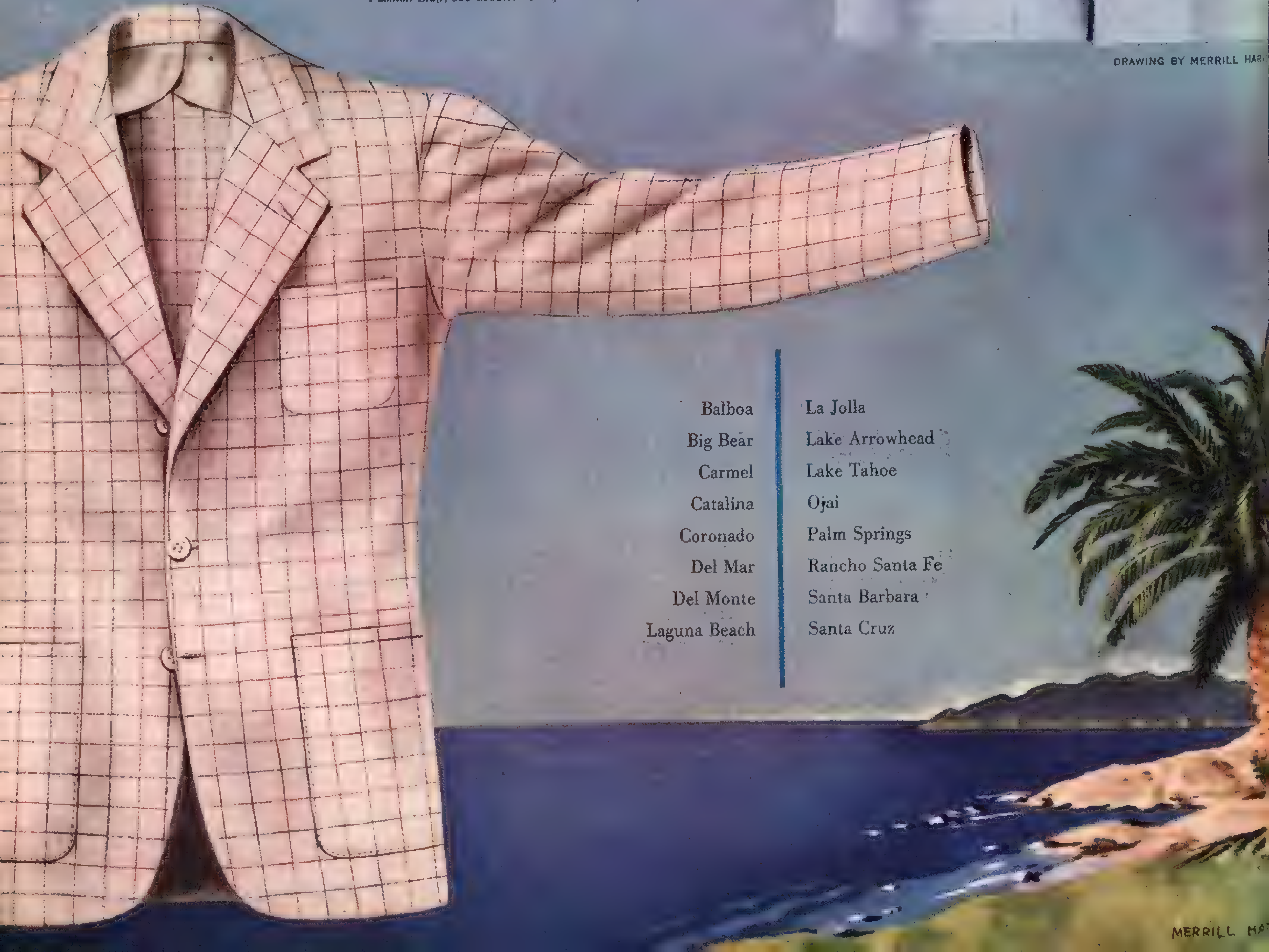

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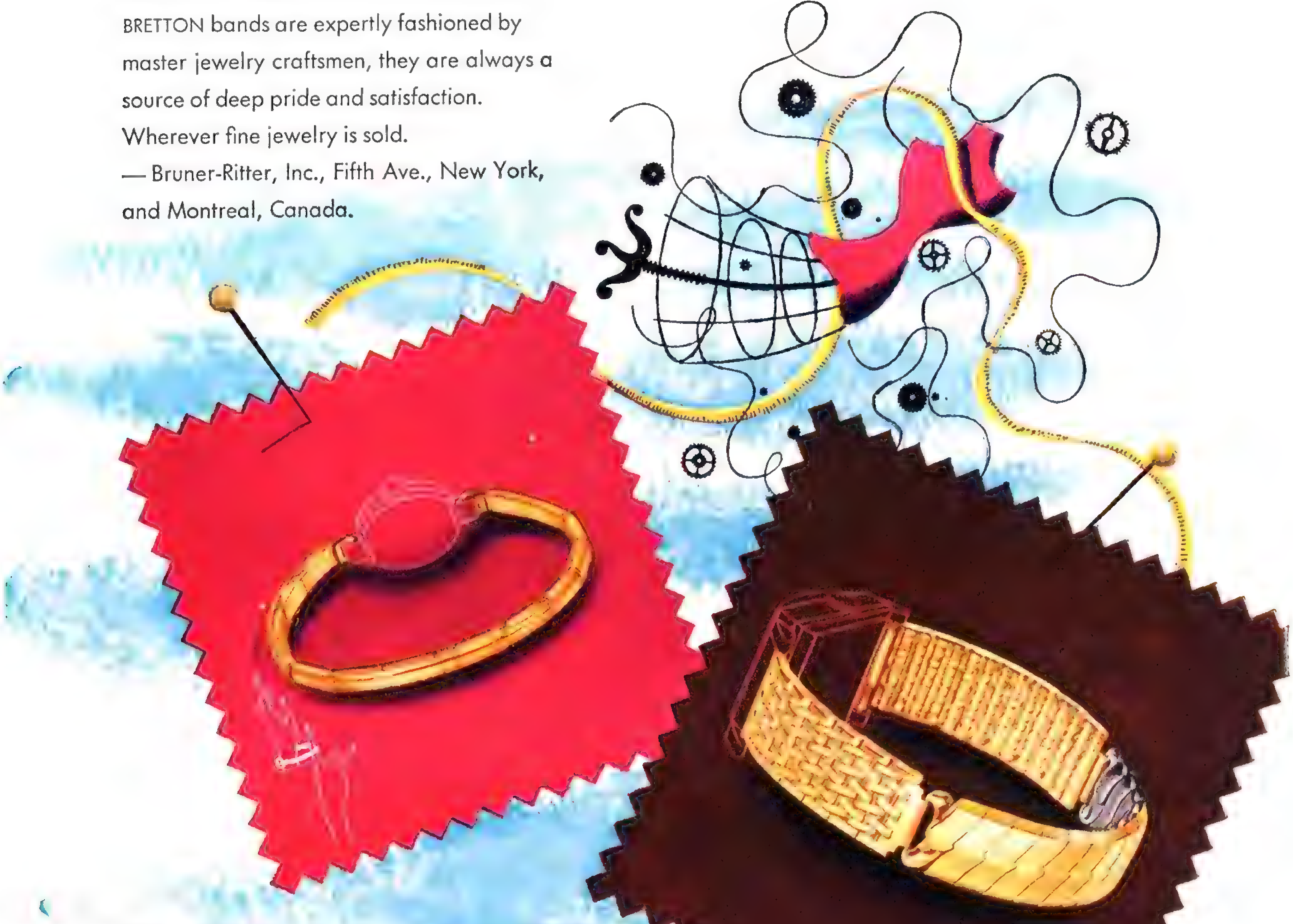

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Operation Airborne

Continued from page 64

they found the shack. It was at Paradise, Texas, 225 miles from Oklahoma City. The kidnappers were captured with most of the ransom money. One of the men who had snatched Urschel was George "Machine Gun" Kelly.

Though the Lindbergh Law, by providing the death penalty for kidnapping, has discouraged the racket, the Slicks to this day are shy of publicity and wary of strangers. They avoid the obvious trappings of wealth, which might put ideas in the heads of impecunious onlookers. A few years after Urschel's adventure the family moved to San Antonio, Texas.

Flying is a habit among oilmen, who think nothing of chartering a twenty-four-passenger transport to go duck hunting in the bayous of Louisiana. But Father Urschel's experience also seems to have given his brood an affectionate feeling for airplanes—the kind of feeling that a Western cowhand traditionally has for his pony. Earl holds a pilot's license. But the Slicks do most of their traveling by air, usually in a seven-passenger plane which they own in common. Earl sometimes refers to it as "Old Paint." Last November Tom and his bride took a ten-thousand-mile vacation trip across the Pacific by plane to New Zealand. When the Slicks want to get somewhere in a hurry they try to hitch a ride in one of Brother Earl's cargo carriers.

Father Urschel sent both the boys back east to be educated at Exeter and Yale. Earl was just out of Exeter, and Tom was still at Yale, when they brought in their first oil well. They had been drilling on a cotton plantation which their father had left them near Yazoo City, Mississippi. Underneath the dusty rows of cotton they found a rich extension of the Tinsley Field, Mississippi's first big pool of oil. From Yazoo City they branched out into South Texas. Papa Slick's legendary luck followed them. At eighteen Earl found himself, with Brother Tom and Charlie Urschel, a partner in two oil companies owned by the three.

While Tom was getting his B.S. and a Phi Beta Kappa key, Earl looked after their oil interests. Then Tom came home, and Earl followed his brother to New Haven. But Earl isn't the scholarly type: though his shambling gait belies it, he's a man of action. In the midst of his sophomore year he quit and went back to the oil business. A few months later, when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, he quit the oil business too. Armed with a private pilot's license, he tried to enroll in the Air Corps as a cadet. The Army wouldn't take him for combat duty because his eyes weren't good enough; he has to wear glasses when he flies. So Earl joined the Air Transport Command as a civilian ferry pilot.

He got his commission after all a year later, in April, 1943. As a ferry pilot Earl flew just about every type of aircraft the Army had: cargo carriers, transports, bombers, pursuit ships. Altogether he rolled up eleven hundred hours in the air, crossing the Atlantic twice with the big Liberators. For the last few months of the war he was stationed at a pursuit school in Greenwood, Mississippi, teaching other young pilots like himself. There he ran into Colonel Sam Dunlap.

Samuel C. Dunlap, III, from Georgia, was an old Army flyer who had married a San Antonio girl. Verging on forty when Earl met him, he had been an air-line pilot, had dabbled in oil, had been chosen by the Air Forces to command the Greenwood school because of the tough-talking efficiency with which he put speed and morale into sluggish training programs. The pilots called him "Singin' Sam." It was Colonel Dunlap whose seductive voice talked Lieutenant Slick into the notion that an air-freight line would be a sound postwar project.

"I was the guy with the idea," carols Singin' Sam, "and Earl was the guy with the money."

Actually the idea was still pretty tenuous when they were released from active duty a few weeks after the Japs folded. Earl went straight to Washington to put in his bid for surplus Army planes. Colonel Sam followed him three days later. They went on to New York to make an estimate of the situation. Their first plan had been to fly oil-drilling machinery into South America. After studying market surveys for a week they concluded that the best field for a cargo line was in the United States. They were still pondering possible routes and rates the afternoon Earl received that nonchalant call from Washington.

The nine twin-engine Commandos which he got from the WAA were in his opinion the best planes for his purpose. With two thousand cubic feet of space for six tons of freight apiece, cruising at 205 miles per hour, Slick considered them the fastest and most economical cargo carriers for his type of operation. Only seventeen planes of this particular model (the C-46-E) were built. The Army planned to release fifteen and keep two. If Earl Slick had failed to get his nine that afternoon, they never would have been available again.

He had his planes. Now all he needed was an air line. Colonel Sam got some former Army friends to fly the ships to San Antonio and set them down at the north end of the airport. The ramps belonged to the Army, but the Air Forces were moving out. A little fast talk by Singin' Sam persuaded the Army commander to let the planes remain. The field was soon under lease to Slick Airways.

It cost the Slicks another $125,000 to modify and test the Com-

Continued on page 140

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Operation Airborne

Continued from page 139

mandos before they were licensed for commercial use. In all, they put a million dollars into planes and hangars, research and repair facilities, before the first flight was ready to take off on March 4, 1946. By then Tom Slick was home from the Pacific and in the company too. So was Charlie Urschel, who had ended the war as a lieutenant colonel of Infantry on the staff of a major general in Europe.

For fifteen months, before he could induce the Civil Aeronautics Board to let him fly as a common carrier, Slick operated exclusively on contracts with shippers. His company was one of several hundred air-cargo lines, run by veterans, that had taken to the skies at the same time after the war's end. He competed not only with other cargo services, large and small, but with the long-established passenger air lines, which also carry freight. To pick up or deliver cargo off his normal routes, he had to charge the shipper considerable amounts for extra mileage. Under the CAB's regulations he could not advertise his services or his rates.

He was able to keep going, but only by drawing on the imposing resources of his family. From the start, Earl had figured that he would have to run his line on a big-time basis, providing frequent flights at modest rates, or abandon the project altogether. His operating expenses range from $250,000 to $275,000 a month. His first eighteen months left the company $1,300,000 in the hole. The stockholders (meaning the Slicks and the Urschels) wrote it off as development expense. A million dollars or so seemed to them a reasonable loss for a business of such magnitude, especially when it was just starting.

Their first cargo was an experimental load of general merchandise out of Newark, New Jersey, for "Joske's of Texas," San Antonio department store. A combination of local pride and hard business reasoning got it for the Slicks. The speed and economy of air freight turned out to be a sound investment. Now Allied Stores, the corporation that manages Joske's and several other stores in the Southwest, is one of Slick's best customers.

Time Magazine had run an article about Slick Airways when it was first organized. Slick's star salesman, Bankart Langmore (a former lieutant commander with a secret air task force in the Pacific), stepped into *Time*'s Chicago office the day before the story appeared, picked up an advance copy of the magazine, and showed it to the circulation manager. He walked out with a contract to deliver two planeloads of copies in Fort Worth every week.

The *Time* deal didn't work out after all, because the two planes, leaving on schedule every Wednesday morning, were left stranded without cargoes at Fort Worth. Either they were laid up, waiting for another load, or they had to make the backhaul empty. This experience taught Earl something about air freight—that it has to fly to places where fresh cargoes are waiting.

Slick's best customers are department stores. About forty per cent of his freight consists of merchandise for stores like Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, the May Company, Los Angeles and Emporium, San Francisco. For Marshall Field's he carries large shipments to Chicago from East and West Coast fashion centers. Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward ship by air to branches in other cities.

Some odd consignments go by air freight. Slick has hauled lumber and cement, white rats for laboratories, snakes, young elephants, polo ponies, penicillin, microscopes, crockery, and furs. For a phonograph-record company in Los Angeles he flew five thousand platters of *Open the Door, Richard* to anguished dealers in New York. Slick often transports men's sportswear from his Los Angeles and San Francisco terminals to New York. The cost via air freight is but ten per cent over Railway Express.

The first animal of any size that Slick carried was a Longhorn steer weighing half a ton. The Columbia Broadcasting System wanted it for atmosphere on a special Texas program originating in New York. Earl was anxious about the other shipments—including some fancy hats and dresses—that were going along in the plane. His engineers designed a special stall, with several layers of absorbent paper over a waterproof tarpaulin on the deck, and a foot of sawdust above the paper. A couple of bales of hay were provided, in case the steer got hungry; and a cowhand rode along with him for company. Slick got him there in half a day, in good shape, and flew him home after the broadcast. Since then prize heifers and race horses have traveled in the same stall.

About thirty per cent of Slick's cargoes are perishables—flowers, fruits, vegetables—from California and the Rio Grande Valley. Fruits and vegetables moving by rail are picked when they are green, packed in bulk, iced, and allowed to ripen gradually as they go to market. For shipment by air they must be picked ripe, cleaned and packaged at the farm, and forwarded quickly to their destination. Speed takes the place of refrigeration.

Slick has eighty pilots and one-hundred seventy-five mechanics to fly and service the fourteen planes he now owns. Nearly all are veterans of Army Air Transport Command or the Naval Air Transport Service, and the company operates with much the same casual enthusiasm as an Air Force squadron under a youthful commander. Colonel Sam Dunlap, incidentally, left the company last year in order to concentrate on plans of his own.

In its first seventeen months of operations Slick Airways had just one fatal accident. Nobody has yet figured out how it happened. The plane was coming into Denver at 5:20 a.m. for a routine landing. A CAA representative, standing in the tower, saw the lights blink out. That was all he saw—no explosion, no fire. The ship piled up on a sixty-foot ridge beyond the airport. Both pilots were killed.

By one o'clock that afternoon Earl Slick had bought another Commando and the air line carried on. His second crash came last August when a plane with three men aboard, bound for Los Angeles out of Detroit, was lost in the rain and darkness over Utah.

It was not until last September that the business first showed a profit, and the quarter ended with a good profit.

The company has twice increased its capital, the last time by bringing in some investors from outside the family. Slick Airways is now a three-million-dollar corporation with hardheaded Eastern financiers among its stockholders. With his fresh resources Earl is buying more airplanes and building new hangars and facilities over the country. Eventually he hopes to acquire some big four-engine ships such as Curtiss-Wright is now designing especially for air freight. With them he can provide overnight freight hauls from coast to coast.

The trick that turned the tide for Earl was the CAB's decision to grant him the status of a common carrier. For a while last summer it looked as if the line might have to fold. Then the five-man board which controls the air lines of America gave Slick Airways a provisional certificate. It took Earl several months of frantic negotiation, punctuated by frequent trips to Washington, to convince the CAB that his line was healthy enough to be promoted from a contract service to a common carrier. He got his provisional certificate, starting in August. It was reflected on his books the next month, when he wrote down his earnings in black ink for the first time.

From the energy and excitement which he puts into his job a bewildered bystander might imagine that Earl's whole life depended on it—not to mention the security of his young wife and infant daughter. Of course they don't. If Slick Airways collapsed tomorrow (which isn't likely) the Slicks would have lost a mere tithe of their fortune. But the line is more than a matter of money to Earl Slick; it involves his personal pride and confidence in himself.

Earl lives on enthusiasm. Hard work is his passion. He is one of the most elusive lads you will find anywhere—if you can find him. He travels incessantly over his routes, sometimes in the personal plane, sometimes in the drafty holds of his cargo carriers. A Slick employee, dropping wearily out of a plane from Los Angeles onto a rain-drenched ramp in Chicago at three o'clock in the morning, will just as likely as not see the boss step down—coatless as usual—from another plane which has just rolled in from Newark. Earl likes to work, and likes to make his money work with him.

Brother Tom is a Slick of another color. He likes to tinker. Tom has been an inventor ever since he was a boy. As a lieutenant (jg) in the Pacific, he used his spare time to send home various little devices to be patented. Most of his inventions are handy gadgets for oil machinery. But his patents include, among other items, a fishhook and a chopper for chicken feathers. His hobby is science, and he likes to spend his money on useful projects.

Eight miles west of San Antonio is Tom's Essar (for Scientific Research) Ranch, a 3500-acre stock farm on which he breeds blooded cattle. His specialty is the black Angus, which he crosses with Brahmans to get a hardier strain. He also has a fine herd of prize Herefords, headed by a national grand champion bull, T. Royal Rupert 60th. The ranch is valued at a million dollars. Yet it is only an adjunct to a larger enterprise next door.

Around the spacious old mansion, which was the Cable ranch-house before Tom bought it, he has put up a group of long, low, ranch-style buildings, which are housing the scholarly Foundation of Applied Research (endowed with a gift of half a million dollars in Slick oil properties) and its practical twin, the Institute of Industrial Research. Together they will constitute a laboratory, patent service, sales agency, and rest home for weary scientists. Meanwhile, Tom is living in one of the houses with his handsome second wife.

Earl Slick, needless to say, is a director of both institutions, just as Tom is a director of Slick Airways. Whether they are bringing in a new oil well or starting an air line or endowing a laboratory for scientific inquiry, the Slick boys share everything on a fraternal basis. Tom is not so tall as Earl, a few pounds heavier, and a good deal more worldly. He has the brunet, good-humored head of a collar advertisement.

Tom's research organization is a fascinating enterprise by itself. But the prestige of the Slick clan at the moment is staked on the success of Earl's Airways.

"Air freight is like the trucking business after the First World War," says Earl Slick, who wasn't born until a couple of years after the war ended. "It's new and nobody knows anything about it. But we're learning. It's like the oil business too—you have to gamble, and you can expect to bring in a few dry holes. This has been a pretty dry one so far. But we're betting on a gusher." ⧺

Continued from page 64

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Girl from Greenwich

Continued from page 41

these famous people and being in New York and everything else."

"Haven't you ever been in New York before?"

"Oh, yes. But I never lived here. Mr. Cooper gave me a gorgeous suite at a hotel and when my book comes out and I have money I'm going to live there all the time and go to parties every day and be the happiest person in the world."

There was a clear, wholesome beauty in her honest outburst that filled Duke with warm pleasure. "You're a nice girl," he said with sincerity. "I hope you get everything you want, and that when you do get it, it turns out to be the way you thought it would be."

She looked at him gratefully and peered into the living room, the vague smile returning and illuminating her expression with a subdued, beatific charm. He took her elbow and turned her.

"Isn't there someplace else you'd like to go? How about a night club or something similar?"

"All right. A night club. Could we go to the Stork Club?"

"Of course."

"I don't mean the bar. Could we get into the Cub Room?"

"Certainly. Let's go."

She hesitated. "Is it all right to leave a party so early?"

"Usually it's wrong to come at all."

"All right," she said, smiling. "Let's say good-by."

"It isn't necessary. Get your coat."

"Are you sure? I don't want to anger Mr. Cooper."

"Mr. Cooper will be grateful. I'll meet you at the door."

When he returned with his own coat she was already waiting, looking most attractive in a fur jacket and a tiny hat that peeked up over her eye. He commented on the hat, and they were both laughing as they entered the elevator. He remembered the man in the trench coat and, as they passed through the lobby to the street, he asked about him. She reminded him quickly of his promise, and when he agreed, she asked how much money she would make from her book.

"That all depends," he informed her. "Cooper is very confident. And with the book-club sales you should do very well."

"That's wonderful!" she exclaimed with delight. "I know I must sound terribly selfish, but it's just that I've never had anything and now I'll have it all."

She had been in New York only three days. Cooper was her host, and he had been entertaining her regally, providing her with a luxurious apartment and extending her a sizable advance on future royalties. All her dreams had suddenly come true, and the rare pleasure was still entrancing.

The grey day was fading into twilight, but the noon freshness remained, and they decided to walk. When they were stopped by traffic, Duke drew out a cigarette. He turned to light it and, as he cupped the match in his hands, he saw the man in the trench coat standing near the side of a building in the middle of the block. He was standing motionless, even as they were, watching them. The light changed and they continued.

"Is everything all right now?" he asked when they had crossed, watching her closely.

"Everything is wonderful," she exclaimed. "Everything is just wonderful."

"That's good," he said.

As they neared the next corner, he turned again. The man was walking behind them, maintaining the same even pace, keeping the distance between them unchanged. He took the girl's arm as they crossed the next street.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong?" Her face wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "What do you mean?"

"I mean trouble. Are you in any trouble?"

"No. Of course not. Why?"

"How about that man in the trench coat?"

"You promised not to ask."

"But if you're in any trouble," he said, "I want to help."

"Well, I'm not."

"All right," he said. They walked on in silence for a few moments. He looked at her and saw she was waiting for an explanation. "He's following us."

"Who?"

"That man. Don't turn," he warned quickly. "Not until you know what you want to do."

She didn't speak.

"There's a cab on the corner," he said. "It's empty. We can get in if you want to elude him."

"No," she answered slowly. "I don't want to elude him."

"All right," he said. "We'll just keep walking."

Curiosity overcame her finally and she turned to look. Immediately her fingers closed on his arm. "He saw me," she said with alarm. "He saw me and he's coming."

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know." Her pace quickened. "Keep walking. Walk fast."

When they came to the next corner he turned her down the side street. Then he heard the footsteps rushing up from behind, and in one abrupt moment they were torn apart and the man stepped between them, his back turning to Duke as he faced the girl.

"I have to talk to you," he said.

"Go away," the girl said. Her face filled with fear as she stepped back from him. "Please go away."

"Not until I talk to you. Tell him to go."

Duke measured him carefully, feeling the anger bubble inside. The man reached out for the girl's arm. Duke caught his wrist and stepped before him.

"She said she didn't want to

talk to you," he said quietly.

"Go away," the man ordered in a trenchant voice. "It's none of your business. Why don't you go away?"

"She doesn't want to talk to you and neither do I," Duke said. "So beat it."

The man swung quickly before he could get his hands up and hit him on the side of the face. Duke swung wildly at his head and missed. His foot slipped and he fell to his knees. He waited there until the raging fury cleared and he could focus his eyes on the man, who was backing away, his hands raised girlishly before him as though he were trying to fend off the tide of avengeance.

WEAR A
BUDDY
POPPY
BUDDY POPPY
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE U. S.

"Don't get angry!" he was shouting. "For God sakes, don't get angry! I don't want to fight!"

Duke's face was numb with pain, and he remembered the girl from Greenwich who was standing somewhere outside the frame of his vision, and he rose slowly, his anger pointed into sharp, clear channels of revenge. He moved forward with grim, methodical determination, his hands coming up before him in a fighter's position and shifting craftily with his shoulders as he advanced on the man with a wary, plotting hatred. He feinted with his left and brought his right into the body. His hand tangled in the loose folds of the trench coat, harmlessly, and he swung at the man's head and felt his fist smash against solid bone, and he swung again and again.

He felt himself grow strong and stronger and his opponent grow weak, and when his vision cleared he saw the man's face before him, marked with blood and raw bruises, and lolling helplessly with the blows as he stood unresisting, and then Duke saw he was crying. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and he was sobbing aloud, and he seemed unaware of Duke's hands pounding his face.

Duke dropped his hands quickly, horrified by the picture, the clean exultancy that had come with that one clear moment vanishing and he realized once again that nothing is so disappointing as victory.

There was a lot of confusion, a lot of people, and then there was a large, angry policeman and an indignant woman shrieking at him that she had seen the whole thing. Duke stepped between them.

"It's nothing, Officer," he said. "Couldn't you forget it?"

"No," was the brusque retort. "I couldn't. What's it all about?"

"It's a personal matter, that's all. And it's over."

"There's nothing personal about a fight on Fifth Avenue."

"Please, Officer." It was Arlene, detaching herself from the confusion and looking most appealing as she smiled at him and explained that it was all a misunderstanding.

The policeman relented finally and set about dispersing the crowd while Duke collected himself, straightening his clothes and smoothing his hair. When he looked up, the man in the trench coat had slipped through the ring of bystanders and was turning the corner. After a period of discomfort that seemed interminable they were able to resume their walking.

"Are you all right?" Arlene asked, when they had passed beyond the curious stares and were again walking alone.

"Yes," he said. "I'm all right."

"You're not hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. I'm banged up a little, but it's all right."

"That's good." She took his arm admiringly. "You were marvelous," she said. "You really were."

"That's very nice. Now I'd like to know what it's all about."

"All right. I suppose you have a right to know."

"I think so. First, I'd like to know how you got tangled up with a character like that in three days."

"It isn't three days," she explained. "I know him from home. He lives in Greenwich."

"Go on."

"And he's not the kind of person you probably think he is. He's a respectable shoe salesman."

"Don't tell me he followed you here to collect a bill."

"Don't be silly," she said, pressing his arm as she laughed. "He's my husband."

Duke stopped with amazement and looked at her.

"He wants me to go back to him," she continued. "To live in Greenwich. Can you imagine that?"

She said it so simply that Duke didn't realize immediately. It hit him suddenly with a sickening jolt, and he whirled upon her with surprise. All the pieces fell together in a horrible pattern, and in the center he could see the man's pale face reeling with the punches as the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Duke turned from her with anger and disgust and walked to a cab that was parked near the corner. She followed after him, clutching at his arm with surprise.

"Where are you going?"

"I have another appointment," he said. He shook his arm free and entered the cab. "I suddenly remember that I have another appointment."

"But what about me?" she asked in bewilderment.

"Go back to the party," Duke said, closing the door. "Go back to the party and drink some more martinis." #

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Women Wait for Winners

Continued from page 55

me." Yvonne smiled brightly and extended her hand. "See you in Newark."

Charles ignored the hand and walked away. He was getting angrier by the minute. He shoved unceremoniously through the crowd. Somebody caught his arm and he looked around. "Hello, maestro," he said.

Some of his anger evaporated. He'd been fond of Paolo Vincenti ever since the days when the conductor was plain Paul Vincent, from West 110th Street.

"Come on over," Vincenti said. "I want you to meet a dame."

You were always meeting dames when Vincenti was around. This one was very young, blonde and wide-eyed. Vincenti introduced her as Helen Kenyon. She said, with flattering sincerity, "I've always wanted to meet Mr. Parker."

"How do you feel?" Vincenti asked. "What did you think of tonight?"

"Relax, maestro," Charles said. He told Helen, "I know this guy so well. He wants me to tell him I was terrific tonight. Then he'll tell me he thought so too. Finally he'll end up believing it. It's a form of self-hypnosis."

Vincenti laughed. Helen Kenyon said, "That shows you are an artist. Only the second-raters are ever satisfied with themselves."

Charles studied her. "I wish you'd sell my girl friend that idea. Do you really believe it?"

"Of course!" Her eyes shone with enthusiasm. "Did you ever read Michaelangelo's letters to his father? He tells how difficult the work is, and how he is utterly unfitted for it, and how they won't like it and he'll never get his money. He was talking about the Sistine Chapel. And Wagner, you remember, wrote to Liszt about the miserable rubbish he was composing—which turned out to be *Lohengrin* . . ."

Vincenti patted her hand. "Well-read little thing, isn't she?"

"Hmm," Charles agreed absently. "Listen, maestro," he said suddenly, "I'm past thirty and now is the time to quit this racket, if ever. But tonight I got to thinking—it would be fun to sing one decent Rigoletto before I die."

"Well," Vincenti said, "why don't you?"

"That," Charles said, "is where you come in. I want you to work with me every day, an hour—or whatever you can spare. Meanwhile I'll dust off my Marchesi vocalises and try to build up enough breath to get through a phrase."

Vincenti dropped his bantering tone. "I'd like to do it very much, Charles," he said. "I really would. I'm glad you asked me."

Backstage at the orchestra rehearsal, Charles Parker, waiting for his entrance, watched Alan Merrick on stage doing a magnificent job of the baritone part.

Charles hadn't sung altogether badly himself. The weeks of regular practice had begun to show results. Singing, he reflected, was like anything else; muscles lost their tone if not used regularly. His placement still didn't satisfy him, but he believed he could sustain through three acts of fairly heavy singing. Tomorrow night would show whether he was right.

The work with Vincenti had been fun. Vincenti knew his business. He had heard every important singer since the days when he used to save his nickels for standing room at the Met. His criticisms had been shrewd and to the point. Helen Kenyon had turned out to be a very efficient pianist and had dropped in at Vincenti's studio almost daily. The way her eyes lighted up when Charles turned a good phrase, or hit a lucky high note that made the studio ring—well, that too was rewarding.

Charles saw Yvonne standing in the wings and went to meet her.

"Hello," Yvonne said. "Alan's in good voice today, isn't he?"

"He sounds great," Charles agreed.

"I'm glad for his sake," she said. "This is a great opportunity for Alan. You knew the Met was sending somebody down, didn't you?"

"No. Are they scouting Merrick?"

Yvonne lowered her voice confidentially. "Nobody knows this yet—but Alan is being considered for the opera next year, and for a concert tour. He has a radio contract practically in his pocket now."

Charles knew from experience that such things meant little until they were signed, sealed and delivered; all the same he was a little resentful that the young singer appeared to be achieving so easily what he himself had struggled for and missed.

"I'm glad for Merrick," Charles said. "It's fine that things are breaking so well."

Yvonne looked at him. "I'm glad you're singing the Duke tomorrow night. It'll make a good performance—for Alan—if . . ."

Charles laughed good-naturedly. "Go ahead and say it," he grinned. "The lousier the tenor is, the better Merrick will look."

"I didn't mean quite that."

"Forget it," Charles said. "You know I don't give a damn . . . How about supper, tomorrow night?"

"I'm sorry—I've promised . . ."

"Merrick?"

"There's no reason to sound like that. He's a grand person and you'd like him if you knew him better. He's had no help and yet look where he is."

"You mean, where he will be. Don't count Merrick's chickens before they're hatched."

"I don't think it will take long," she said smoothly.

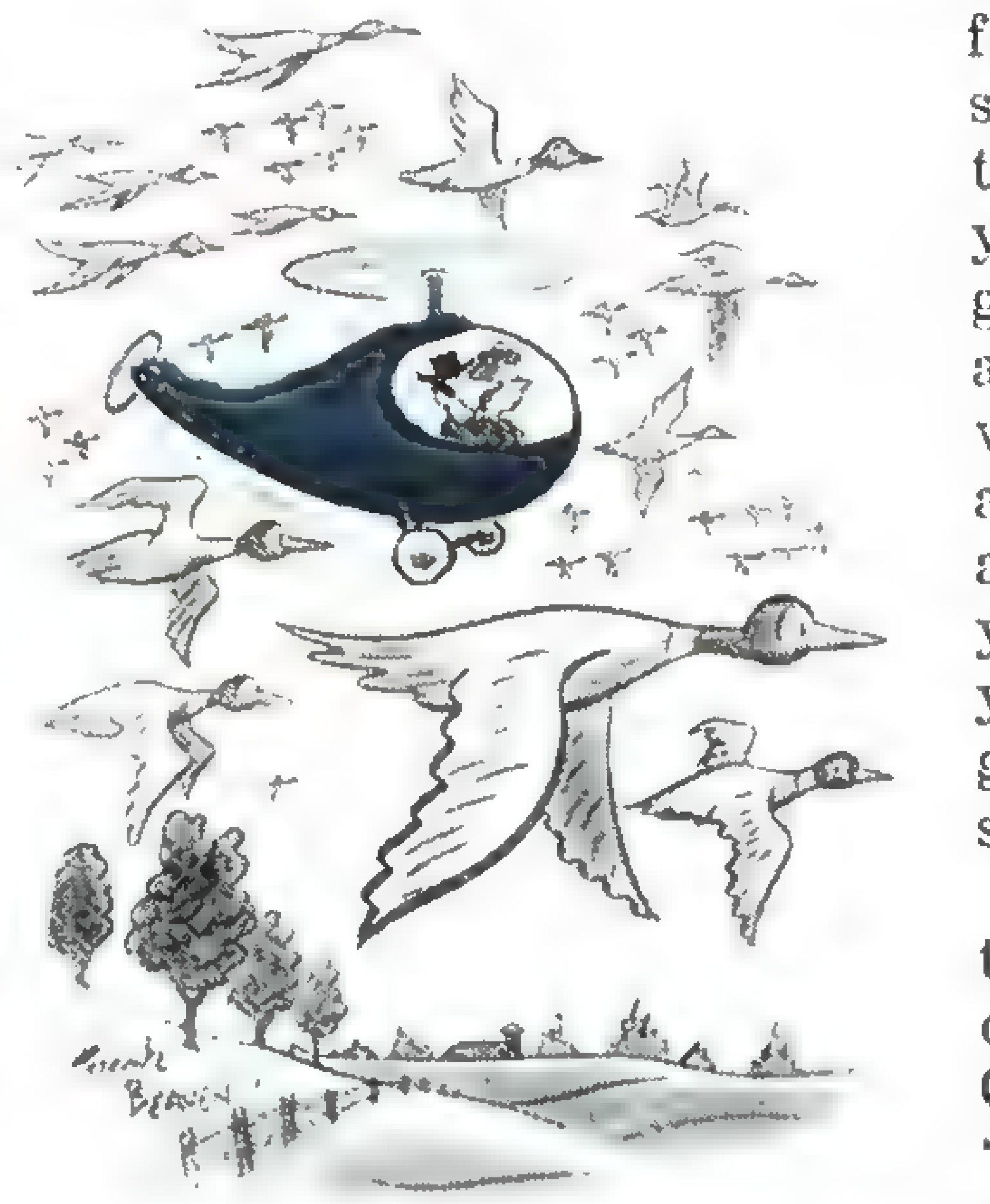
Charles Parker finished *Questa o quella* without getting a hand. He returned to the ducal throne downstage in some vexation.

True, *Questa o quella* didn't

mean a lot. It came just after the rise of the curtain. Late-comers were always straggling into their seats and there was a lot of noise; people had to know the score pretty well to realize the aria was finished.

Vincenti had given him a break by pausing ever so slightly. There were a few handclaps, but the applause didn't hold and Vincenti, shrugging, resumed the minuet.

Merrick was upstage, on Charles' left: otherwise he would be singing over his shoulder to the audience. That exposed Charles' "Achilles heel." He had cupped his hand over his ear, pretending to listen to Rigoletto's whispered asides—in reality trying to shield his eardrum.



It hadn't altogether succeeded. Merrick was singing full-voice, and there was no way of shutting out that resonant tone altogether. Charles' head had begun to buzz. It was the ominous warning.

Thoroughly in character as the Duke, Charles carelessly leaned his chin on his cupped left hand. A forefinger surreptitiously protected the orifice of his ear. He got through the act and the buzzing seemed no worse.

They took curtain calls, then Charles went offstage. Merrick followed. The big baritone was exuberant. He was singing well, and he knew it. Impulsively Merrick flung his arms around Charles and gave him a bearlike hug.

"You were great out there," he exclaimed. He bent as if to whisper and Charles inclined his head. Alan cupped his hands and into Charles' left ear shouted: "Bravo!"

Charles put a hand to his head. The effect was like having a shotgun fired off at his ear. His ears were ringing. He watched Merrick swagger off toward his dressing room, whistling loudly.

While the stagehands were striking the set, Charles skirted the rear wall of the theatre to where Yvonne sat just offstage.

"You told Merrick about my bad ear, didn't you?"

"Yes, I told him about it," she said. Her voice was defiant. Through the buzzing in his ear, Charles heard her words as if from a distance. "What if I did? You don't care how you sing tonight. You said so. This is his big break, the chance of his life."

"So what? That's no reason to cut my throat, is it? If you were so anxious for me to sing badly, why didn't you come to me and ask me to throw the performance?"

Yvonne would not meet his eyes. Charles walked away. Well, I don't give a damn, he thought. Why should I? It's just one more lousy *Rigoletto*. But it's his big chance, and she told him. All's fair in love and war and the opera.

His head felt ready to fly off. But that was the excitement of course, and the persistent buzzing in his ears.

Vincenti was backstage with Helen Kenyon, smoking a cigarette and waiting for the signal to return to the pit. "You sound good," he told Charles. "Better than you have for a long time. Keep pitching and you'll knock them dead in the last act."

"If I live that long."

"You look healthy to me," Vincenti grinned. The stage manager touched his arm. Vincenti ground out his cigarette and disappeared.

Helen Kenyon searched Charles' face. "You're upset about something, aren't you? . . . That's good. Vincenti always said you were too calm about a performance. He said you'd never do your best till you got good and steamed up."

"Never mind the applied psychology," Charles retorted. "I haven't got stage fright, if that's what you're worried about."

As the curtain went up, Charles was unconscious of the audience, Vincenti—everything but the buzzing in his head. He hated everyone—Yvonne for telling Merrick; himself for telling Yvonne; Helen for being sympathetic. The broad muscles across his stomach were drumtight. Relax, he told himself, and found he couldn't relax.

He made a hash of the recitative. Settle down, he thought, and he braced himself for the aria.

"*Parmi veder le lagrime . . .*"

It seemed to be going easier. That didn't prove anything, though; the high notes sung half-voice had always been his specialty. He spun out the long phrases. Funny. The tight stomach muscles appeared to be getting stronger instead of weaker. He pushed from the diaphragm and kicked the high notes upstairs.

It was his first real hand of the evening. Smiling, Vincenti circled his left thumb and forefinger.

Merrick was passing when Charles came offstage. There wasn't much room. The baritone shoved him, growled, "One side."

Caught off balance, Charles reeled against the set, almost knocking down a canvas flat. He was panting, but not from exertion.

Yvonne smiled. "Alan has such a temper. Though in a way you can't blame him. This was supposed to be his big night and you aren't following the script."

"I'm following Verdi."

"It's a shame he's bigger than

Continued on page 146

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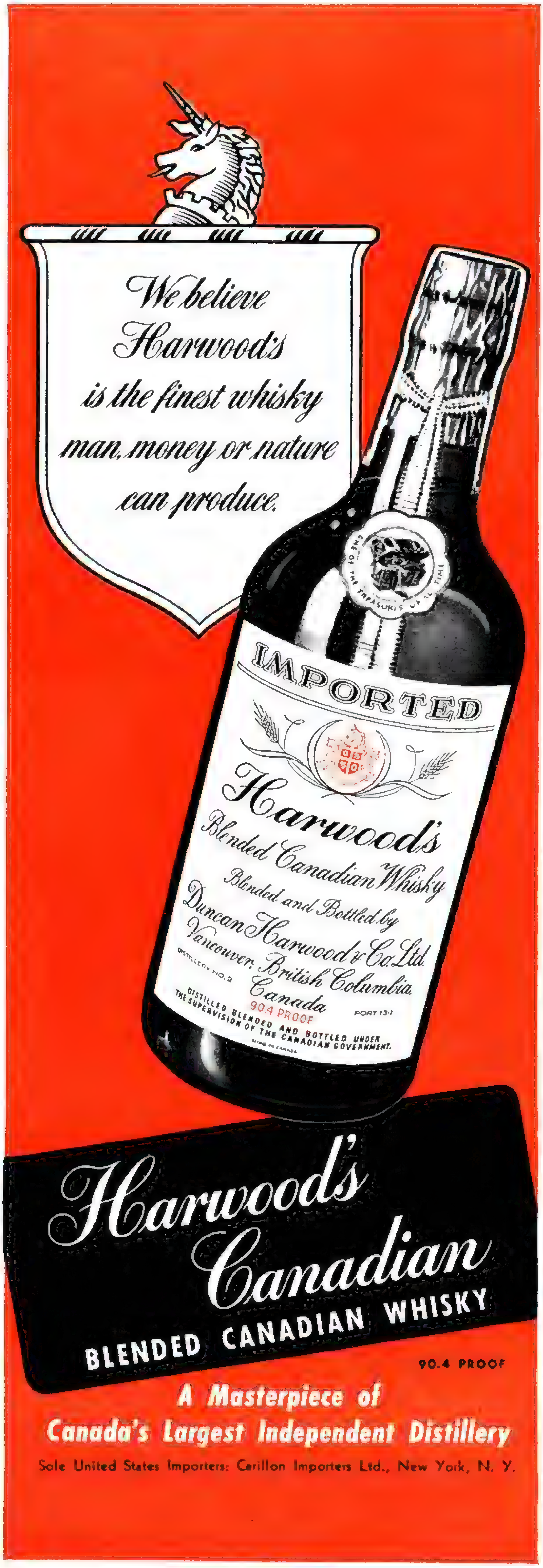
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Women Wait for Winners

Continued from page 145

you are," Yvonne said. "I can imagine how you feel."

"Maybe it's just as well," Charles pointed out. He was regaining his composure. "Vincenti needs us both for the last act."

Vincenti was pleased, and said so. "It sounds good. But for God's sake watch your intonation. You were way sour a couple of times."

"I didn't notice it," Charles told him. It would help, he reflected wryly, if he could hear the orchestra better . . .

"I'd advise you to take it easy, this act," Merrick said. "You'll last longer."

"I'll try hard," Charles answered. He poised for Act III like a sprinter crouched at the mark.

Faintly, as from a distance, he heard his cue in the orchestra. He flipped off the recitative rapidly and freely.

"*La donna è mobile . . .*"

Charles began the opening phrase. He forgot everything but Vincenti's baton and the muscles stretched taut just below his ribs. Then a peculiar thing happened. He felt the unmistakable sensation of a well-placed tone. It was the sensation that he'd had intermittently in Vincenti's studio. The tone was buzzing in his hard palate, against his cheekbones, in the bridge of his nose. He kept it going, with increasing confidence. He looked at the pit for confirmation, but Vincenti's face was a mask. Was he singing off pitch? The hell with it, Charles thought, I'm having fun.

He took the high B-natural, soaring up easily and confidently. It felt resonant—hard, and clear, and so far forward he could bite it. He could hold it all night if he wanted to, he thought exultantly.

With a sweep of his baton Vincenti cut off the orchestra. Was it that bad? Was it a disaster? Then the house came down with an earthquake of applause and Charles understood. He'd heard the same thing once when Martinelli was singing. The orchestra stopped and there was nothing except that superb top tenor note, rocking and vibrating into every corner of the house and giving the customers goose-pimples.

They were going crazy out front. They really were. Vincenti lifted his baton, and the noise redoubled in volume. Vincenti frowned. The printed program requested no encores. He raised his baton higher and waited for the noise to die down.

Charles hesitated. The cards were scattered all over the stage, where he had tossed them after the high note. He winked at Vincenti. Reaching into his doublet he produced a fresh deck of cards. He fanned the deck, riffling it between his hands like a sidewalk pitchman.

This time there were shrieks of laughter mixed with the applause and whistling and bravos. Vincenti capitulated. He began the waltz introduction again, and his lips framed a single word: "Louse!"

As Charles went toward his dressing room Yvonne caught his arm. "I can't tell you how wonderful it was," she said breathlessly. "You certainly put Merrick in the shade."

"The doctor says he'll live," Charles told her. "Anyway he took a swing at me first."

"I didn't mean that, silly," Yvonne laughed. "Though I must say he showed poor sportsmanship about the whole thing."

"Yes," Charles agreed. "You never can tell about people."

"What are you doing afterward?"

"I'm having a late snack with some people," Charles told her. "We arranged it after you told me you'd made a date with Merrick."

"Merrick?" Yvonne laughed. "Don't be silly. He's made himself the laughing stock of New York. I wouldn't be seen with him." She lowered her voice confidentially. "Nobody knows this—but they had his name on a contract ready to sign—until he blew up in the last act."

"Well, that's how it goes," Charles said philosophically. "Excuse me, I've got to rush."

As he mounted the iron stairs to his dressing room he saw that Yvonne was standing exactly where he had left her, crumpling her handkerchief into a tight ball.

The buzzing in his ears was quieting, and with a highball in his hand Charles felt fine.

"What are you going to do?" Vincenti asked. "I saw a lot of people around your dressing room, with fountain pens and bulges in their contract pockets."

"I'm going to pull a Slezak," Charles replied. "You remember Leo Slezak sang the greatest performance of his life and then retired. They said he was crazy, but I don't think so. He wound up at exactly the right time, on a high, exciting note. Why drag it out? I've got a chance to go with Nationwide Concerts and I don't intend to pass it up."

Helen Kenyon looked disappointed. "Paul was counting on you for next season," she said.

"For the maestro, that's different . . . By the way, how come you know his right name?"

"You usually know your brother's name, don't you?"

"We figured two Vincentis were one two many," Paul explained. "Guess I forgot to tell you. When she got back from studying in Philly, we talked it over and decided we didn't want her to get by on my reputation—or perish the thought—vice versa." He looked from one to the other. "Oh—I get it. Listen, *tenore*, I'm expecting you to do right by the little gal, understand?"

"Don't worry." Charles smiled across the table at Helen. "Remember I'm a manager now. I may even get her in the movies." ⧺

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Revolution and Mrs. MacDougall

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"that is a stirring speech I made, but never before have I been able to convert a capitalist to the Cause and I have made many stirring speeches."

"I was never converted before," I say respectfully, "because I did not know one can become so prosperous in the revolution business."

"I do not understand," he says.

"Come now, Mr. Ohnimus," I say, "you can be frank with me, for I know all about the dollars in the Solomons."

"You know about the money in Waisisi?" Mr. Ohnimus cries loudly. Never have I seen anyone so upset as this Mr. Ohnimus. He is about to run away, but I sit on him and say gently: "You can trust me, Mr. Ohnimus. I shall not reveal anything of this matter to anyone and all I shall ask in return is fifty per cent, plus expenses." Naturally I shall see to it the expenses are considerable.

"You do not understand," he sobs. "The money is for the Cause."

"The Cause," I say firmly, "can get along well enough on half, less expenses. For nearly a year you have been trying to return to Malaita and all you succeed in doing is getting yourself in the pokey. You are sadly in need of a business manager and I am offering my services."

We confer for quite some time and finally Mr. Ohnimus says: "You have convinced me. Now please get off my chest."

It is no simple matter to transport a prominent agitator some thousand miles, and that is why I call on Mrs. MacDougall.

Before I can say a word, she tells me what she thinks of my pearls, which is not very much.

"Now, now, Mrs. MacDougall," I say. "I have not come to talk about pearls. Since I am soon to leave for the Solomon Islands to attend to some financial business, I desire to settle my account."

This pleases her considerably and I realize she has been losing much sleep worrying about what I owe her. She says: "I do not believe in extending credit, and, to this day, I do not see how you talked me into it. A poor widow like me has such a difficult time making ends meet. All these terrible strikes make for hard times." The tears start trickling down each side of her long, rosy nose.

"These strikes mean it is the beginning of the revolution," I tell her. "It is most fortunate you are so poor. You will not be shot full of holes when the revolutionists take over. They approve of poor people."

She looks even more unhappy than I expect and so I go on: "Oh, Mrs. MacDougall, how I wish I were poor and had nothing to worry about. But alas, I am a capitalist. It is costing me considerable of my fortune to insure myself against being shot full of holes."

I can see she is most interested when she says: "Where can one get that insurance? Do tell me."

I explain that Mr. Ohnimus is very prominent in the revolution business and is financing this enterprise by selling certain worthy people insurance against being shot full of holes. Also, I casually mention I am his broker.

I see that Mrs. MacDougall has a flair for investments, after all. She insists on buying a thousand pound's worth of insurance.

It is a good thing I have had experience in shipping circles for when I head for the docks and the *Cookabundy*, I know I am practically on my way to the American dollars in the Solomons.

The captain of the *Cookabundy* is very unlucky at games of chance and various persons in shipping circles tell me that if he fails to meet certain obligations, he may not only lose the *Cookabundy*, but he may lose several of his teeth also. That is why I am confident he will be eager to visit Malaita.

Captain Dumba does not lift his head up out of his arms when I enter his cabin. I say: "Be of good cheer, Captain Dumba. Tomorrow, this time, your debts will be paid, and you will be under charter and on the high seas."

He looks up at me and pulls at his fluffy red beard. "I don't like you and I don't like your proposition. What is it?"

I say: "Would five hundred pounds cover your indebtedness?"

He tells me he owes six hundred and twenty. I happen to know he owes five hundred and eighty, but I am not a niggardly person. I let him glimpse Mrs. MacDougall's insurance money.

"What have you in mind? Piracy, barratry, or what?"

I explain I merely wish to sail to Malaita with a friend.

"Until now I do not know you have any friends," he says most ungraciously. "And Malaita is a thousand miles away, and I have not got the money to operate the old hooker."

I explain that I shall pay expenses to Malaita. Also that he will keep the *Cookabundy* as well as his teeth. This calms him somewhat and after we have discussed the matter of operating costs, my roll of Mrs. MacDougall's insurance money looks as though an elephant has stepped upon it. Then Captain Dumba says: "About this cobber of yours. What has he been up to—robbery or murder?"

I am about to explain that my friend is not appreciated in the Solomon Islands. I say: "Mr. Ohnimus—" and that is as far as I get.

Captain Dumba's language is quite unrestrained when he speaks of Mr. Ohnimus who, he says, has been trying to stow himself away on every ship that leaves for the Solomons for nearly a year.

"You have no principles whatsoever," he tells me.

I tell him that I think principles are very nice things to have, indeed, but also the *Cookabundy*

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Revolution and Mrs. MacDougall

Continued from page 147

and one's teeth are very nice to have. I use soothing tones and so Captain Dumba agrees with me.

I am very startled when I see Mrs. MacDougall on the docks after I leave the *Cookabundy.* I wonder if some coarse-minded person has been telling her I am not a competent investment counselor.

She says: "I have been thinking that Mr. Ohnimus is a man of much feeling and that once he got to know me he would see that not only I wasn't shot in his revolution, but that I would not lose my widow's mite."

"You have no cause for worry, Mrs. MacDougall," I assure her. "Mr. Ohnimus will remember your contribution to the Cause and do right by you."

She gets an obstinate look in her red eyes. "I have decided that I shall make the voyage to Malaita with Mr. Ohnimus and give him the opportunity to know me better. Furthermore, I just hear on the wireless that there are two more strikes starting and I am not going to take any chances on not having Mr. Ohnimus around when the revolution comes."

I explain that it is impossible for the revolution to start while Mr. Ohnimus is away on business, that the *Cookabundy* is a very unseaworthy vessel, and furthermore that I understand there is an outbreak of bubonic plague in Malaita, and cholera is raging in the village of Waisisi which is where we have business.

When the *Cookabundy* sails down the river, Captain Dumba says to me: "I told Mr. Ohnimus to stay below decks, but with that disguise he will get by. He handles stilts very well, does he not?"

I look where Captain Dumba is looking. "That is not Mr. Ohnimus," I inform him. "That is Mrs. MacDougall, who is making the trip with us."

"If that is a female," he says, "then I am a fillyloo bird."

Mr. Ohnimus does not come out of his packing case until we clear the bay. In the meantime, Mrs. MacDougall is asking me questions about Captain Dumba such as if he is married. When I tell her he is not, her eyes get full of tears. "Mr. MacDougall," she says, "would never grow a beard."

The next day I observe that Mrs. MacDougall has considerable difficulty keeping her mind on her business of explaining to Mr. Ohnimus that she is a woman of much feeling. She keeps twisting her head around so she can look at Captain Dumba.

The third day out, it is Mr. Ohnimus' turn to do the talking. He mentions something he calls dialectics and from then on, he is good for about three hours. I observe that Mrs. MacDougall is now sitting so that she does not have to twist her long neck to look at Captain Dumba. I also notice, she has a faraway look in her eyes and I am quite sure she is not hearing a single word that Mr. Ohnimus is saying. But Mr. Ohnimus does not realize this. Later, he says to me: "Mrs. MacDougall is a wonderful, understanding woman."

I know that moonlight on a ship has a peculiar effect on some persons. The fourth night out I hear Captain Dumba saying to Mrs. MacDougall: "You are right, Mrs. MacDougall, a sailor's life is sad and lonely. But it would not be so bad if he knew there was a lamp in the window of a cozy little place like the Goldenlip."

"Oh, this is so sudden, Captain Dumba," Mrs. MacDougall says.

"It was love at first sight," Captain Dumba says.

I know this to be an untruth because I remember what he said when he first saw Mrs. MacDougall. But then, that is what moonlight does to a man when he finds out a widow has money.

The next day Mr. Ohnimus says to me: "I do not understand why Mrs. MacDougall does not ask me to continue telling her about the exploitation of the workers. Yesterday she was so interested."

I explain to him: "Mr. Ohnimus, when you have traveled as much as I, you will find out that whenever you get a lady on a ship you get a romance. I suggest we close our eyes to such goings-on and attend to business. Very shortly, now, we shall lift Malaita and visit Waisisi where you have deposited the American dollars. We must lose no time in getting those dollars in our possession."

Mr. Ohnimus wrinkles up his face like he is going to cry. He says to me: "You are a crass, unfeeling materialist, like every capitalist. Oh, I cannot part with money the downtrodden workers have subscribed to the Cause."

"Because you are a man of honor, like I am, you will not try to back out of our agreement, Mr. Ohnimus, as one word from me when we arrive in Malaita will land you in the pokey."

We raise St. Christoval and I feel myself becoming most excited now that we are getting so near to the dollars. And so, lost in these pleasant thoughts, I nearly knock down Mrs. MacDougall.

"Oh," she says, "I am so upset. Mr. Ohnimus has just confessed his love for me and I have given my promise to Captain Dumba."

I console her by saying: "I understand it is quite customary for ladies to break promises they make to gentlemen."

"But I do not wish to break my promise to Captain Dumba. I am deeply in love with him. If I marry Captain Dumba, Mr. Ohnimus will be provoked and you can imagine what he will do to my widow's mite when the revolution comes."

I begin to get a wonderful idea, and it is developing nicely when, suddenly, I am aware that the *Cookabundy* has stopped. It rolls in the swells off Maramasike Pas-

Revolution and Mrs. MacDougall

Continued from page 148

sage and Captain Dumba is hailing a vessel off our port bow.

"That is the *Lalagi*," Captain Dumba says and seems most pleased. "This is grand," he says.

It is grand because, according to Captain Dumba, Captain Potts of the *Lalagi* is the stupidest skipper in the South Pacific. He is the only gentleman Captain Dumba plays poker with who does not object to marked cards. "Last year in Rabaul," Captain Dumba says, "I take this chump for two hundred pounds."

I mention that Maramasike Passage is no place for a poker game, besides I expect to be in Waisisi by sundown. Captain Dumba says: "I have a better plan than a poker game. I shall cleverly question Captain Potts to discover if there are any good cargoes hereabouts. I got to let Mrs. MacDougall see that she is marrying a man of means and I will not look like a man of means because the seat is out of the pants of my best suit."

I am most impatient as I wait for Captain Dumba to return from Captain Potts' *Lalagi*. Captain Potts returns with him and I wait while Captain Dumba serves him squareface in the cabin. But finally, Captain Potts staggers out and Captain Dumba is stroking his beard contentedly. He tells me Captain Potts foolishly mentions a valuable consignment awaiting him at Port Bougard.

"But I do not want to go to Port Bougard. I want to go to Waisisi," I say to Captain Dumba. Heated words pass between us. Suddenly, I remember something somebody tells me once about Port Bougard, but when I mention this information to Captain Dumba, he only laughs. "Hah. I have never been to Port Bougard, but Captain Potts calls regularly and the *Lalagi*'s draft is the same as the *Cookabundy*'s. If she can make it, we can."

"Perhaps," I say, "somebody enlightens Captain Potts regarding the marked cards you use and he is now seeking revenge."

All of a sudden I feel very good indeed, because I realize I shall be able to combine business with pleasure. And it will be most pleasurable for me to shatter Captain Dumba's romance.

I find Mr. Ohnimus leaning sadly against the rail. I take him by the arm and lead him to my cabin. I say: "Mr. Ohnimus, if you desire to marry Mrs. MacDougall, I am confident I can arrange it."

Mr. Ohnimus clasps his hands together. "Oh, please tell me how I can persuade her to be mine."

"It is very simple, Mr. Ohnimus," I say. "All you need do is tell her: 'Mrs. MacDougall, I can promise you security, comes what may.'"

"Alas. That would be an untruth. I have nothing to offer her, not even a window to throw it out of."

That is when I show him my beautiful pearls again. "Would not this king's ransom guarantee a lifetime of security, Mr. Ohnimus?"

"Do not mock me," he cried.

"Indeed I am not mocking you, Mr. Ohnimus," I tell him. "These pearls are worth a great fortune. And, because I too am a person of much feeling, I am going to give you the pearls in exchange for full title to all your American dollars which you have buried in Waisisi."

"But that money is for the Cause," Mr. Ohnimus cries.

"Would you not give up the Cause for love? Did not a king give up his crown for love?"

As soon as I have convinced Mr. Ohnimus that love is more important than the Cause, I tell him that I will prepare Mrs. MacDougall for his proposal. "Mrs. MacDougall is a woman of much feeling and cannot bear discussions of such sordid matters as wealth. Do not present her with the pearls until after the wedding ceremony. Simply repeat that you can promise her security, comes what may."

Out on deck I explain to Mrs. MacDougall that while I have insured her against being shot full of holes, I do not know of any kind of insurance she can buy that will protect her financial standing.

"Oh dear," Mrs. MacDougall says, "my widow's mite. What can I do?"

I say: "Mrs. MacDougall, you can marry Mr. Ohnimus. Once he has a personal interest in your money, he will see that it is protected."

The next moment I find Mrs. MacDougall's arms around me and we are rolling on the deck. This is not the result of sudden ardor. It is the result of the *Cookabundy* running aground off Port Bougard.

When I pick myself up, I hear Captain Dumba using profane language in reference to Captain Potts, but this does not get us off the shoals, of course.

"I shall go ashore and see what I can arrange in the way of assistance," I tell Captain Dumba after I have quietly stowed considerable in the way of provisions in the longboat. I also tell him that Mrs. MacDougall and Mr. Ohnimus, desiring to stroll on dry land, are going to accompany me.

As we set out I say to Mrs. MacDougall: "Take my word for it as a very experienced expert, the *Cookabundy* is there to stay. I should advise you to head to Wairoha and take passage back to Brisbane with an estimable gentleman like Captain Potts." I kick Mr. Ohnimus in the shins which is the signal.

"Mrs. MacDougall," he says, "I can promise you security, come what may. Please say that you will be my wife."

I say: "Mrs. MacDougall, it is going to cost a small fortune to float the *Cookabundy*. It is for-

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Revolution and Mrs. MacDougall

Continued from page 149

tunate Captain Dumba can count on your financial assistance." I can see she is weakening considerably and I kick Mr. Ohnimus again.

"I can offer you security, come what may. Oh, do say yes, Mrs. MacDougall."

I note Mrs. MacDougall closes her eyes to the beauty of Captain Dumba's beard. "Yes, Mr. Ohnimus," she says.

I explain to Mrs. MacDougall that we shall not go ashore, but will continue along the coast, pausing at Waisisi where Mr. Ohnimus has business to attend to. After that we will continue along to Wairoha and take passage aboard the *Lalagi* with Captain Potts.

Mrs. MacDougall is weeping, and I tell Mr. Ohnimus that he is witnessing tears of joy.

We leave her in the longboat when we go ashore at Waisisi. I can see Mr. Ohnimus is not pleased about leaving Mrs. MacDougall in the boat, but I remind him we have highly confidential business and, besides, it may be a too strenuous walk for a lady.

He is about to argue the matter, but I point to the pocket where he knows I keep my priceless pearls and I say: "Very well, Mr. Ohnimus. We shall forget about business."

"Oh no, indeed," Mr. Ohnimus says and as soon as he kisses Mrs. MacDougall's hand we start off through the mangroves.

He has no difficulty finding the place where he had buried the American dollars. "Many, many times," he explains sadly, "I came this way. It was a kind of shrine wherein reposed the precious offerings of the workers. They believed in me—and now I have betrayed them."

"You will never regret it," I tell him positively. "Why, everybody says that true love is the most important thing there is."

I watch Mr. Ohnimus dig away until he brings up a very mildewed suitcase. It is quite large and it bulges at the sides. Gently, but firmly, I take it away from him.

"Now give me the pearls," he says.

"Wait," I say. "I wish to feast my eyes on what is inside this suitcase."

"The blood and sweat of the proletariat," Mr. Ohnimus says sorrowfully. "Well do I remember their bringing me their offerings. Of course, at that time I was very busy organizing and had no time for bookkeeping."

He stops talking on account of I start yelling. I have good reason to yell. There is much Japanese occupation currency in the suitcase. I can locate only twenty-three American dollars. I say to Mr. Ohnimus: "You are a confidence man and a cheat. I spend nine hundred and eighty-two pounds and what do I get? Twenty-three dollars."

"Do give me the pearls," Mr. Ohnimus says.

I fold my arms and am about to tell Mr. Ohnimus what he can do with his twenty-three dollars, I am that upset. But I do not have the opportunity because Mr. Ohnimus' fist comes into violent contact with my jaw and I can now believe it is correct to say that love can turn rabbits into lions. By the time I sit up with the twenty-three dollars in my pocket instead of my pearls, it is getting dark. I hurry down to the beach and I find the boat is gone. So are Mrs. MacDougall and Mr. Ohnimus.

It takes me considerable time to reach Wairoha where I hope I can get aboard the *Lalagi* and go back to Brisbane. But, Captain Potts, I am informed, has departed ahead of schedule. He leaves much sooner than he plans, I am told, because he receives some valuable pearls as a bonus from a lady who is most eager to return to Brisbane. Nobody can understand this because the lady has just got married to a Mr. Ohnimus and you would think she would like to have a honeymoon on a romantic South Sea Island. ⌗

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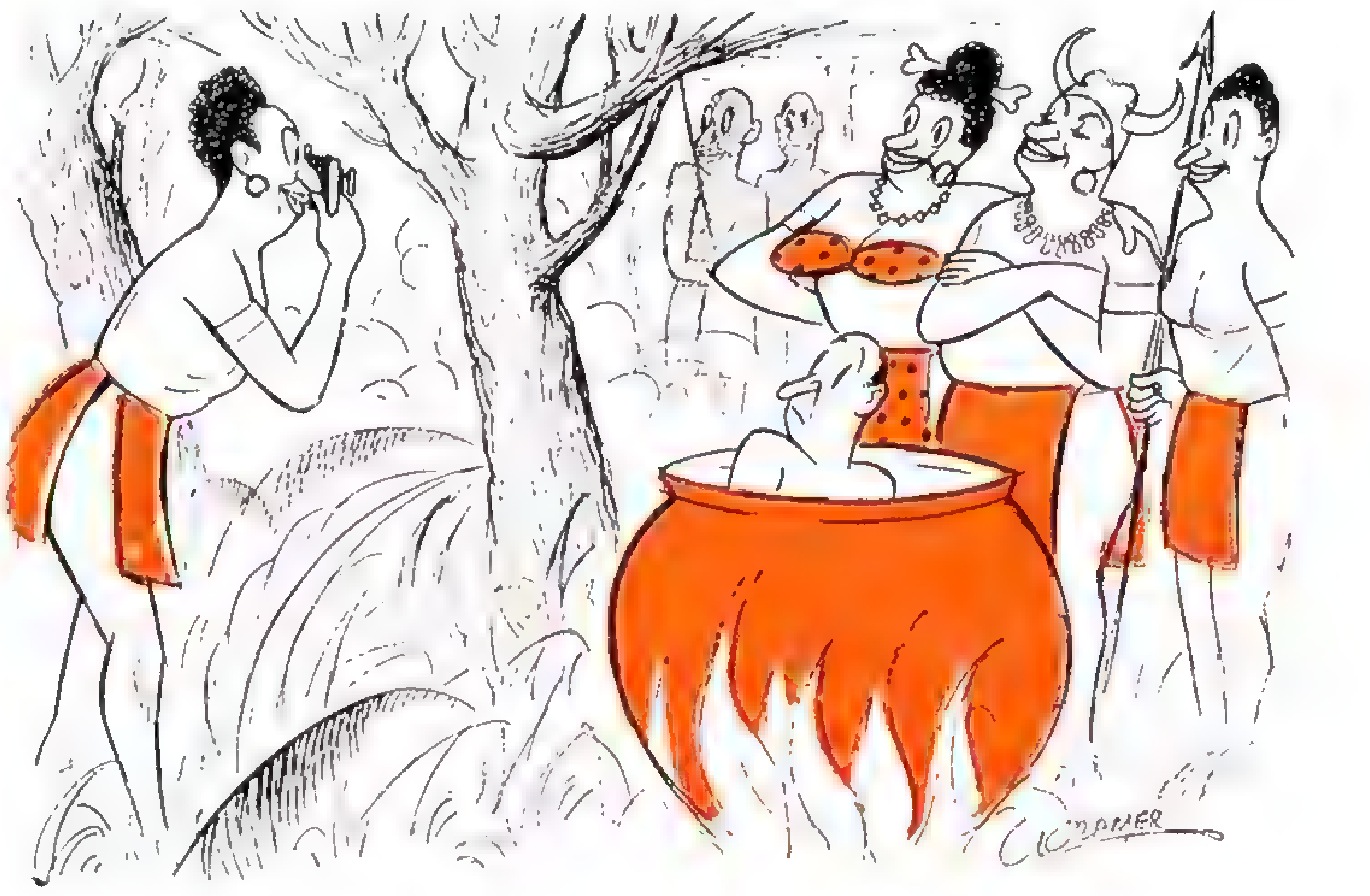

"They Always Come Out Like I Say"

Continued from page 46

Ketchel sailed in in his usual wildcat style. Thomas jabbed delicately, feeling out his foe. But never had he encountered such a dynamic bundle of fighting fury as the kid from the mining camps. It took all of the Thomas ring guile to get as far as the 11th round without being upended. But toward the end of that round Ketchel hooked savagely with his left and the champion sagged to the canvas. The bell saved him at the count of nine. One report had it that a Thomas supporter reached across the shoulder of the timekeeper and rapped smartly on the bell with his cane, thus concluding the round abruptly.

Often during the remaining nine rounds Ketchel had his foe groggy and ready for the kill. But he was so shy on ring technique that he punched himself out, unable to finish the job which was so close to consummation.

Although the referee raised the gloves of both fighters at the end, symbolic of a draw, the result electrified the sports world. The eyewitnesses knew that Ketchel had won, and everyone else was startled at the news that an unknown had held his own with the mighty Joe Thomas.

A return match was natural, of course. And for it Ketchel made an astonishing proposition: he asked for the loser's share in advance so that he could bet it all on himself to knock out Thomas.

This fight has been pretty generally hailed as one of the great fistic battles of all time. Ketchel was a demon, Thomas the cooler ring general. In the ninth Stanley lashed out a terrific left to the head. Had the blow caught Thomas on the jaw instead of the cheekbone, the fight might have ended then. Thomas went down for the count of nine, but his head was clear when he arose.

In the 29th round—the fight was scheduled to go 45—came two punches which did as much as any others to establish Stanley as a great fighter. He was on the receiving end of it. As Ketchel came charging in, Thomas delivered a right-hand smash flush on his chin, every ounce of strength in his body behind it. Ketchel went down like a felled ox. It was all over—or so the crowd thought. At the count of seven, however, Stanley crawled to one knee. At nine he staggered to his feet. He was slugging toe-to-toe when the bell finally clanged.

That recovery took the heart out of Thomas. Even his best punch couldn't halt the ceaseless attack of this runaway cyclone. In the 32nd round Ketchel hooked a ruthless left to Thomas' body and crossed with a right to the jaw. Thomas lay draped across the ropes, mouth open, eyes glazed. Ketchel had knocked him out.

Billy Papke was another who might have ranked with the all-time boxing greats if there had been no Michigan Assassin, as Ketchel came to be called in the papers. Papke was one of the two men credited with a knockout victory over the rugged gamester from Grand Rapids. Stanley was undisputed middleweight champion then. In five short months he had beaten all four of the other claimants to the title: Mike (Twin) Sullivan, Jack (Twin) Sullivan, Papke and Hugo Kelly.

So Papke was given another chance at the title. And he won it—by trickery. As the two fighters advanced to the center of the ring for the customary handshake, Papke ignored Ketchel's friendly, outstretched glove and drove a cruel left hook to his rival's unprotected jaw. Then he crossed a sledgehammer right to the bridge of the nose that closed both of Ketchel's eyes. Still, for 11 rounds Stanley fought back blindly and by pure instinct, swinging at an opponent he could scarcely see.

In the 12th round Papke dropped his helpless foe with a stunning right cross, and Referee Jim Jeffries tolled off a count of eight before Ketchel staggered drunkenly to his feet. Immediately he was smashed to the canvas again. At nine he was struggling gamely to regain his footing when the referee motioned for Stanley's seconds to haul him to his corner. The Michigan Assassin had been knocked out for the first time.

Ketchel and Papke were rematched later, of course. This time Ketchel didn't offer to shake hands. Ringsiders insist that Stanley could have knocked out the Illinois Thunderbolt any time after the first round. But he didn't. He'd prop Papke up, steady him, then cut him to ribbons. Papke paid heavily for those two sneak punches before Ketchel mercifully dispatched him in the 11th.

Ketchel's most amazing fight beyond doubt was when this brashly confident youth met Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship. The giant Negro, a clever boxer and extremely sharp hitter, was in his prime then. Historians dispute their weights: Nat Fleischer's *All-Time Ring Record Book*, boxing's bible, lists Johnson at 205½ and Ketchel at a bloated 180¼; some lesser authorities have insisted that Johnson weighed 248 and Ketchel only 154, less credible figures.

The climax to this encounter was jammed in thirty-four seconds of the 12th round. The fighters had clinched in the center of the ring and wrestled their way to a corner. Spotting an opening, the unafraid Ketchel fired with his right at Johnson's lowered head. Providentially Jack ducked and the blow hit him behind the ear instead of on the button. So great was its force, however, that the giant champion tottered and fell. Johnson was hurt, but far from dazed. Slowly he crawled to a crouch. It was the crouch of a tiger leaping to the kill. The heavyweight champion plunged

Continued on page 152

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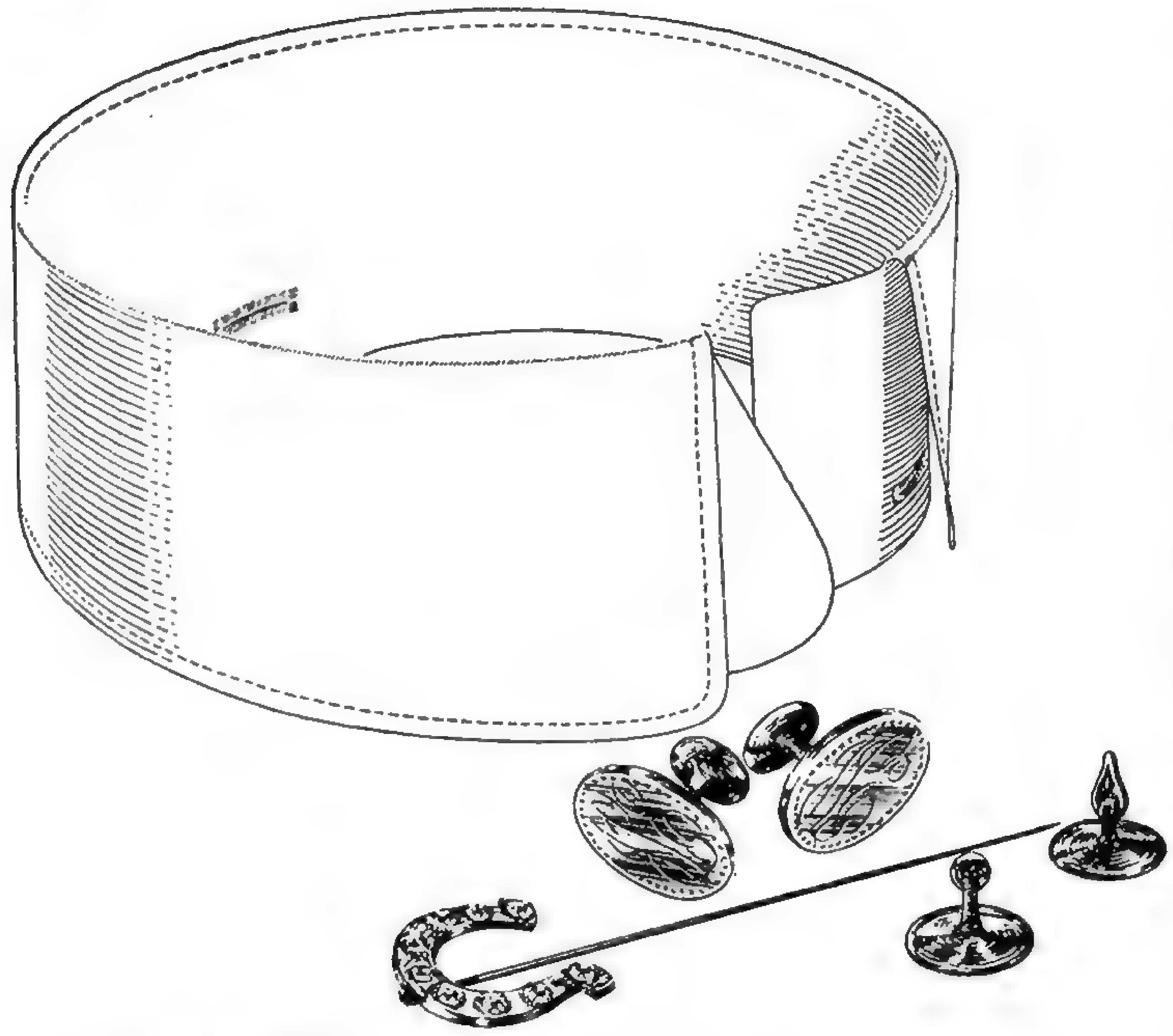

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“They Always Come Out Like I Say”

Continued from page 151

across the ring, his bludgeonlike right ready to swing from the very floor. There have not been many punches such as that one thrown in the entire history of the ring; so violent was the blow that it carried Johnson with it. It landed sickeningly on Ketchel's mouth and he fell backward with big Jack falling across him. Two of Ketchel's teeth were later found embedded in Johnson's right glove.

Thus did Ketchel sustain the second and last knockout of his career. He was obviously overmatched for that fight, just as he had been outtricked for the other.

Ketchel was a paradox in many ways. He could be cruel and sadistic, soft and tender. Once he had an opponent on the verge of a quick knockout in an exhibition match and was startled to find him sobbing on his shoulder in a clinch.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked. "Punches hurt that much?"

"It ain't the punches, feller," whispered his foe. He said that he'd been promised $10 a round and that he wanted to win $100 in order to buy a violin for his talented little son.

"He'll get his fiddle," said Stanley grimly. And he "carried" his rival for the full ten rounds.

The next afternoon the two bitter opponents of the night before strolled arm-in-arm down the main street, charged with champagne and singing the cowboy songs Stanley loved. In the pocket of the erstwhile adversary were ten $10 bills and under Ketchel's arm was a $200 violin he'd purchased for the small boy himself.

Practical jokes were Ketchel's idea of humor at its best. He thought it a magnificent prank to order a bottle of champagne for every man in a saloon, to pay for the drinks and then to sweep every bottle off the bar while he bellowed, "Do you bums want to ruin your stomachs with that stuff? Go back to beer where you belong."

It was a gigantic jest for him when he entered a heavyweight tournament out in the mining country. Wearing an old pair of faded overalls and a battered hat, he innocently sauntered into town and introduced himself as Kid Glutz. Whereupon the disguised middleweight champion of the world knocked out six heavyweights in succession.

The confidence of the Michigan Assassin in his own abilities was monumental. As soon as he checked into his hotel, just before his bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, he walked over to the telegraph desk. Nat Fleischer, a boxing reporter, aware of Stanley's limited

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command of the written word, volunteered to help him.

"I want to send a telegram to Pop in Detroit," said Ketchel. "Just write: 'I won the fight, Stanley.' "

"What fight?" asked Fleischer.

"The fight with O'Brien tonight," stated the champion.

"But that doesn't go on for four hours," exclaimed Fleischer.

"What's the difference?" said Ketchel with a shrug. "They always come out like I say."

Ketchel delighted to return to the little school where he had received what slight formal education he'd obtained. There he would buy ice cream, cake and candy for every youngster, and tell them stories of a world which so few of them ever would see.

Ketchel's life outside the ring was almost as breathtaking as it was inside. In playboying from town to town, his passion was a high-powered automobile which he drove at breakneck speed. When he reached the ripe age of twenty-four, this pace began to take its toll. That's how he elected to visit the ranch of Colonel Pete Dickerson near Conway, Missouri, to rest. There he was sitting one day, his trusty six-shooter resting on his lap in habitual fashion, when for the first time he failed to follow an Old West custom: never sit with your back to a door. To this day historians don't know whether it was cupidity or cupid, greed or jealousy, that caused Walter Dipley, a crippled stablehand, to creep up behind him and send a .22 caliber bullet cracking into Ketchel's back.

Thus ended the life of one of the truly great ringmen, one month after his twenty-fourth birthday. Today, more than a third of a century later, the name of Stanley Ketchel is still used as the paragon of middleweight perfection. As soon as a new 160-pound sensation appears on the fistic horizon, he is reverently hailed as "another Ketchel." Actually, though, Ketchel's like has yet to arrive. ⧺

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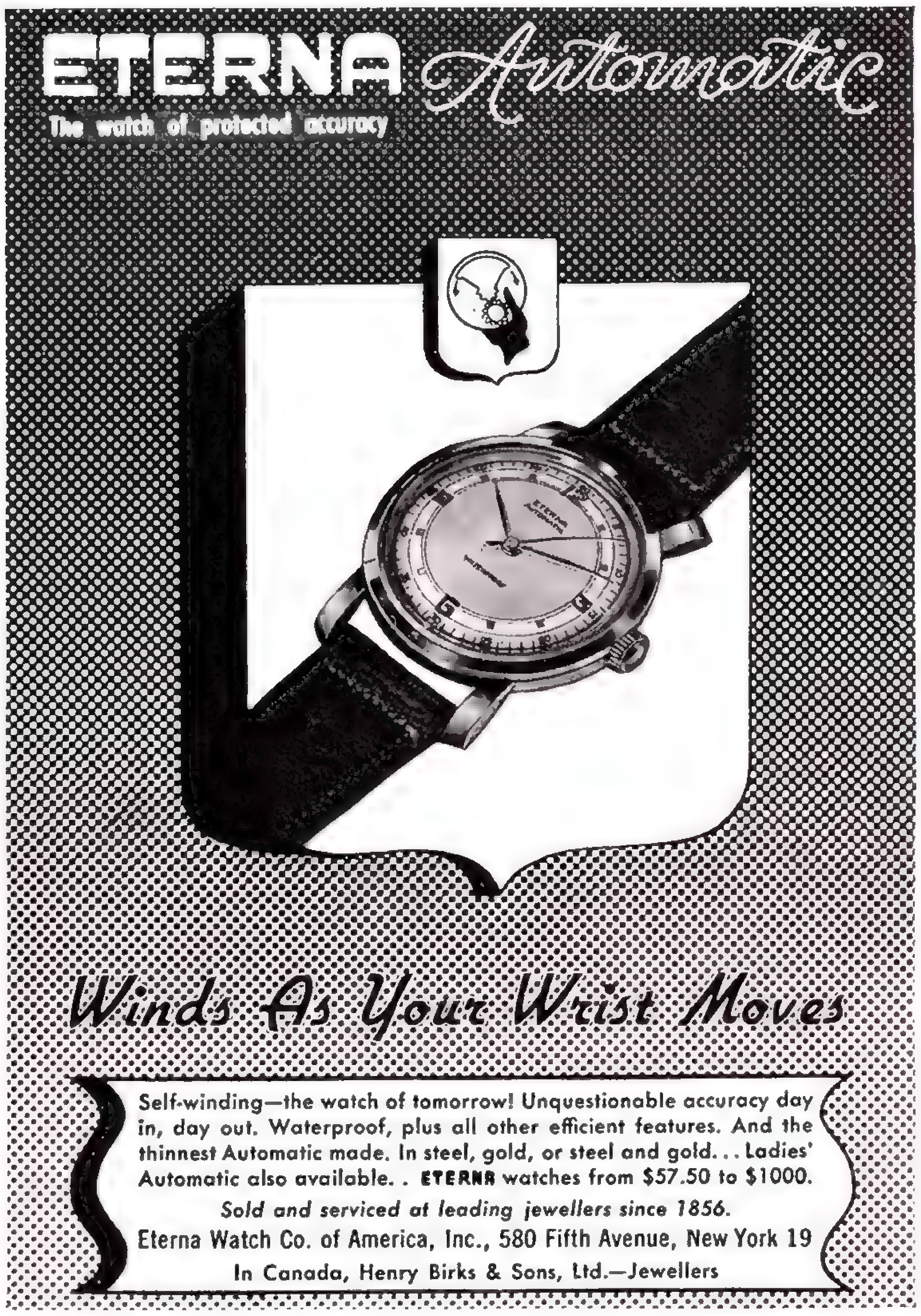
"Careful there—I don't want to lose a son-in-law"



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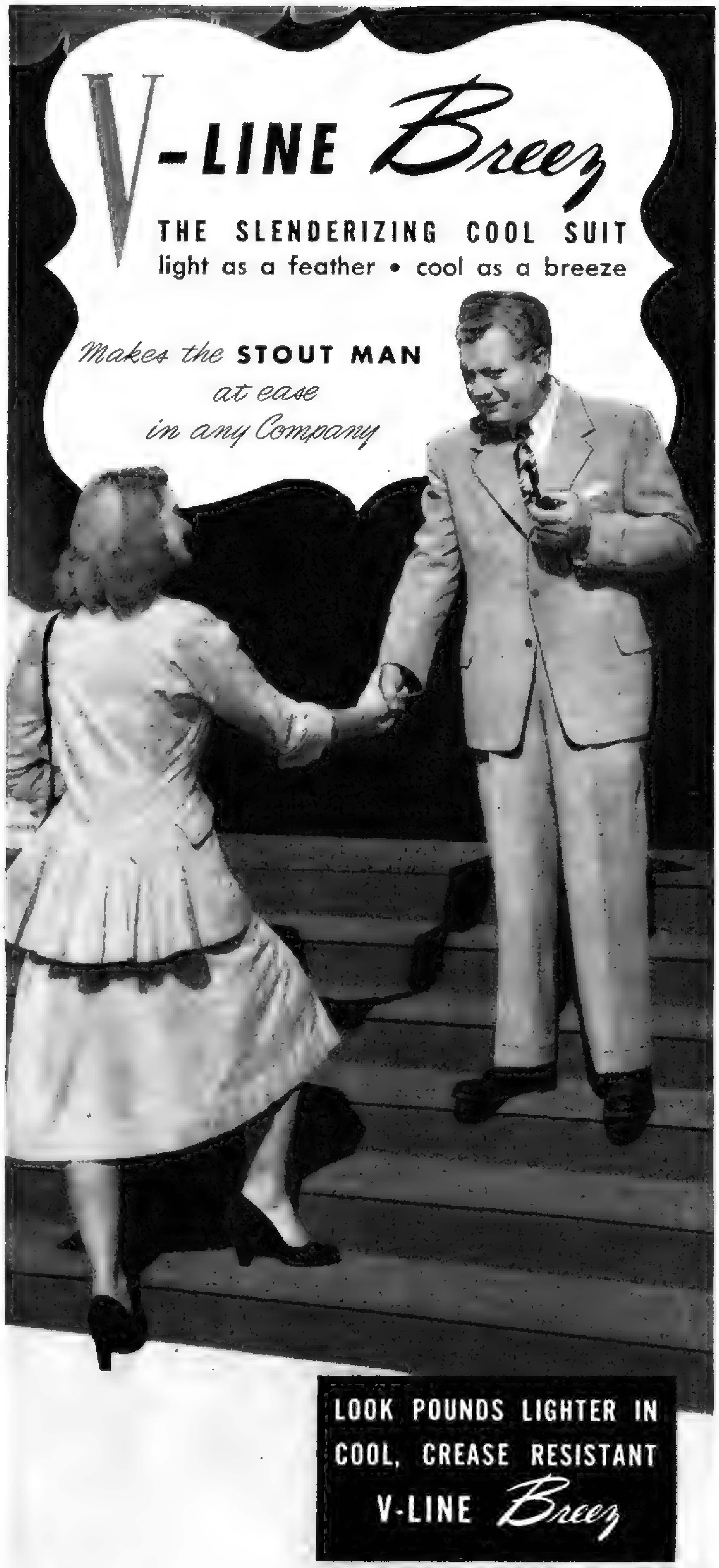
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The Thirty-Story Miracle

Continued from page 70

had to talk to someone, Father... someone close to God."

"Won't you come in, son."

The man was shown a seat in a sparsely furnished room.

"What is on your mind, son?"

"It is very hard, Father. I don't want you to think I'm crazy."

"My every day is concerned with things the world calls crazy, if it thinks of them at all. Go ahead, say what is in your heart."

"Father . . . I tried to commit suicide. I jumped from the top of a thirty-story building . . ." he hesitated, ". . . and here I am."

"Yes," the priest's voice softened, assumed the patience of another world. "I understand."

"Do you, Father! Do you really believe me!"

"My son, I have learned in my life that anything is possible to those who have faith."

"But I believed in nothing."

"Why do you come to me then, son?"

"I came because my faith has been restored by something beyond human conception."

"Yes, go on."

"Father, you are a man of faith. Do you believe in miracles?"

The priest stood up and walked to the window, much disturbed.

"There are many things which we cannot explain. Several things have happened in my own experience, doomed people have been spared, tragedy averted . . . these pass human understanding."

"Then you believe that miracles can happen?"

"Yes, they can happen. They must. But I am no judge of what is a miracle and what is not. Only the Church can decide that."

"Even if you were given proof?"

"Life itself is a miracle . . . perhaps the greatest miracle. Yet who can prove it?"

"But, Father, if a miracle occurred to you, wouldn't you feel obliged to proclaim it? What could be more important to this Godless age than to know positively that there is something surpassing our so-called natural laws?"

"The vital thing to you, my son, is that you now have a faith to live by. Some terrible shock has brought you to God. Does it really matter if it were a miracle or your own imagination?"

"Yes," the man answered passionately, "it matters very much. As much as the visitations to Joan and Bernadette."

"My son, you are an intelligent man. You must be aware that you might have dreamed all of this."

"I am aware, Father. But, I have checked every possibility. The doorman, the elevator boys, the waiters, none of them saw me

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leave. Out of habit, I looked at my watch before jumping. Twenty-three seconds later it stopped when I hit the sidewalk."

The man held out the broken watch. The priest looked at it, then took out his own.

"This is very interesting," he said, "but you must forgive me, I have Mass in a few minutes. Come back later, if you like."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Father. Do you think I should see a psychiatrist?"

"I do not think that is your answer. You have found faith. Prophets, saints, martyrs, great leaders and artists managed to get along without this relatively new science, because of faith in the immortality of the human spirit. In this world there has never been but one fundamental issue, the struggle of good and evil. Psychology has cured many sick minds, but I am afraid it obscures the issue for the healthy by calling evil psychosis, or any other name."

"Thank you, Father."

"You are welcome to come back and talk about this further, anytime. God bless you, my son."

The door closed and the man hurried down the wakened street, passing people going to Mass.

IV

He stood at the door of the cheap apartment, and rang the bell four times before there was any response. The door was opened part way by a sleepy woman in bathrobe and curlpapers. She looked at the man through swollen eyes, rubbed them, and looked again.

"My God," she whined. "You!"

"I've got to see you. Just give me a few minutes. Please . . ."

There was a long silence. Then the door opened and the man went into the room. He looked around sadly. Fifteen years of himself had gone into this room. Yet it was the same as if he were dead or had never been here before. The woman motioned him to a chair and slumped down herself, lighting a cigarette.

"Couldn't you have come some other time? Some people have to work, you know. Or do you?"

"I'm sorry, but I had to see you."

The woman spoke flatly. "Nobody can help you but yourself."

"Please," he said softly, "I didn't come for help this time. I'm fine now." He held out his hand to show how steady it was. "I haven't had a drink in days. That's part of what I came to tell you. I've been saved by something wonderful beyond imagination."

The woman looked at the ceiling, too tired for exasperation.

"So that's what you woke me up for. Does it make any difference to you that I'm a nervous wreck taking care of kids you never gave a thought about?"

"How are the kids?"

"What do you care? As if you'd

Continued on page 156

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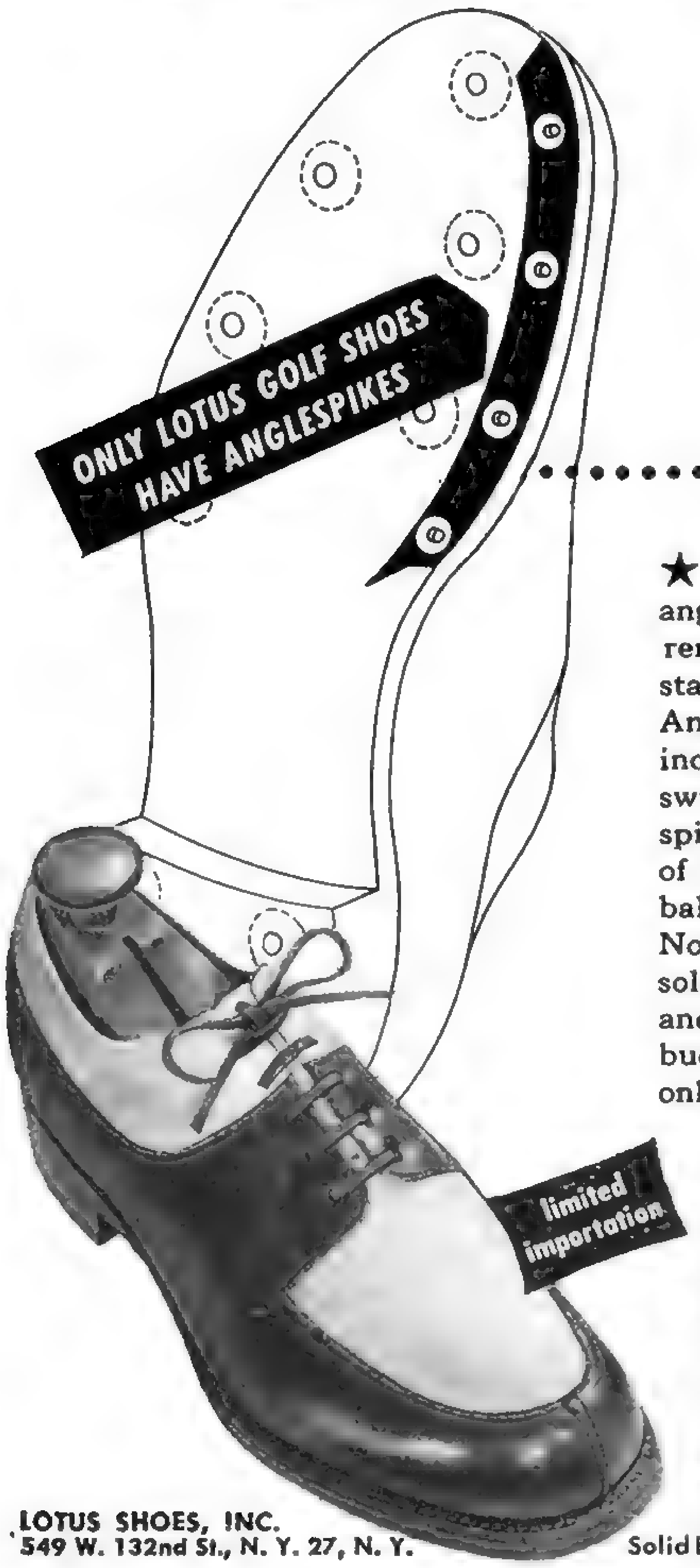
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The Thirty-Story Miracle

Continued from page 155

stay sober long enough to make them some money, give them decent clothes or a decent place to live." She rose, trembling. "Now get out, get out!"

"But I came to tell you about a . . . a miracle . . ."

"Miracle!" She held onto the chair, laughing hysterically. "Miracle! My God." Suddenly she got control of herself, snatched up a vase. "Now get out, you . . ."

He backed through the door, and closed it. There was a crash as the vase splintered against the door and he heard her wild laughter until he was in the street.

V

When the man came into the room he looked much better. His face had been shaved and his clothes neatly pressed. He sat down across a polished desk from the psychiatrist, listening to the distinct ticking of the marine clock between them. Here time was soundproofed from the world outside the window by the deep carpet, towering bookshelves, and heavy drapery.

"Occupation?"

"Newspaperman. At least, formerly."

"Married?"

"Once. Divorced at present."

"Children?"

"Two. Can we skip the routine questions at this time, Doctor?"

The psychiatrist shoved the leather-bound notebook aside.

"Now, what seems to be the trouble?"

"Nothing, Doctor. I have never felt better in my life."

"Really? Then why have you come to see me? My business is to help the sick."

"Other people. They think I am, as you say, sick."

"Who are these other people?"

"The only woman I ever loved. The priest whose church I once attended . . ."

"They sound like voices of the past. Why don't you try the friends you have now? Life changes. We all have to readjust ourselves from time to time."

"I have no friends, Doctor."

"And the effect is that you have begun to doubt yourself?"

"Not exactly, Doctor. I never believed in myself before, perhaps that was the trouble. But this is something entirely new in my life, something I believe completely."

"What is it?"

"If a priest did not believe me, you will only laugh."

"First, you will have to tell me what it is."

"Very well. I tried to tell him that a miracle had occurred."

He watched the psychiatrist for a reaction. There was none.

"Aren't you going to say that

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I am being absurd, Doctor?"

"No. Tell me more about this miracle."

Encouraged, the man poured out the whole experience in detail, concluding with the story of his two visits. When the man had finished, the psychiatrist sat in deep contemplation.

"I am glad you came right away," he said finally. "I think I may be able to help you."

"But I don't want help, Doctor. I want proof, scientific proof, that this was no fantasy."

"You must be patient, my friend," the psychiatrist spoke soothingly. "The majority of miracles require the passage of centuries for confirmation. However, analysis of your problem will not take that long. A year perhaps."

"But I haven't got time to wait. The world may not have time. If properly substantiated, this may be God's answer to the atomic bomb . . ."

"You are an intelligent, earnest man," the psychiatrist said. "You are not sick now. But I believe you have been gravely sick for a long time. Your whole history must be probed for a complete answer. This shock you received last night, however, has done most of my work for me, because the catharsis has already taken place. In all vital respects, you are a new man, entirely freed from the past. Is that not something of a miracle in itself?" he asked.

"But, Doctor, you don't understand. The mere fact of my being restored to . . . health . . . is unimportant. This is the answer to the question of a sick humanity . . ."

"My friend, do you seriously believe that any one of us can save the world by himself? We each of us do what we can, but humanity must save itself, if it is to be saved at all."

"Yes, I agree, but . . ."

"Let's say this shock has eradicated your past, has brought you faith and stability. Your responsibility is not to the state of mankind, but to your own future. You might now be dead, unmourned, leaving nothing behind you of value. Another wasted life. Instead, you are alive, ready to begin again, to erase the mistakes and failures of the past.

"And supposing you could prove this miracle, find disciples to support you—simple enough if you went to the right places—could you imagine a worse precedent? It would hardly be safe to walk beneath tall buildings for the rain of fanatics trying to emulate you."

"I begin to see your point . . ."

"I thought you would. This is most unusual, you know, crucial and, at the same time, extremely simple. In the whole time we've talked, I have noted no symptom of unbalance in your words or actions."

"What happened to me?"

"I can't say exactly, of course.

Continued on page 158

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The Thirty-Story Miracle

Continued from page 157

but it appears that when you coldly made the decision to commit suicide, there was rebellion on a lower level of consciousness. Temporary amnesia can result from shocks of this type. You probably lost consciousness somewhere en route to the Sky Terrace, and regained it several hours later, perhaps when you found yourself clinging to that lamppost. Since you had planned the details of your suicide so carefully, the dream of going through with it was simple wish fulfillment. To deduce a miracle had saved you was quite rational under the circumstances."

"It seems too simple!" the man whispered. "Yet . . ."

"Nothing more than what your own subconscious has been trying to tell you."

The man looked up, seeing the widening rift in what a few minutes before had been impenetrable conviction.

"How can I ever thank you?"

"You have no one to thank for saving your life but yourself.

"You must come back in a week and talk some more," the psychiatrist urged him. "Today we have dealt only with surface results, the least important factors in fully understanding ourselves. We will have to dig into your past to find the causes behind all this."

The psychiatrist watched him go with a feeling of profound satisfaction. It was seldom that such a complete transposition could be accomplished in so short a time. When the man left there was a youthful spring in his step.

And there was youthful spring in the man's step as he walked along the noontime streets of the city. The sun was shining brightly and the crowded sidewalks seemed to have slowed their normal bustle under the intense heat. But if they sweltered, they were pleasant about it, or so it seemed to him. He returned the smiles of countless strangers and tried, by his own example, to radiate to the somber-faced his new-found zest for life. Here indeed was an economic miracle which anyone could understand, the swarm of humanity going about useful tasks, the throbbing overtone of the great city performing its thousand-million necessary functions for society. And he was now a part of it, an infinitesimal integer, capable of handling his share and more of the general responsibility. He passed bars and cocktail lounges, already open for business, without a shadow of temptation. And he was filled with compassion for those still serving the bitter slavery which he knew too well. His escape to freedom of mind and

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For illustrated booklet write: Concord Watch Co. 50 W. 47th St., New York 19, N.Y.

action was all the more wonderful because it was so logical, so independent of superstitious faiths and creeds. He thought of his wife and the priest with compassion, also. As the psychiatrist suggested, he had outgrown them. They belonged to the past.

But as he walked, a disturbing curiosity began to nibble at the base of his mind, a desire to return to the place where the fantasy had come to pass. It spread and grew quickly to a compulsion. He interpreted this as logical, perhaps the only link necessary to complete the full cycle of catharsis. And if he refused, it would introduce doubts and fears which had no basis in reality.

Since the place was only a few blocks away, he turned at the next corner. But as he approached, heart pounding increased his anxiety and he began to sense a dire impendency which he could not wait to discover. The friendly crowd became an exasperating impediment which he shoved and cursed. A cloud seemed to have passed over the sun. He found himself running, unable to resist the baleful magnetism which drew him, taut strung, toward the scene which he was now certain he had only dreamed. When the building came in view, there was a shadowy strangeness about it, as if it had never left his thoughts.

He slowed to a walk in front of it, sweating freely. Though sick from running and fear, he began searching for the exact spot where he had landed in the dream.

He gasped, seized with a sudden nauseous vertigo. Wind rushed in his ears, street and buildings whirled crazily at him, traffic horns shrieked terror. He thought to cry out, my God, my God, but darkness closed his throat.

There was a heavy noise where the man staggered and pitched headlong to the pavement. His head and torso burst, red splattering the side of the building and a car parked at the curb. A crowd gathered, quick as vultures to feast their eyes on horror. Policemen arrived and shoved them back into the hushed, wide-mouthed circle, the customary tribute to man's mortality in public places.

An investigation was conducted, but it was far from satisfactory, as with many suicides who do not leave tragic but convenient notes. No one in the building had seen the man enter. No one on the street had witnessed the jump. Several of the midday shoppers maintained steadfastly that the man had merely been walking along the sidewalk not far from them, when he stumbled forward and fell on his face. In view of the condition of the remains, this was considered ridiculous by the police. For the deceased had obviously fallen from a very great height. ⵌ

Continued from page 70

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The Case of the Pious Plotter

Continued from page 78

of Sister Emma's followers deflected. There were loud demands that she get rid of Brother Graham. Sister Emma was in less of a position than ever to do so. Cora Lee had come to her with the news that she was going to become a m-o-t-h-e-r.

On the eighteenth of July, 1885, George E. Graham took Cora Lee Molloy as his wife at a deliberately quiet ceremony near Springfield, Missouri. Sister Emma had in the meantime moved to a 90-acre farm near Brookline, on the outskirts of Springfield, and the newlyweds took up residence there.

While the evangelist left for Illinois to conduct a series of revivals, the honeymooners remained on the farm, and Cora Lee found that she wasn't going to be a mother after all. This intelligence seemed to have a deleterious effect on her husband.

Around the middle of October the postmaster of Brookline received a letter from Mrs. Abbie Breeze of Fort Wayne, who identified herself as the sister of a Mrs. George E. Graham. She said her sister's husband, an ex-criminal, now a lay preacher associated with Sister Emma Molloy, had come to Fort Wayne in August and presumably started with his wife and two children for Brookline, Missouri, where he said he had purchased a farm. Mrs. Graham had written to her sister two days after her departure, on the stationery of the Grand Central Hotel in St. Louis, saying the next stop was Brookline. Then the woman had seemingly fallen through a hole into space.

There lived near Brookline an alert young agriculturist by the name of Ed Davis who was, among other things, an authority on the detective stories of Edgar Allen Poe. When Ed Davis became acquainted with the contents of the letter from Fort Wayne, as everyone eventually did, he saw the makings of a flesh-and-blood Poe tale right in his own bailiwick.

At Davis' instigation a deputy sheriff went out to Sister Emma's farm to have a talk with Brother Graham. Glancing at a list of questions the Poe expert had given him the deputy asked Brother Graham, "When was you divorced from your first wife?"

"Two weeks before Cora Lee and I were married."

"Where was you divorced?"

"Sister Emma will vouch for my divorce."

"Where is your first wife now?"

"She left me in St. Louis. She had become a fallen woman, God forgive her, and I was bringing her here to save her from herself.

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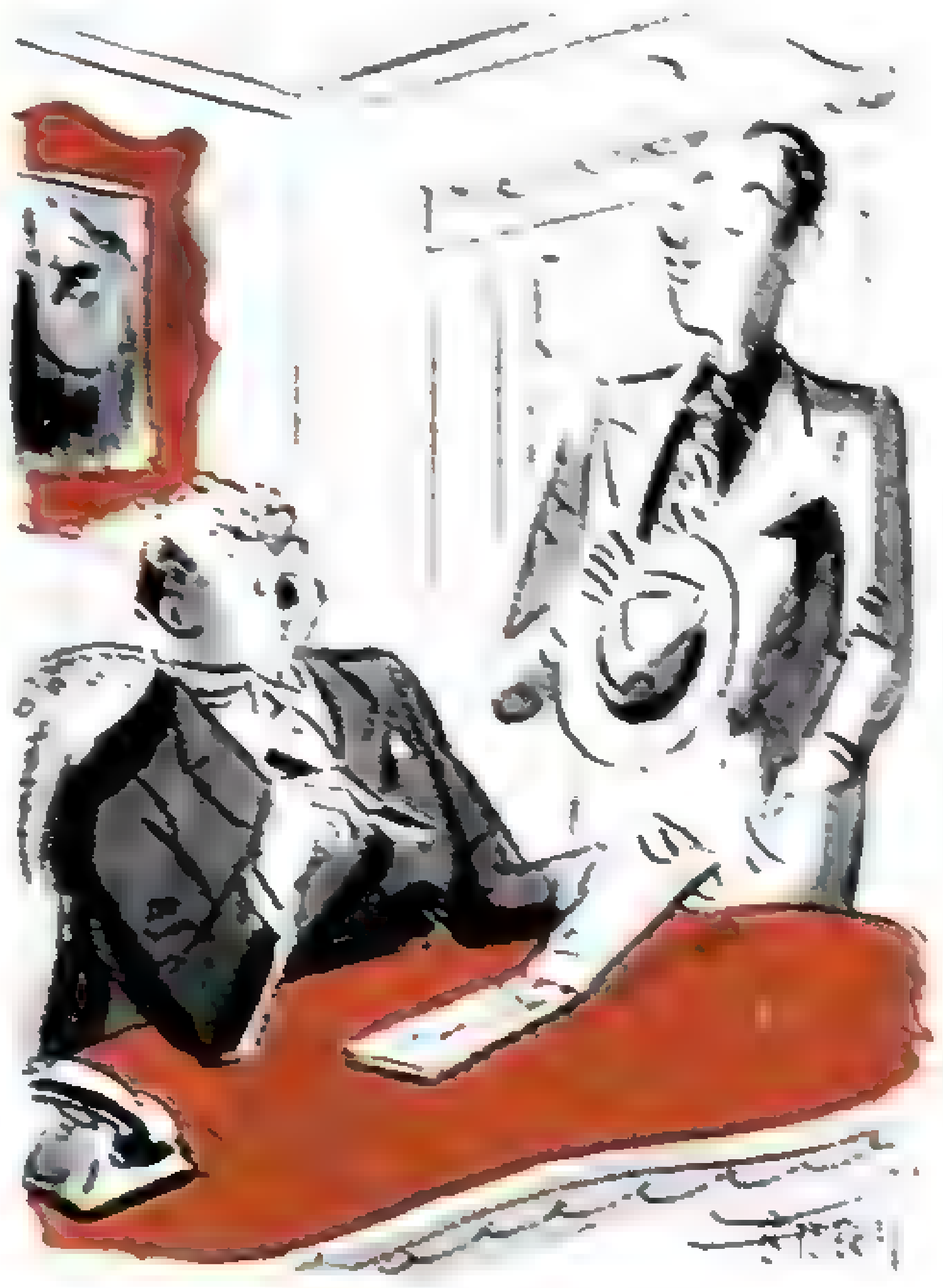
But she ran away from me in St. Louis—with a sporting man, if I'm not mistaken."

The deputy departed from the script. "Is that whiskey I smell on your breath, Brother Graham?"

"Praise the Lord, no," said Brother Graham. "I have a sore throat and the doctor gave me a very distasteful gargle."

Ed Davis was convinced that Brother Graham had never divorced his first wife. Moreover, he suspected that he had put her out of the way, by foul means of some sort, between St. Louis and Brookline. The Poe addict's theory was widely circulated and Brother Graham began to receive anonymous letters, which unnerved him much as a talking raven would. His sore throat apparently got worse, for now he gave the constant impression of having just gargled.

Sister Emma, getting wind of the sordid turn of events, rushed back to Brookline. She threw a jumbo revival in a local church and, from the sinners' corner, Brother Graham took over. He confessed what everybody now knew—that he was an ex-criminal. While he had gone to prison, not once but twice, he personally had committed no crime. As the Lord was his judge, no. He had taken the blame for the wrongdoing of another so the wife and family of the culprit would not be forced to face poverty and disgrace.


"What's your price to get out of town and forget our maid?"

Ed Davis began to heckle Brother Graham, demanding such embarrassing details as the whereabouts of his divorce papers and the first Mrs. Graham. Sister Emma took over. "I have personally seen the divorce papers," she announced brightly. "As for my son-in-law's first wife, she had fallen into disgrace in St. Louis."

Sister Emma cocked her head to one side. Were there, she wanted to know, any other questions? Without waiting for an answer, the evangelist opened up with both barrels on the heckler. What right had he to come into God's house and cast reflections on a noble Christian gentleman such

Continued on page 162

It's an Angelus ...it's Exclusive

272

FOURSOME* 8-DAY, 15 Jewels, TRAVEL ALARM with Automatic Calendar, Barometer and Thermometer. Gold-finish, luminous dots and hands. Genuine Leather case. Size 3¼"x4⅛". About $145, tax incl. *Patented

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"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

The Case of the Pious Plotter

Continued from page 161

as Brother Graham? She whipped up such feeling against Davis that he had to step fast to avoid being returned home on a shutter.

The still-unbelieving farmer then urged local authorities to send an investigator to St. Louis, but the authorities said that they had no jurisdiction in St. Louis.

Now Davis recalled that Brother Graham had once gone on a foray into the back country around Brookline and snooped out and destroyed some illegal whiskey stills. Davis suggested to Brother Graham's victims that they make up a pot of one hundred dollars to send him to St. Louis to investigate Sarah Graham's fate. The sum was, as they say in religious circles, enthusiastically oversubscribed.

In the big city, the bucolic sleuth established that Sarah Graham had checked into the Grand Central Hotel with her husband and two children on September 28. The four had checked out two days later. Three of the quartet had eventually turned up at Sister Emma's Brookline farm. Sarah Graham had disappeared somewhere between St. Louis and Brookline. Davis had known *that* much before he left home.

Davis took a photograph of the missing woman to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and had it published over a caption asking anyone who had seen Mrs. Graham on or after September 30th to get in touch with him.

A Mrs. Fay, who ran a rooming house opposite the railroad station in Springfield, recognized the photo as that of a woman who had appeared at her establishment on the night of September 30th—the day the Grahams had journeyed from St. Louis to Springfield.

Mrs. Fay told Davis that the Grahams and their two children had appeared in her place just after the arrival of the train from St. Louis on the night of September 30th. The parents had left the children in Mrs. Fay's care overnight, and departed. In the morning the father, alone, had come back and taken the children away.

The train from St. Louis, Davis learned, lay over in Springfield for almost an hour. Thereafter it proceeded to stop at way stations farther on. One of these way stations was a map dot called Dorchester, about a mile from Sister Emma's farm.

Davis talked to the crew of the train that had made the run the night of September 30th. It happened that a member of the train crew had a brother who kept a farm. This farmer had run a little still. The still had been one of those snooped out by Brother

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Graham. The farmer had told his brother, the trainman, about the outrage, and the trainman, who had known Brother Graham by sight, had always seen red when he saw Brother Graham after that.

The trainman had seen red the night of September 30th. Brother Graham had boarded the train as it pulled out of Springfield and ridden to Dorchester. He had been accompanied by a lady who resembled Sarah Graham. The trainman had wondered where Brother Graham, who had been recently married to the daughter of the evangelist, was going with another woman that time of night.

The day he got back to his farm from his sleuthing journey Ed Davis fell into conversation with a neighboring farmer about Brother Graham. "He almost shot me last month," the farmer told Davis. "I was huntin' rabbits in some woods on the edge of Sister Emma's property. This Brother Graham come at me like a wild man. He pointed a gun at me and said he'd shoot if I didn't leave."

To Davis, the student of human behavior, Brother Graham's action had been uncalled for. Unless . . .

The body of Sarah Graham was found at the bottom of a natural limestone cave near the spot where Brother Graham had become enraged at the rabbit hunter.

Sister Emma and Cora Lee were charged with being accessories to the murder, but the charges didn't stick. Sister Emma and Cora Lee trailed off to oblivion.

Brother Graham quickly confessed murdering his wife, but later retracted his confession. Then his lawyer got so many delays of the trial that local citizens, particularly farmers whose stills Brother Graham had snooped out, got restive. They took Brother Graham from jail, stood him on a wagon under a tree, and looped a rope fastened to his neck to an accommodating limb. Then somebody spoke one word to the horse attached to the wagon:

"Giddiyap!" #

"Let's name him 'Peter'"

Continued from page 78

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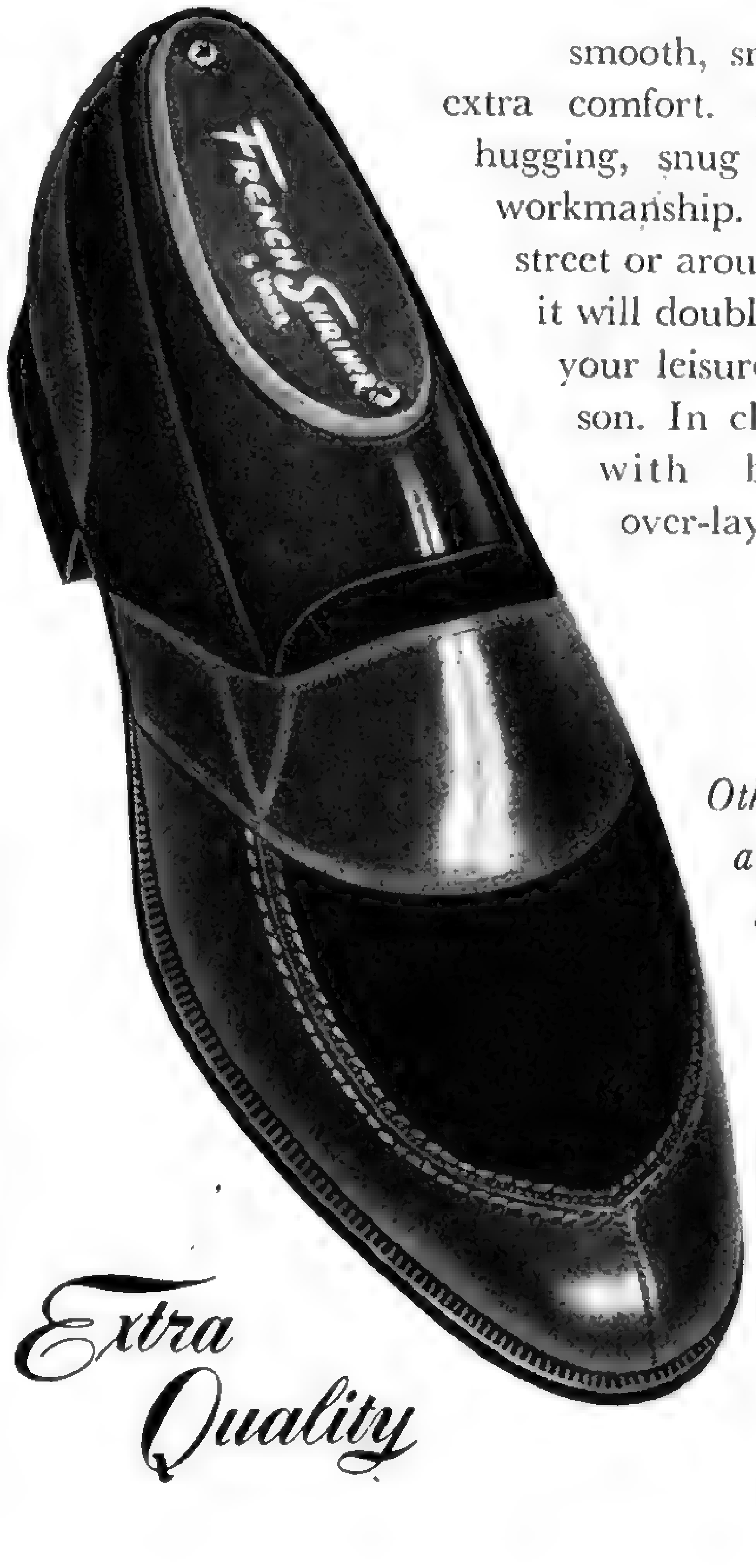

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Experiments Perilous

Continued from page 59

ed plenty of opportunity to test the gadget. It was a wild, wide-open affair, loaded with thrills and featured by two terrible, murderous crashes.

Harroun's single-o Wasp got off to a slow start and was lost in the pack for the whole first half of the race. At one point, it was almost twenty miles behind the leader. Then, just as the cars swung into the final half of the ride, Harroun nosed his single-seater into the lead and from there on in was never bested. Six hours, forty-one minutes and eight seconds after he had started, Harroun crossed the finish line.

The rearview mirror had proved its merit, and the Memorial Day marathon had made its first contribution to the improvement of the breed.

It would be impossible to list all the innovations which have flowed in a steady stream from the Indianapolis track since then. Practically every car which has gone to the post in the thirty subsequent editions of the "500" has contained some new gadget.

The straight-eight engine, four-wheel drive, the supercharger, balloon tires and Ethyl gasoline are just a few of the major developments which were tested at the Speedway. Low-slung bodies which lower the center of gravity, four-wheel brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers, streamlining, demountable rims have all gone through the acid test of Indianapolis. Such things as piston pins, cooling systems, rings, carburetors, spark plugs and oiling systems are continually being examined, tested and revised by grimy mechanics in its track-side pits.

Sometimes new developments are the result of a happy inspiration, as in the case of Ray Harroun's mirror. More often they have come from the drawing boards and machine shops of experimental designers like Fred and August Duesenberg, the Chevrolet brothers, Harry Miller and Fred Offenhauser. Several have been the result of direct intervention by the Speedway officials themselves.

It was the Speedway's restrictions on the size of engines during the 1920s which directed the attention of automotive engineers toward the development of small engines more closely approximating the size of those in everyday use. The limitation of size forced them to find ways of increasing the power of an engine without enlarging it past the point where it could be used in the ordinary passenger car. The decade which followed produced the straight-eight engine, the supercharger, high-efficiency ignition systems, and a

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flock of other experiments designed to hop up the power of the normal-sized car.

Perhaps the best example of how ideas which originate in a race driver's search for speed are developed and expanded to more important uses can be found in the history of four-wheel drive.

Up to 1925 practically all racing cars used rear-wheel drive; that is, the power generated by their motors was transmitted to the rear wheels, which more or less pushed the cars along the road. This system was highly inefficient, so far as racing drivers were concerned. It made top speed on the turns impossible. Then, as now, race drivers went around the track's banked turns in a sort of controlled skid. A skillful driver could, up to a certain speed, control to an extent the effect of this skidding, but it was impossible for even the finest driver to keep control at top speed. Hence, cornering required considerable slowing down and loss of time.

Jimmy Murphy, winner of the 1922 marathon and one of the all-time greats of the automobile racing sport, had a friend clock him with two stop watches during the trials that preceded the 1924 race. One watch was for his straightaway speed, the other for his over-all average. Murphy found that he hit 123 mph on the straightaway, but his average was only 104. He estimated a loss of two-and-a-half seconds at each turn. There are four turns to a lap, and 200 laps in the big race, which means a loss of 2000 seconds—more than thirty-three minutes.

Drivers had long toyed with the idea of front-wheel drive as a way to beat the rap. It was comparatively simple for the driver to place his front wheels in any position he desired, even while making a turn at high speed. It seemed reasonable, therefore, that if the propelling effect were produced on the front wheels, the rear end would more or less automatically trail instead of rushing to overtake the front end or flying away at a tangent, as it did when the rear wheels were powered. All that had kept designers from incorporating the front-drive principle in a racing car was the belief that a car which had both steering and power directed on the same pair of wheels would be too tricky to handle. Murphy, however, influenced Harry Miller to build a front-wheel drive, and Murphy was selected by Miller to drive the new design in the next 500.

Miller had a front-wheel special ready for the next year's race, but Murphy was no longer on hand to drive it. The sudden death that threatens all drivers had caught up with him on a dirt track at Syracuse the preceding fall.

The car was something of a sensation. It was smooth and fast and handled like a charm on the

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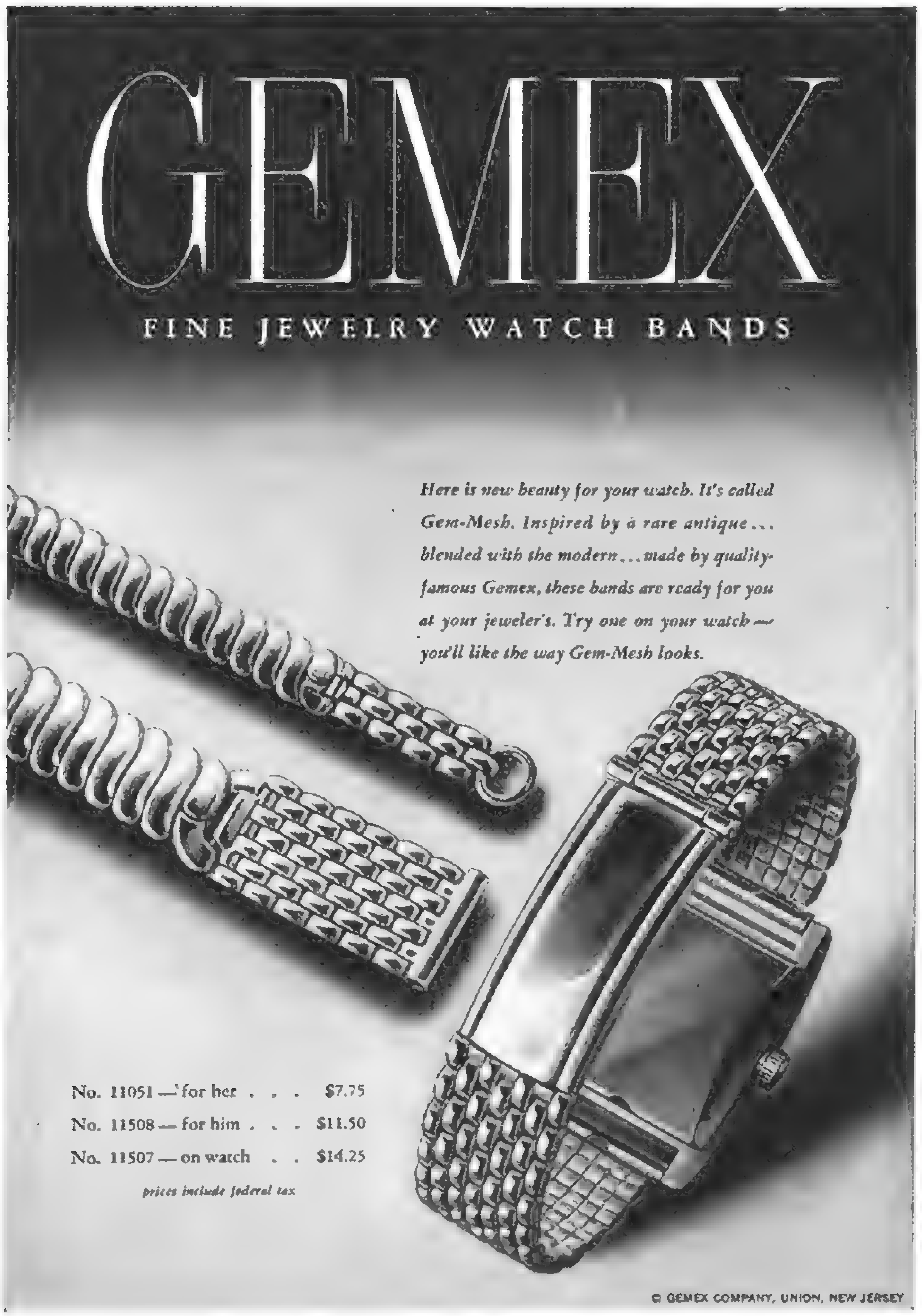
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Complete with black patent leather case

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Look men:

Want to see yourself in your girl's eyes—order her a pair of Mirro-Lens Sunglasses today.

Experiments Perilous

Continued from page 165

slightly banked turns. The new car, driven by Dave Lewis, clicked off a fast average of 100.8 mph to finish second and the front-wheel-drive principle was established. It never supplanted the rear-wheel-drive car in the affections of the majority of race drivers, and has never come into general use, but it did prove extremely important to the future of the automobile in general.

Shortly thereafter, it occurred to Miller that a car which combined the advantages of both front- and rear-wheel drive should be superior to either. By 1932 he had worked out a model which was powered through all four wheels. Three of them, as a matter of fact.

Not one of these cars got a chance to show much. One was wrecked several days before the big race. The second one skidded into the wall on the second lap and was wrecked, and the third went out five laps later with a broken oil line. Oil trouble sabotaged the four-wheeler's chances in the race held the following year, too.

As a matter of fact, Miller's hopes for the four-wheel-drive special as a racing car were never realized. It became apparent after awhile that the four-wheel-drive machine was destined to be more of a workhorse than a racing heap. The war brought out its greatest value.

The tremendous power which the four-wheel-drive principle distributed caused designers to go all out in developing engines of herculean abilities. And it was on the mud-rutted battlefields of Europe and the Pacific that the four-wheelers came into their own under the hoods of peeps, jeeps and army trucks.

The most recent developments to come out of the Speedway have included an aluminum braking system, which some experts claim is not only the lightest but the most efficient yet designed, and a new-type cooling system which may be the answer to the problem of too hot fuel feeding from superchargers. A four-wheel-drive car, powered from a motor in the rear, was introduced in the 1941 race and entered again last year. Up to date, nothing much has come of it.

The emphasis in experimentation in the past two years has been on the development of new fuels. The boys have filled their tanks with everything but raisinjack in their efforts to discover the perfect fuel.

Nobody has yet showed up at Indianapolis with a jet- or atom-propelled car, but it's six, two and even that some wild-eyed kid just up from the dirt tracks will wheel one out one of these years and ask the privilege of risking his neck to prove that it will work. ⧺

Continued from page 59

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Rye Whiskey: Jug of Empire

Continued from page 67

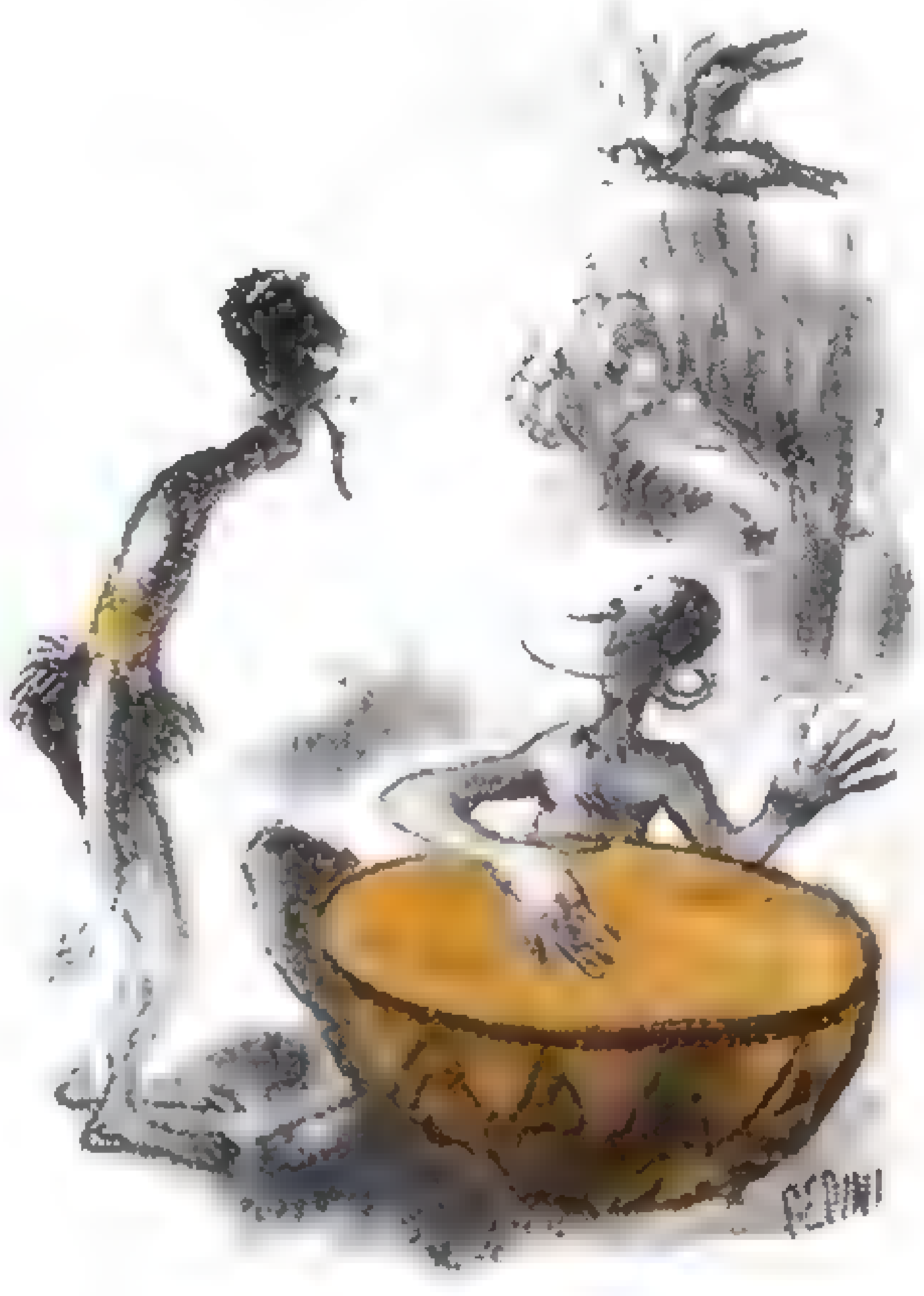
where any citizen could wield a dipper provided he kicked in with some of the grain. With this pursuit they wanted no interference. In plain notification, a Pennsylvania petition of 1790 declared: "We are supplied with this necessary article, much upon the same conditions that our mills furnish us with flour; and why we should be made subject to a duty for drinking our grain more than eating it seems a matter of astonishment to every reflecting mind."

For whiskey was really accepted then, even more than it is now. A bottle of rye was closer to the daily lives and needs of people than the cocktail now is to the social amenities. It was downed for every possible ache and pain. They drank it for breakfast and as a strengthener between meals. They said that it cooled them in the summertime and warmed them in winter. It was used at christenings and wakes; they downed it straight, in the main, but sometimes mixed in a few sprigs of mint or a little maple sugar. They drank for relief of sorrow or at other times for the simple purpose of showing off.

The great Mississippi River rowdy, Mike Fink, aping William Tell, often avowed his friendship by shooting a cup of rye off someone's head with a pistol at sixty paces. And no man among them was ever called drunk unless he lay flat on his face and was incapable by the most prodigious exertion of moving any part of his body. The term was opprobrium; and any condition beyond that final one of total helplessness was regarded as satisfactory deportment.

During the California gold rush they drank their rye in enormous abandon. The story goes of a stranger who chanced upon the Feather River settlement, saw the place in an uproar and asked why the crowd celebrated so late. "The boys of Rich Bar generally run for forty-eight hours," he was advised. "It's a little late this morning, perhaps, for night before last,

Continued on page 168



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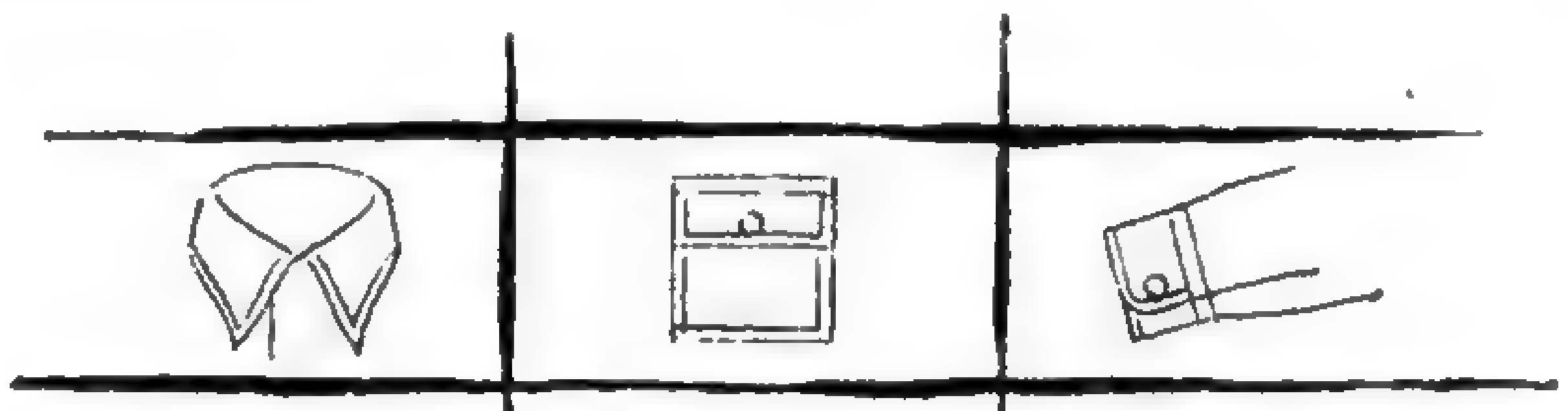

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Rye Whiskey: Jug of Empire

Continued from page 167

but for last night, why bless you, it's only the shank of the evening."

Far and wide the inhabitants, indeed, dosed with the strong water of relief and none wore it more manfully than the drivers who moved the heavy Conestoga wagons along the National Road across the Appalachians into the West. They knew the hardships and before each journey they trained for two days on rye whiskey. When effectively saturated and of mood to face the exigencies (including additional drinking at wayside taverns), they clambered up and drove 400 miles in thirty days.

What might have happened to the temper of such good men had they, by way of conjecturing now, struck an area and been told it was a dry county—a situation many wayfarers confront today—is surmizable. It's pretty safe to conjecture that they would have wrapped the tongue of a wagon around somebody's neck.

For they were *men*: and they would never have understood how any men years later could adjourn during Prohibition from tumblers of honest rye because somebody sang to them, "Dark is the night and the storm rages wild, God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child." They would, being practical and goodhearted men, simply have tucked Bessie in bed with a child-sized dose of the best sleeping medicine from the still and then they would have gone on about their business of building this brave new country.

Because to take a little dram was their way of saying "We're ready!" To decline one was to give offense. And in the afteryears when Colonel Bill Cody, one of their breed, came to the old Waldorf Bar and someone said, "Colonel, will you join me?" he always drew himself up with dignity and answered, "Sir, you speak the language of my tribe."

Chances are today he'd take a stout straight drink of rye and wave away the proffered water for the reason, as men liked to say in his time, that it was foolish to build a fire and then put it out.

But in the evolutions of taste, rye has been accommodated smoothly to the cocktail, the highball and punch. It goes triumphantly into the Nat C. Goodwin Punch, which honors the famed actor and man about town, in the proportions of an open spoonful of sugar, a dash of sherry, the juice of a lime, a little fruit and a jigger of rye handed up in a goblet.

Rye serves handsomely in the strange but delightful Jap Fizz, a complex blend of these ingredients; one spoonful of sugar, the juice of a half lemon, the white of one egg, and a half jigger each of rye whiskey and port wine; frappé; strain, and serve with one slice of

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pineapple and seltzer. The Peggy O'Neill Punch remains a gentle tribute to the tender character of the girl who gave Washington, D. C., social circles a welcome scandal to ponder during the Andrew Jackson administration. Men think of her today in terms of a goblet containing one lime peel in the middle of the glass, a dash of Parfait d'Amour, a stout portion of well-made rye whiskey, mint and some seltzer.

The triumph of rye, however, many think (aside from its use to cure a cough, as rock and rye), is in the Old-Fashioned Cocktail. This drink supreme contains a quarter lump of sugar, two spoons of water, a jigger of rye whiskey, a dash of bitters, a slice of lemon peel and a lump of ice.

But rye has always been a drink in itself. For taste and bouquet are married in its distillation. It is the product of a fermented mash of barley malt, corn and rye, with rye predominating not less than 51 per cent. The rye gives it its heavier body. Like bourbon, rye whiskey suggests unmistakably to its users the odors and freshness of American fields which inspired it.

It is, certainly, as American as Mount Vernon, where the master, George Washington, demonstrated his civilized tastes by lending encouragement and acres to an overseer who had proposed growing rye for a profitable use in liquor. The resulting spirits were a delight to the swarms of visitors on the estate and helped, no doubt, in alternating moments, to make the boxwood gardens a more pleasurable spot for strolling and the verandas a more electrified environment for denunciation of tyrannies and the high cost of copper needed for new worms on the stills. The Marquis de Lafayette took delicate swigs of rye and strolled the lawns more impressed than ever with the possibilities of this great country which he had crossed a sea to help. When Washington passed away, the distillery was hauled off to Maryland and, eventually, it spawned the great rye whiskey industry in the Free State.

That is what some scholars say; others assert that Pennsylvania is the birthplace of the drink. And there are arguable points in the claim. But the main point is that George Washington, or *somebody*, knew a fine thing at first sight and there's still enough left, in good season, to go around.

Continued from page 67

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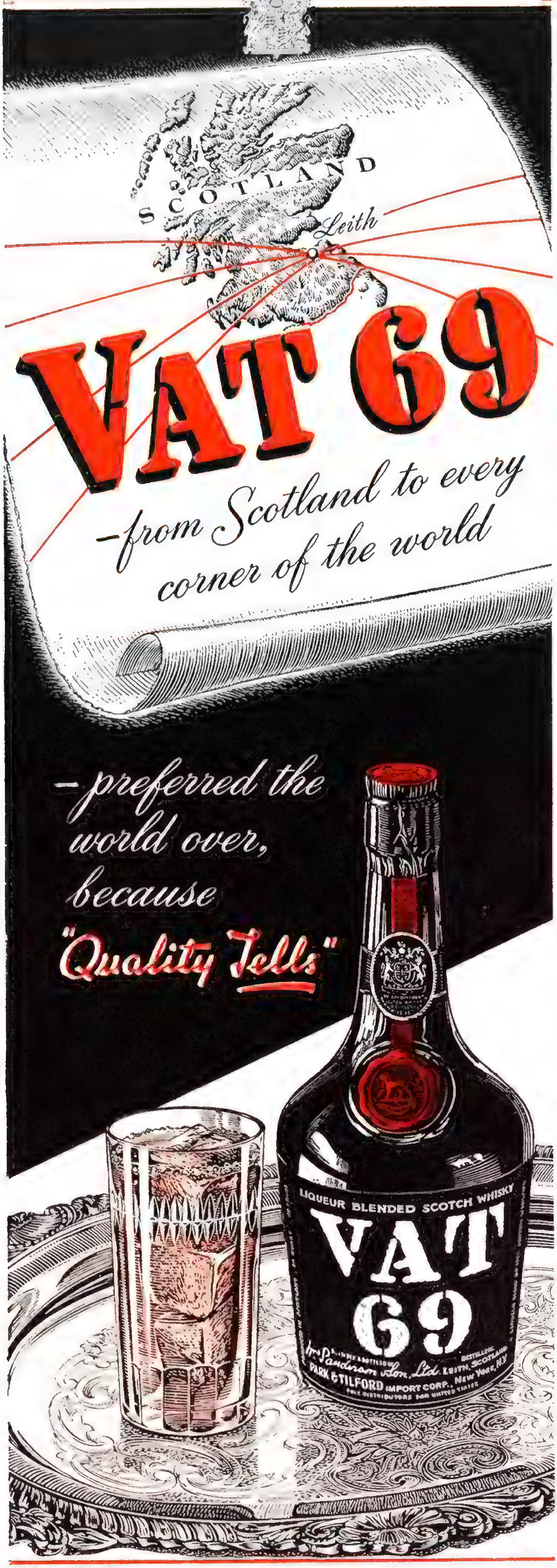
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A Challenge In Blonde

Continued from page 48

the ship to keep from shaking her, groping for words. "Listen," I say. "Miss Weston, one of my favorite hobbies is living. In fact I aspire to someday be the oldest living pilot. If you . . ."

I see the puzzled, surprised look and I figure she'll learn the hard way, or not at all. "Rest half an hour," I order. "Then your regular lesson."

I tramp around the hangar, poking into things that don't need poking into, and after awhile I get under control. I find her waiting beside the trainer and we get in without speaking; she follows me through a couple of landings. I'm staring straight ahead, hating her, when she taps my shoulder. "May I try one now?"

"Yes," I say wearily.

Her first landing bounces, but she catches it neatly. She shoots two more and they're good. I sit there, numb. After a few more, as she taxies back for a take-off, I find myself getting out. I buckle the belt across the empty seat. "Take it away," I tell her flatly, and I don't even watch.

I start back towards the hangar, then Chuck is outside, running. "Pete! Man, she's only had four hours! You're not soloing her!"

How can I tell him I think by God this chick could have flown that ship the first day, if she'd taken a notion?

"If she cracks up we're finished!"

"She won't, Chuck."

Later I see her saunter towards the roadster. "The battery's dead in my car, Mr. Norton. Will you call me a taxi?"

I look at her; the cool, supple grace, and I forget flying. I don't want to, but that challenge is there strong, overwhelming, and I can't help it. I hear myself saying, "I'll drive you home. We'll have your battery charged by morning."

I lead her to the flivver, and Chuck sees us from the flight line. I can feel his anger from there, and it hurts. Norton, heel. Heel to the best friend you've got. I wish I'd never seen her. She gets in and rests her head against the cushions.

"Somehow I don't feel I'm doing very well with you, Mr. Norton. Isn't my work at least average, so far?"

"Your flying is above average."

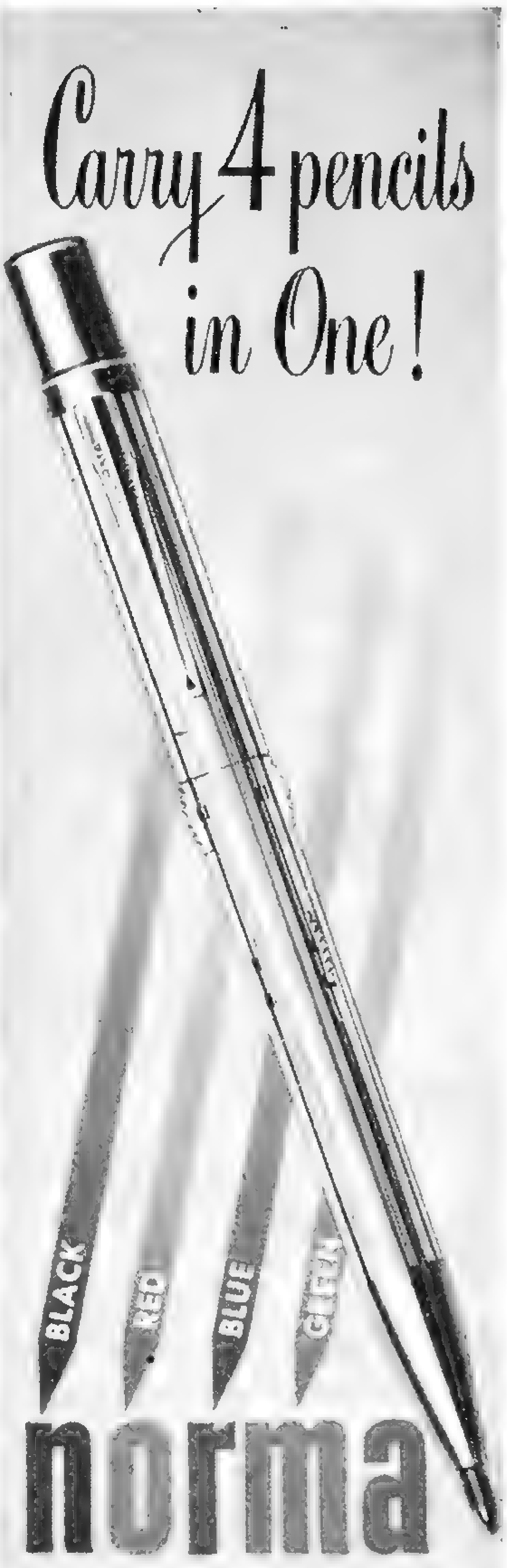
More silence. "Well?"

"It's above average, but I'm thinking of washing you out."

I can feel her tense at that. "Washing . . . me out?"

"Miss Weston," I say slowly, "it isn't a question of your flying. It's a question of attitude. The biggest pilot-killer in the world is overconfidence. Some people reach that stage after thousands of hours in the air. You're overconfident right at the start."

I steal a look. She seems to be thinking, and for a second I take



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hope. I turn up Prentiss Hill.

Then she laughs. Easy, teasing laughter. "Does doing something better than average mean overconfidence, Mr. Norton?"

I grasp the wheel, tight. I have to. I say, "Which is your house?"

She points. After I stop, she murmurs: "Are you washing me out? If so I can go to the big field for instruction."

I don't know if it's reaction or if I have some wild idea of another way to cure that arrogance. I stare. I start at her face and move down over her figure and her legs, slowly. Meaningfully. Then I look up. I say, hard, "A workingman's girl would know how to blush. Don't you?"

She doesn't. She stares back at me with all the arrogance there is. Then, somehow, she's against me, melting into me. She kisses back fiercely. Then she opens the door, saying quietly, "You're teaching me to fly, Mr. Norton. I shall be out in the morning."

I drive down the hill, blurred, and things come back. Chuck. Damn her, I wish I'd slapped her right in that damned classic face.

When I face Chuck in the morning he still won't look at me. I hesitate, but I know we've got to have it out. I catch his arm. "Chuck, I take it you don't like the way I'm handling Sylvia Weston."

He doesn't move. "I don't. You make a pass at her last night?"

I've got it cooked then, but I pull it back. "Look," I say. "Sure. But if it wasn't Prentiss Hill I'd wash her out. If you don't like the way I'm handling it, suppose you take over from here?"

"I will!"

Chuck takes over for a week and we don't even mention her name. But I'm wondering every second they're in the air. And that electric thing seems to grow faster with just glimpses; it's almost as if we're afraid.

Saturday I'm at the field early, and there's weather. Frontal stuff with a low, broken ceiling and mist in the air. I have two students scheduled for solo cross-country, but I cancel them out. Then, from the workbench, I hear Chuck's voice in the inner office. "Land at Deep Harbor," he's saying. "Then the leg across the lake to Elmsport and back here. The ship's ready for you, Miss Weston."

I keep working, but I'm plenty uneasy. I hear her go outside and I drop the tools and go into the office. "I canceled out my solo students," I say pointedly. "I think this stuff's going to get worse."

Chuck's busy with some papers: "She wants to make it today, Pete. I think the weather'll hold off for a couple of hours."

I turn away. I go outside and the sky is low, unpromising. She's climbing into the ship and I find myself running towards her. "Miss Weston!" I don't even think; the words just rush. "I've got to pick up at Deep Harbor. May I ride with you as passenger?"

Continued on page 172

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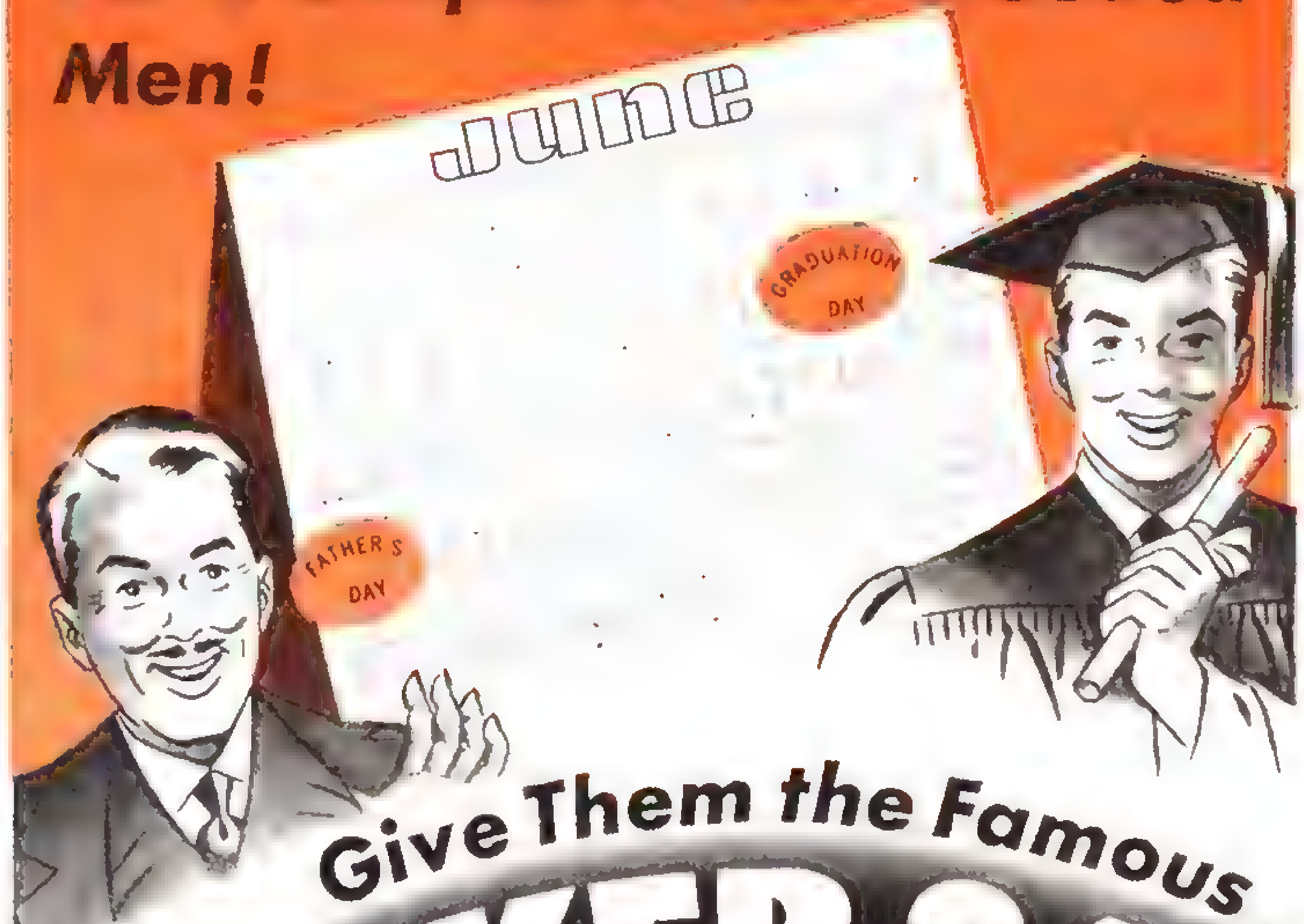

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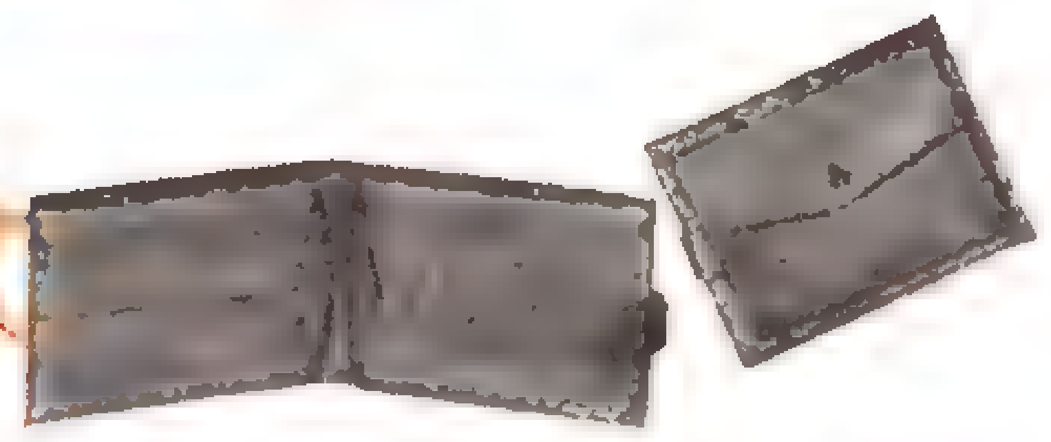

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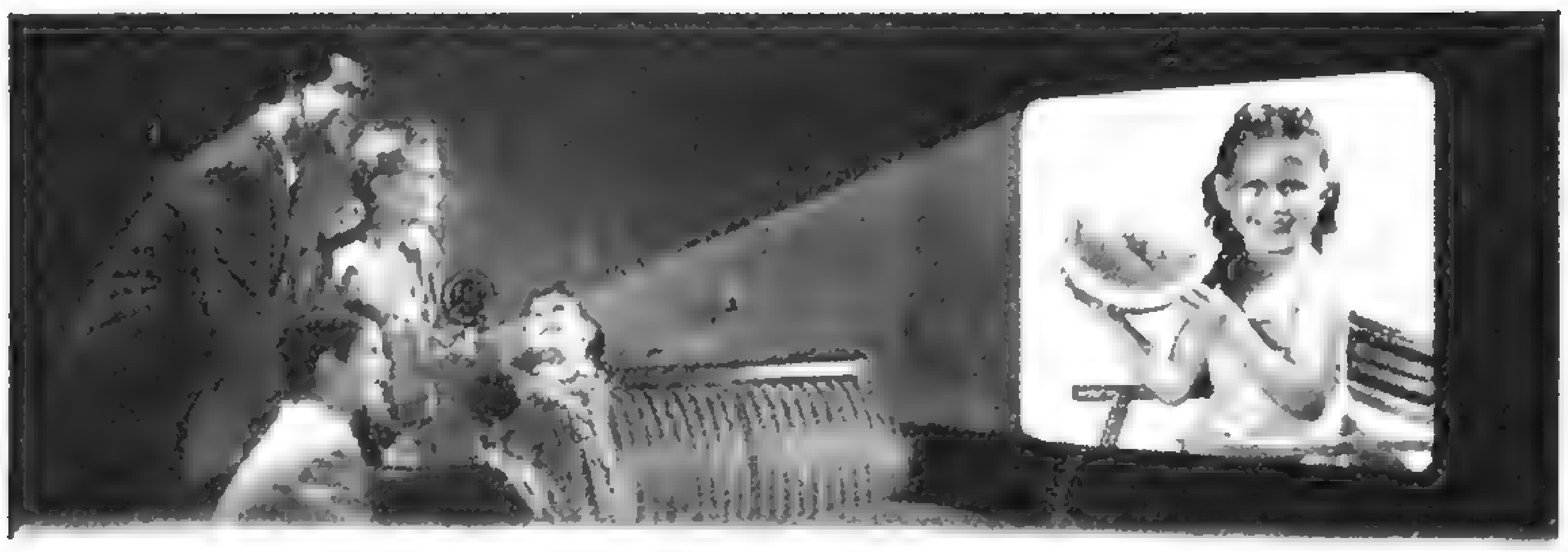

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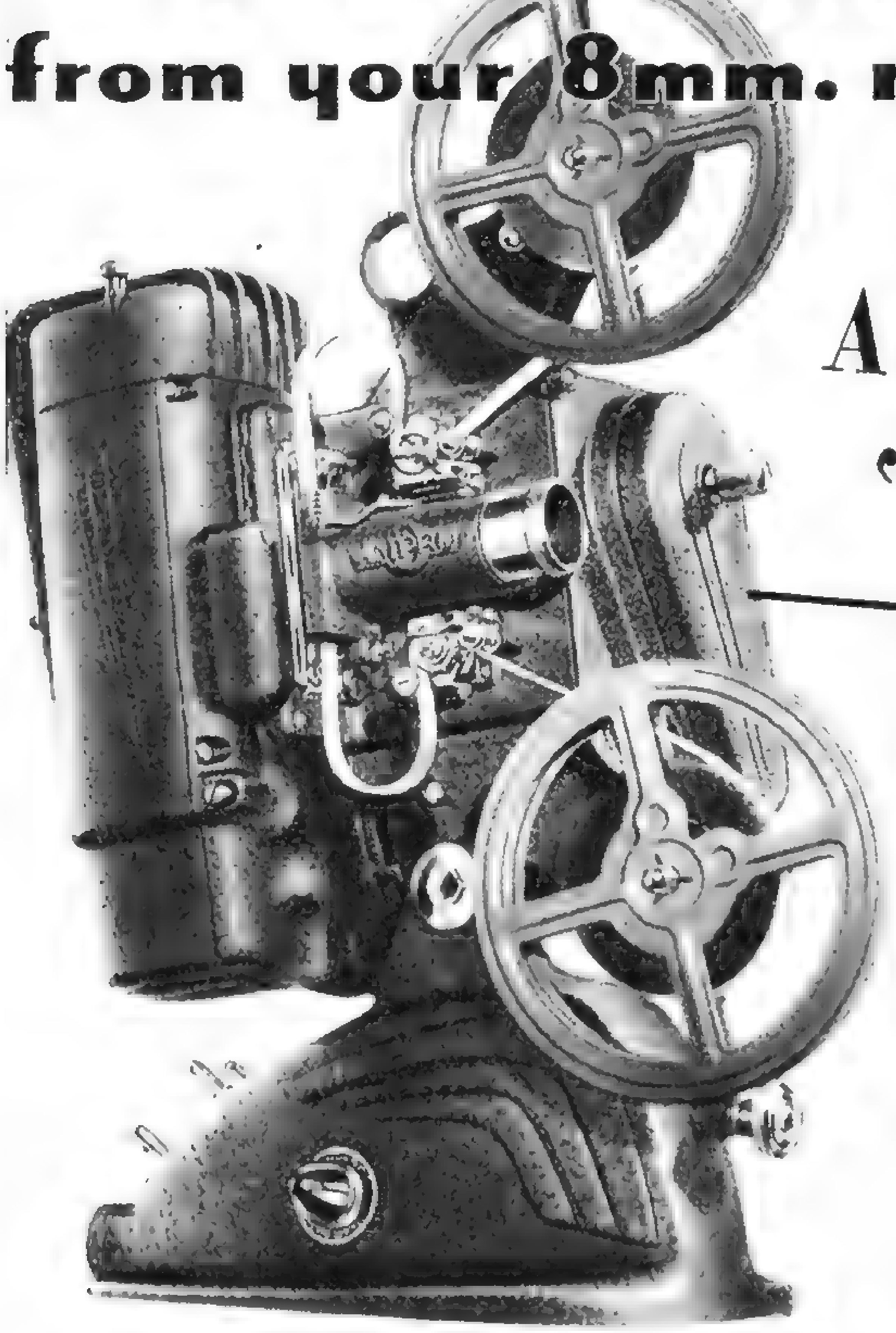

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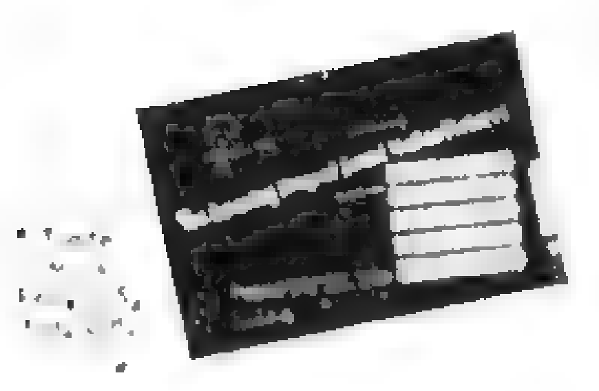

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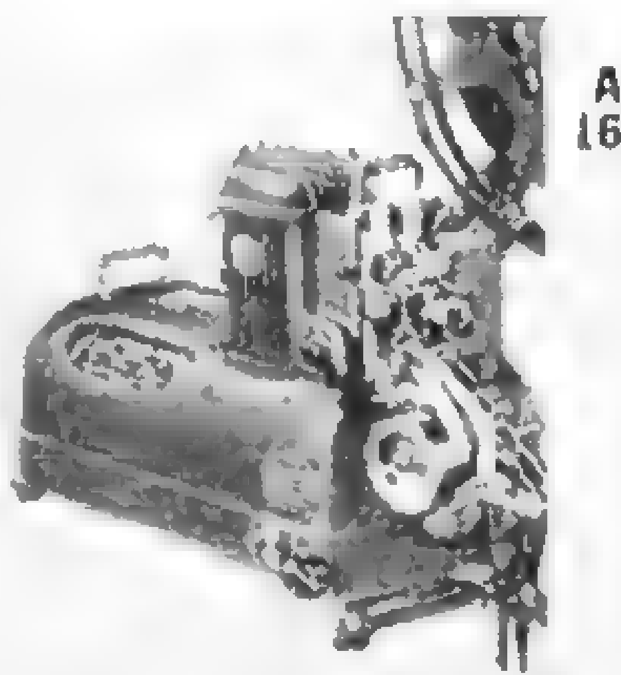

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A Challenge In Blonde

Continued from page 171

"Passenger? This is a solo hop, Mr. Norton."

It's the first time we've spoken; there's surprise, then that little tilt of disdain.

"Passenger only. I'll offer no advice at all. We need the parts."

I climb in front and snap the belt. She taxis out, ignoring me, and makes a smooth, clean take-off. I think dully, *Norton, this finishes it. Finishes you and Chuck. Norton, heel.*

At a thousand feet we're just under the cloud. She sets a course, the map spread over her knees. Then there's a spattering of rain on the windshield, a black wall of cloud up ahead. I curse, waiting for her to turn back. Heel, and what good did I do?

She starts a turn, but it's a full circle and she isn't turning back; she's heading for a hole in the overcast. Those clouds are suddenly a solid grey blanket below us and my mouth goes dry. There are no landmarks up there, and a damn slim chance of there being another hole to get down through. It's the worst kind of bad judgment and words choke into my throat. I think, *Norton, by God you're a passenger. You'll keep on being a passenger if she flies you straight into the ground.*

"Looks better up here," she says casually.

I steal a look at her flight plan; seventeen minutes more to Deep Harbor. We fly the seventeen minutes and the overcast is still a solid, churning mass below. Then I see the little frown. "There's no hole in it," she says and she sounds half angry as if it were a personal affront. "I can't go down through," she adds thoughtfully. "There's rain down there, and hills."

I twist around and look back and there isn't a sign of a hole anywhere; the stuff is sliding in even thicker. *Norton,* I think, *you can take a wild guess as to where the lake is and try to let down over it instead of over the hills, but it's dangerous. If you're going to try it, do it before it gets thicker . . .*

My hands move towards the controls, but they stop. *Passenger, Norton, passenger. You'll sweat it out . . .*

She says over the roar of the engine, "We'll go on to Elmsford."

I look at the gas gauge, and I groan. There had damned well better be a hole over Elmsford.

She flies to where Elmsford ought to be and there's the same thick billowing masses below us. She's looking at the gas gauge then too, worried, but I scarcely notice. We circle and she says tentatively, "It . . . doesn't look good, Mr. Norton."

I don't answer, and suddenly we're flying in one direction, then another, willy-nilly. She's uncertain. Rattled. She knows it and I know it, but we're in too bad a spot for me to be surprised. After awhile she says, "Do you . . .

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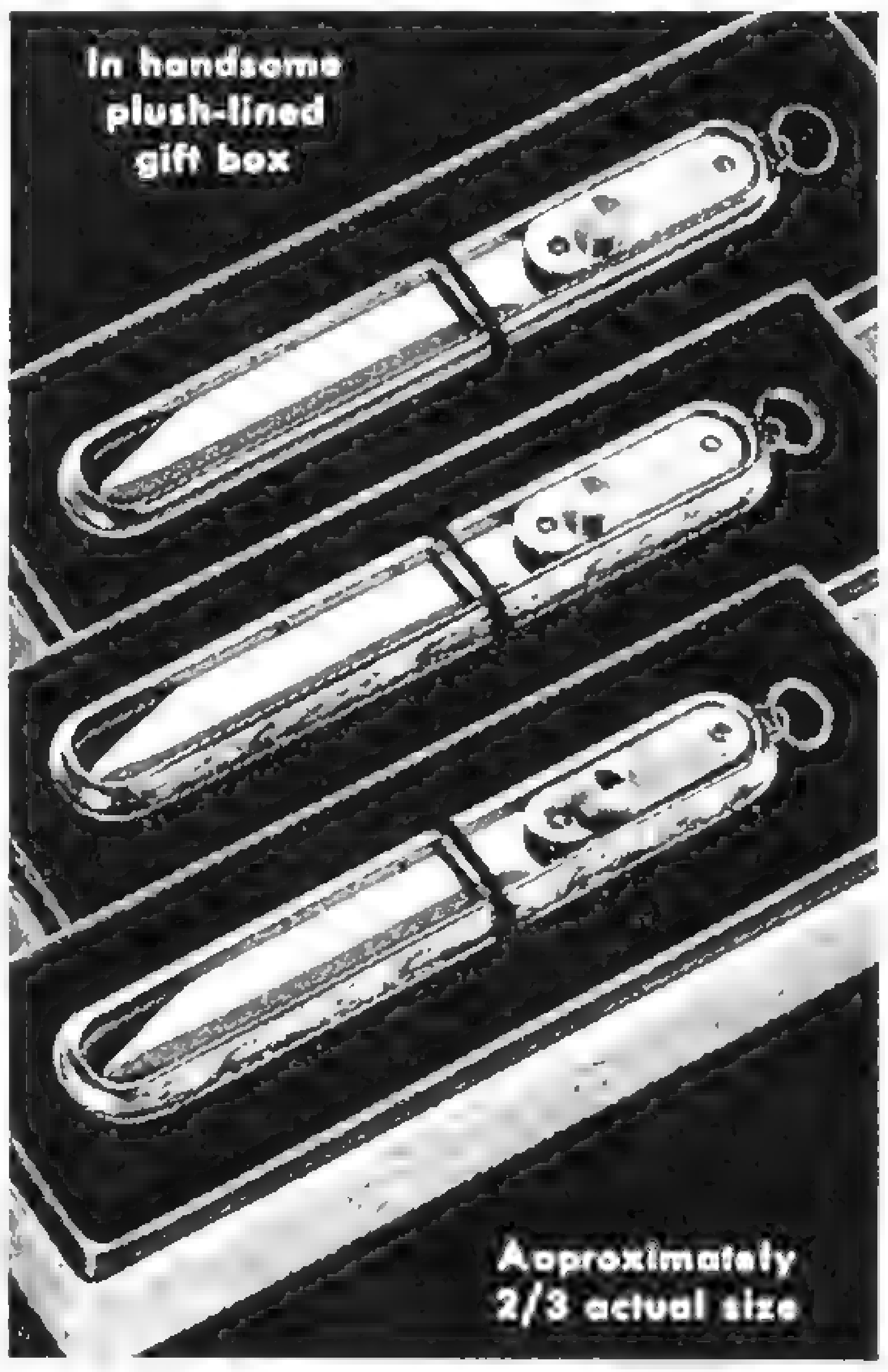
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know where we are?" and her voice is shaky.

"Take off your hat," I say, ugly. "We're in the First Episcopal Church. Since when does the pilot ask a passenger's advice?"

She's completely lost when she sees it; a rift in that blanket of cloud. God knows what's underneath, but it's safer than trying for the lake. She banks towards it, chops the throttle, and we're down through.

It isn't safer than the lake. We're down through into driving rain and fog, and we're ducking treetops at once. The ship bucks and staggers and it's wooded, hilly country and wild gusts of wind. I'm looking fast for a spot to set that trainer down. I catch a glimpse of her and she's pale. "It's . . . bad," she says in a weakened voice.

I'm peering through the rain-smeared glass and I almost shout. *There's a golf course. A fine, level, open golf course.* She noses towards it and I'm waiting for the landing glide when I hear her voice. "I think I know where this golf course is. If we hold ninety degrees we should have gas enough to make the home field!"

I don't know why I do it. Maybe it's the cockiness back in her voice and this death-dealing bad judgment. Anyway, it's reaction and white anger and foolishness all at once; while she's fighting the controls I kick the handle. I kick the gas handle from "on" to "off" and in the space of a few seconds there's a choking sputter from the engine. Then silence. Awful, complete silence.

"Quit! I . . . forced landing!" Her words are shrill.

"You've practiced 'em. Now it's real!"

She gets it into a glide, but I'm suddenly hanging onto the sides of the seat. The glide is jerky. Too fast, then too slow.

I look back and I see that dead engine has done it; on Sylvia Weston's face there is fear. Her skin is chalky and her knuckles are white on the stick. "You take it!" she chokes. "Pete!"

Then I glance at the golf course again, just for a second, but it's enough. She's overshooting, but this thing only comes in at forty. I try to make my voice sound calm. "I'm a passenger. Your responsibility. Remember?"

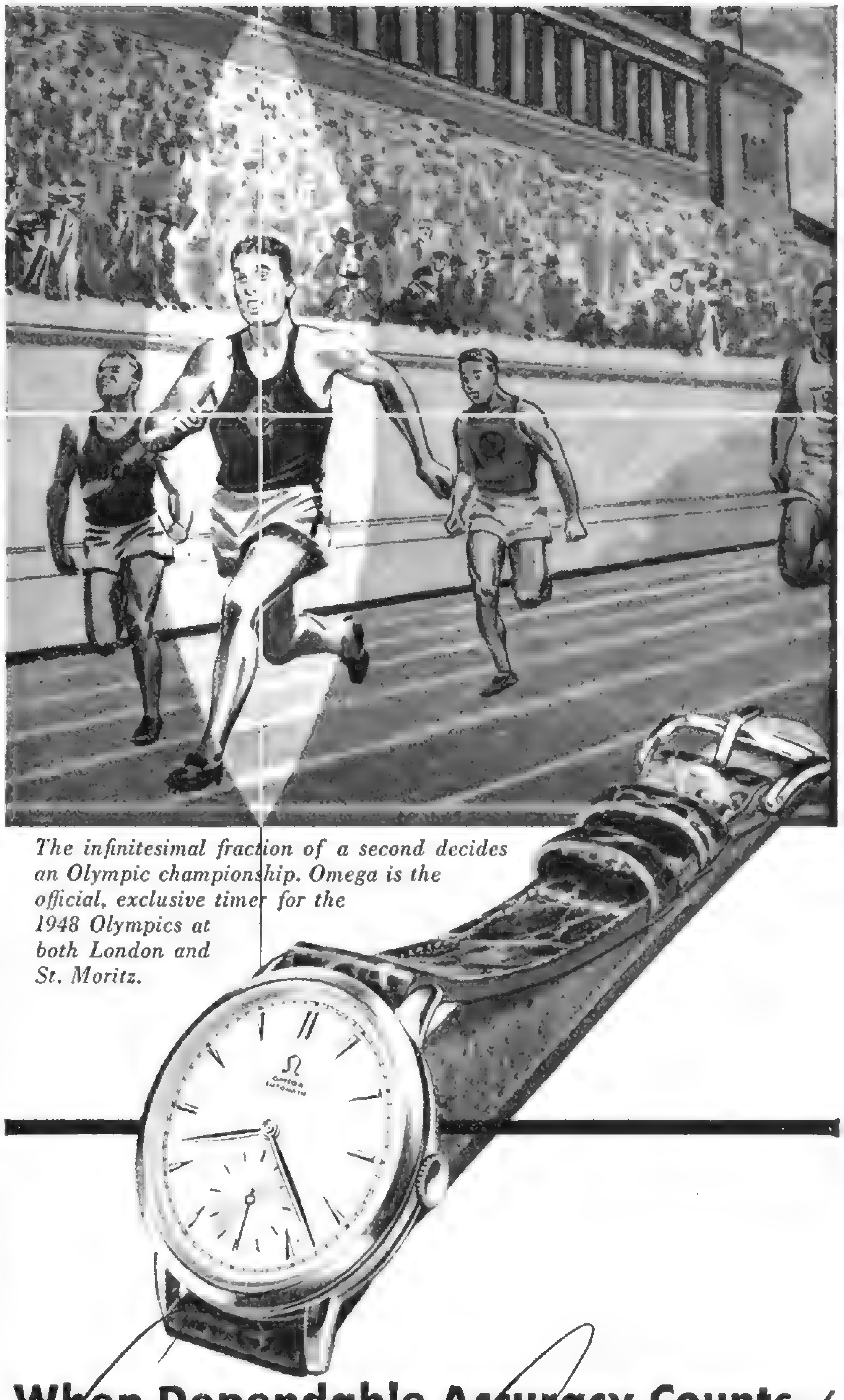
I don't look at her again; I can't. She comes in roughly, overcontrolling, crosswind. I reach backwards and pull her belt tight, and my own. The wheels touch, but we're far down the fairway, rolling fast towards brush and rough ground . . .

"Pete!" she screams.

We hit the rough ground. There's the ripping sound of fabric, a wild jolt, and the tail of the ship comes up. It keeps coming; the prop digs into the ground and the ship flips onto its back.

Silence. I shake my head clear. I smell gas, and I want out quick. I push the side panel free, loosen my belt and drop onto my shoulders. I drag her out and she's

Continued on page 174



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A Challenge in Blonde

Continued from page 173

crying, dry, racking sobs. I carry her clear and she sinks onto the ground. I sit down beside her. The ship is a mass of twisted spars and canvas.

I light a cigarette, shaking angry, and I think, *Steady Norton. Both barrels, no punches pulled.*

"Pete! The engine . . . quit. Suppose it had happened over that overcast!"

I turn her to me, hard. There's a scratch on her face, tear streaked, and her hair is wild. "It could have happened there just as well," I say levelly. "All told, that was the poorest piece of flying judgment I have yet witnessed."

The sobs stop; her surprise and hurt cut into me, but I go on fast, looking away. "Why did you go over that overcast instead of turning back? What made you think you'd find another hole to get down through? Your half-baked cockiness, your arrogance, risked your own neck and that of your passenger. Then you wanted to pass up this golf course, to try to get home through this stuff!"

"Pete! It isn't fair. The engine failed!"

"The engine," I say brutally, "didn't fail. If you'll crawl into that wreckage, you'll find I shut off the gas before you flew us straight into a hill. Even then you botched up a perfectly simple forced landing. Weren't scared, were you?"

For a moment she says nothing, then her voice is quiet.

"I'm through flying, Pete. Why . . . did you do it? You could have taken over that landing . . . saved the ship."

"You're not through flying. You're just starting. I did it to teach you something you'd learn no other way. Fear that will turn into respect for the air."

Still quiet. "You wanted to wash me out."

I turn to her then and the words come with a rush. Hot, white-angry. "I should have washed you out, but it so happens we needed you. We needed your friends, your damned Prentiss Hill prestige whether you were a spoiled, cocky brat or not! As it is, you've split us up."

There's no color in her face, and she's staring at me, hard. "I'll see that you get my friends. And I'll talk with Chuck."

I say nothing. I start to get up.

"Pete. Is that the only reason you didn't wash me out?"

I stare back. I start at the top and stare down. Meaningful. "No," I say harshly. "It isn't the only reason. I've wanted you from the start. I want you now. What the hell do you care?"

She's there then, tight against me. Passion and fire and challenge, and the old arrogance is back in her face. The arrogance I want.

But, laddie, on the ground. Only on the ground. #

Continued from page 48

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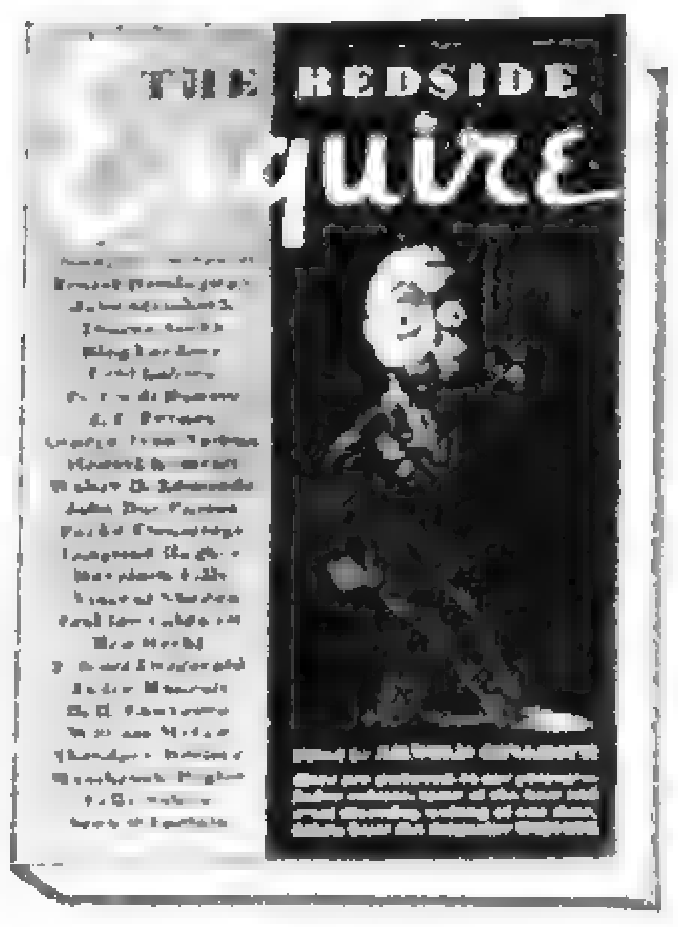

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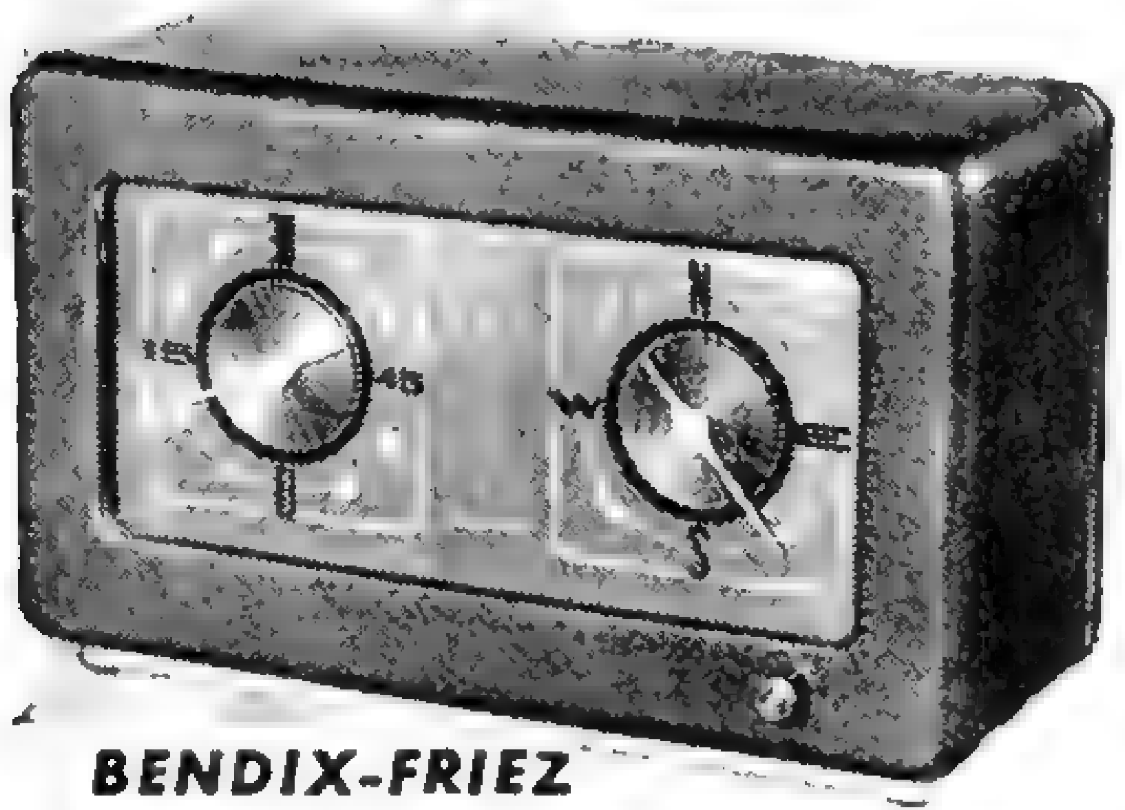

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Gourd-Time Charlies

Continued from page 39

at a table would automatically revoke the permit for sixty days and if rhumbers are caught getting on the floor while intoxicated they should be sent up for at least three years. I am afraid my suggestion will be spurned by the night-club guys, who go on the theory that there is no tomorrow and the best way to get rich is to clip a sucker tonight.

It is possible that my violent antipathy for the rhumba has sentenced me to bachelorhood for the rest of my life. Where I come from a girl believes that chronic unemployment is a finer trait in a man than being unable to dance the rhumba. The experience of a friend of mine from Brooklyn, is proof that such a deficiency is love's greatest foe among the younger generation. It shocked me when I heard that my friend—let's call him Joe—had announced he was going to get an education under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Joe is a gentleman of exceptional erudition and his culture is so complete many of us considered it impossible for any institution to give him any information he did not already possess. But Joe enrolled at a dancing academy, a rhumba university. It is Joe's custom to do his homework in the bleachers in Ebbets Field. There Joe slides and jounces up and down, muttering agua, agua, agua, like a man imprisoned in a mirage induced by ecstasy. I requested an explanation of this slithering concentration and Joe said that love was the basis for his devotion to this imported dance.

"No broad would have nothing to do with me when I came home from overseas," Joe explained.

I said this was testimony that the young women of Brooklyn are idiots because Joe is celebrated for his wit, charm, handsomeness, and has been called the eleventh best-dressed man in the borough.

"I was stuck on this here broad and treated her real good," he explained. "With me there ain't no separate checks like a lot of them college students. I take her out the first time and get her a big veal cutlet with French fries. I go to a movie with this here broad and I sit with her in the loges, paying extra and all. After that I say what is your pleasure and she says let's go to some joint and I say all right. Soon as we get to this joint I order up some liver and bacon with some more French fries because this here broad has a real appetite. Before I can get to work on her with my personality she says let's dance and I say let's wait until they play a fox trot. She says fox trot am I crazy. This here is a rhumba and she's acting like her underwear is itchy and she wants to get out of it without taking off her dress. She says can I dance the rhumba and I says no and she says what kind of a character am

Continued on page 176

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Gourd-Time Charlies

Continued from page 175

I. I says I was overseas long enough to speak some foreign languages that's what kind of a man I am. She says wait till I finish the liver and bacon and I wait and she says take me home. I take her home and she acts like I called her old man a thief or something all the way in the cab. She says good night to me like it was costing her money and she says to call her up when I learnt how to do the rhumba. I says drop dead, but I start in thinking and I figure out this is a whole new thing since I was in the Army. I ask some guys on the block and they say if you can't dance the rhumba you're a dead duck. So I join out the dancing academy."

"Do you like the rhumba?" I asked.

"No," Joe replied with morose disgust.

"Then why are you learning how to do it?" I wanted to know.

"I like broads," Joe replied.

* * *

The rhumba bands confuse me and I do not associate the sounds they create with any music I have ever heard before. The lyrics of the songs they play always seem to be the same and it makes no difference whether the language is English or Spanish. They are usually shouted by a guy who daintily raps two sticks together. This makes a noise which sounds like a man with false teeth suffering from a chill. The knocking together of these sticks is considered a remarkable feat by rhumbers, although all the skill required for such a concert is a set of unbroken fingers. If this is music then so are the sounds made by crapshooters and elevator starters in office buildings. I believe the talent of the gambler and the lift commanders is a bigger one because they do this with their fingers and do not resort to devices to impersonate the noise they desire. The difference is the rhumba stick beaters are entitled to a union wage for their work. Occasionally a stick man will set down his boards and pick up the maracas, although switch hitters are very rare in this league and there is usually a man for each instrument. The maraca is about as hard to play as the sticks. It is a gourd filled with pebbles which make a noise when disturbed. I detect no skill in the playing of this, because the same sounds may be achieved by rolling the maraca down a flight of stairs. The maestro jostles the pebbles around the container and this excites a commotion which resembles the miniature agonies of a cement mixer. The same people who are moved into loathsome frenzies by this harsh opposite of music would call up the station house and have you arrested if you came into their kitchen and started to crush a handful of rocks in the washing machine. But that is as

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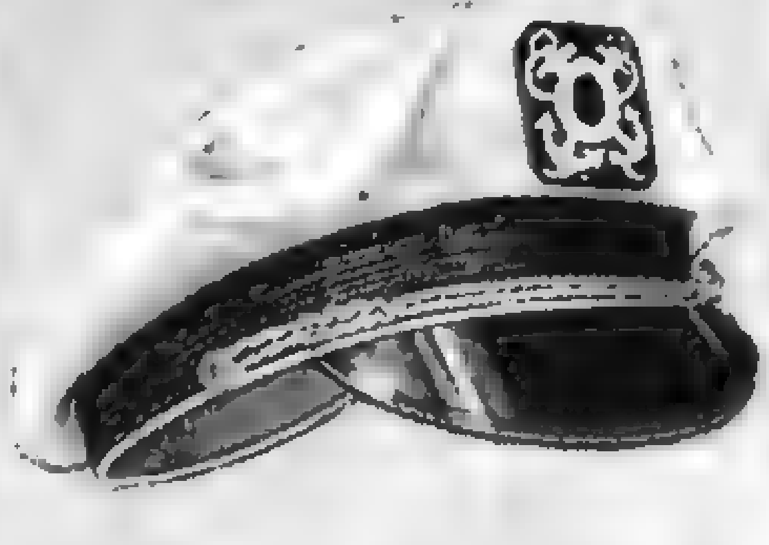

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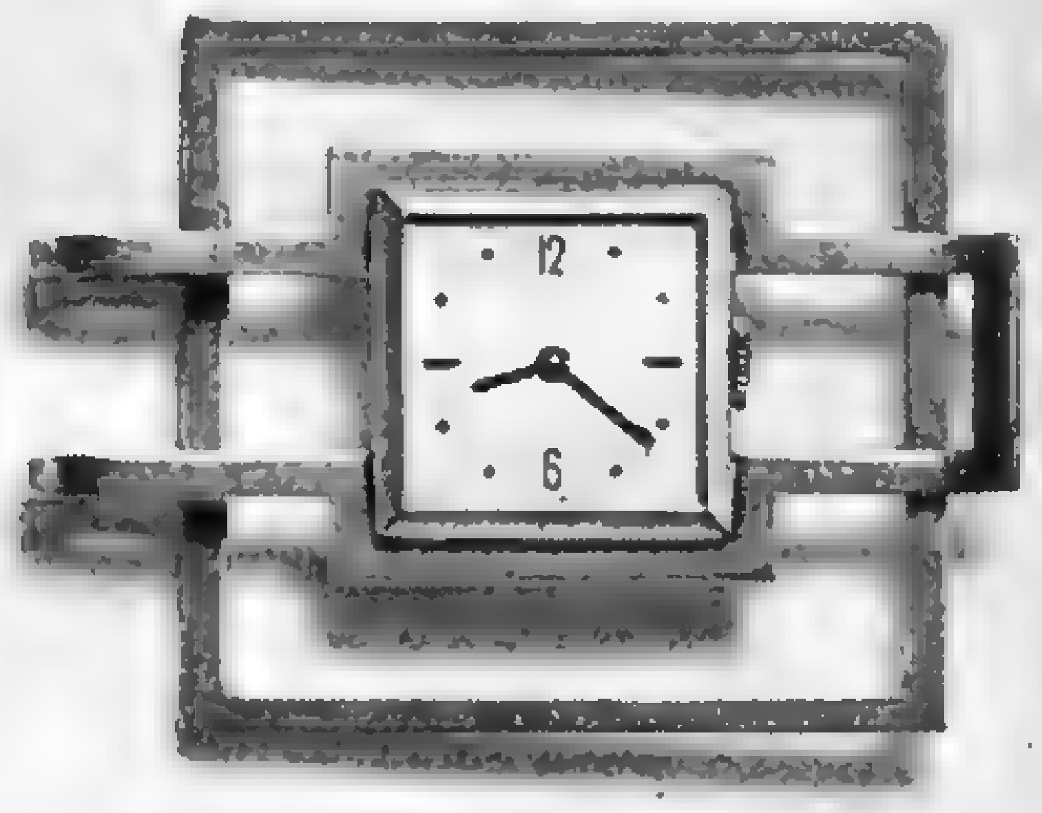

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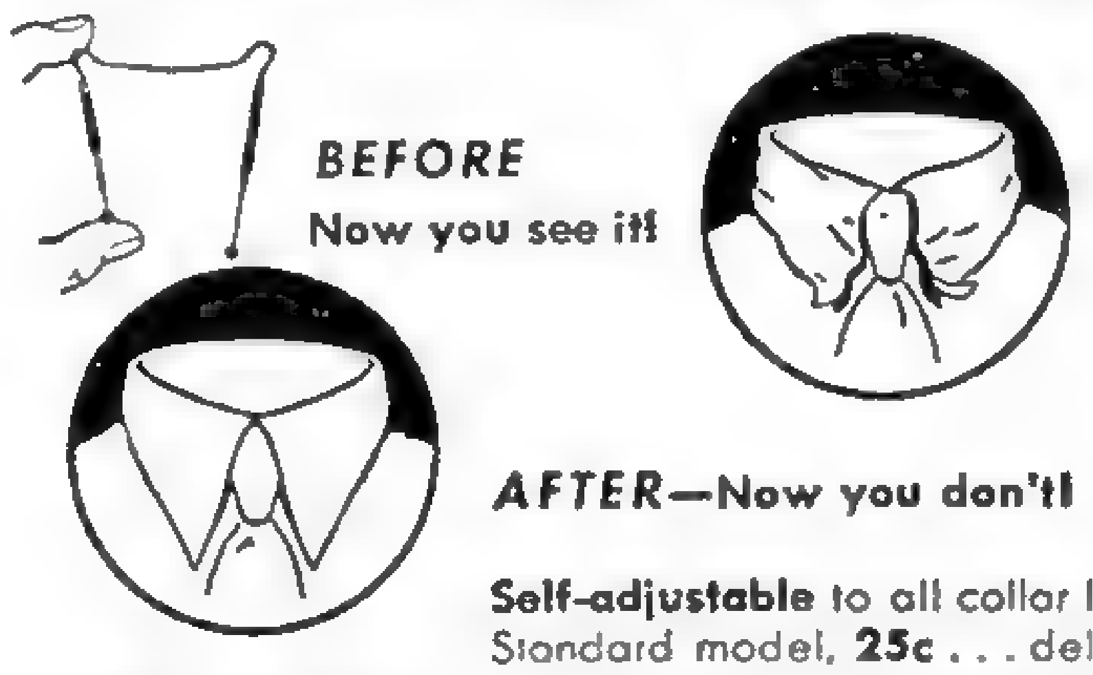
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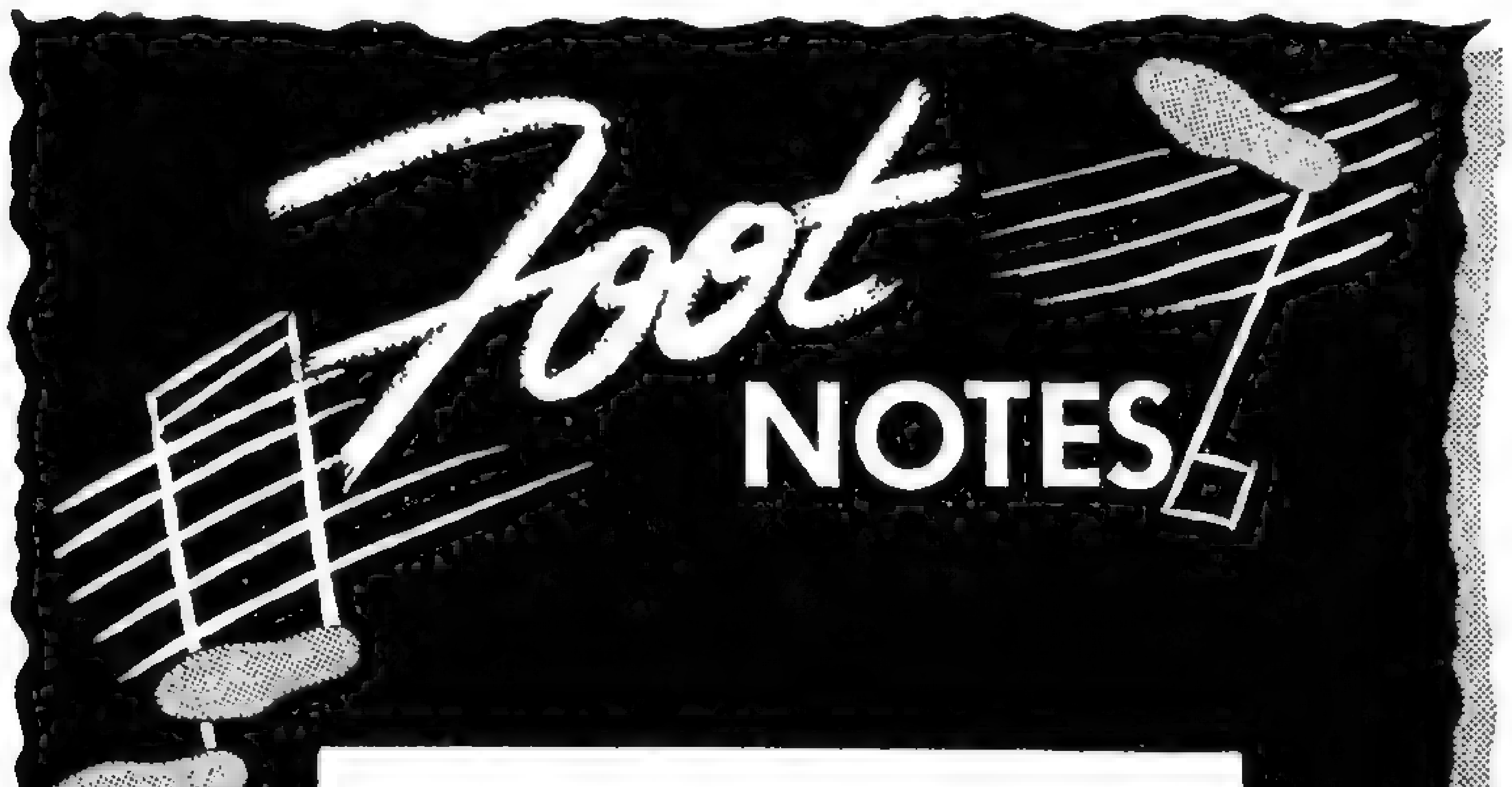

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close as the maracas come to the sounds of music as we know it.

It was my dream that someday I would become wealthy by a process which would not require the production of such coarse literature as I write for the sports editor. Frequent disappointments caused me to abandon this hope, but now, a year away from forty, I believe I have discovered a new field which would make a man rich if he could arrange a monopoly. There is a last Klondike on the earth and a man gifted as an organizer may be able to dig the fortune out of its untapped possibilities. All I would need is the pledge of every rhumba singer that he would give me the privilege of supplying him the grease for his hair. Such a concession would make me wealthy beyond even a Rockefeller, because every male singer with a rhumba band must use at least a quart of slop a day on his skull or he would not be holding down a job. The singers of rhumbas are selected because their voices are hoarse and they must intone the lyrics in a style that can't be understood by anyone. They go on the theory that the lyrics are so senseless that if people were able to translate them they would empty a joint faster than a three-alarm fire. They contradict the design which controls all other singers of romantic songs. They must present an ugly appearance at all times and fat is considered an important item for success. It is as though they trained for their assignments with gluttony and other forms of excesses which are guaranteed to put on weight. My objection to them is that a lot of them resemble me. But one qualification the leader insists upon is that his singer must have an incredible amount of hair.

It is their custom to dominate their hair with enormous amounts of grease and flatten it out on their skulls in gleaming tautness. They saunter to the stand and permit the assemblage to get a good look at the perfection of their hair comb. Their hair remains in shape only until the first note is struck. Then they commence a series of gestures which frees the grease-locked strands. Before they have finished their original number the hair falls greasily into their eyes in moist disorder. As all of them wear their hair in the style usually described as a page-boy bob, this conceals their features, which is the only nice thing I can say about them. Their act consists mainly of keeping their hair in their eyes and after they have sung several songs their pompadours look as though they were the quills of a porcupine suddenly turned to seaweed. I could even stand for this, but after they have blinded themselves with their hair they go in for belly dances which would be considered out of line at a stag party.

Occasionally these singers hang a drum around their necks and stride about the platform, beating it with the flat of their hands.

Continued on page 178

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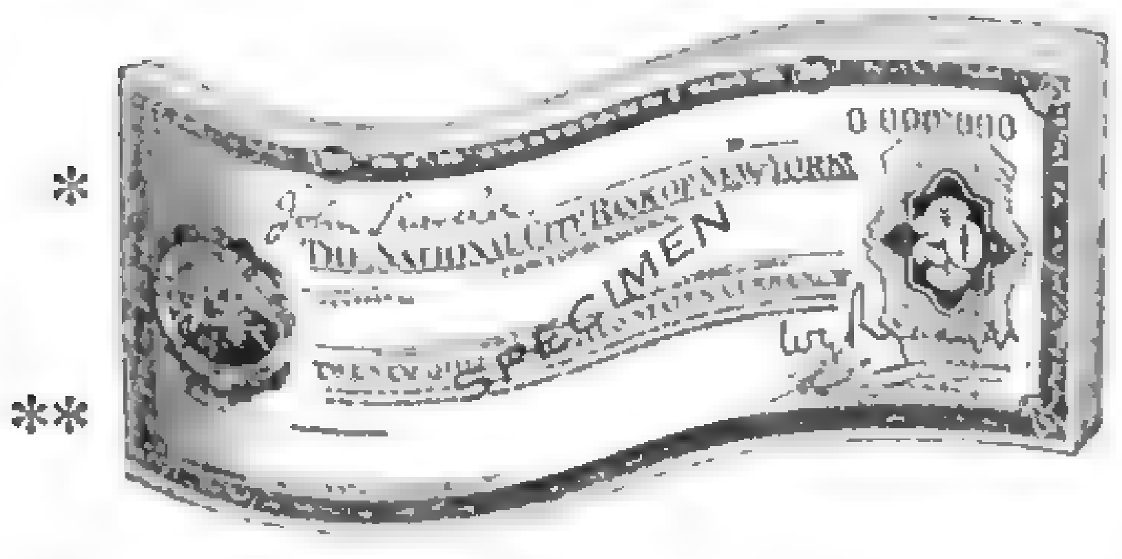

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Gourd-Time Charlies

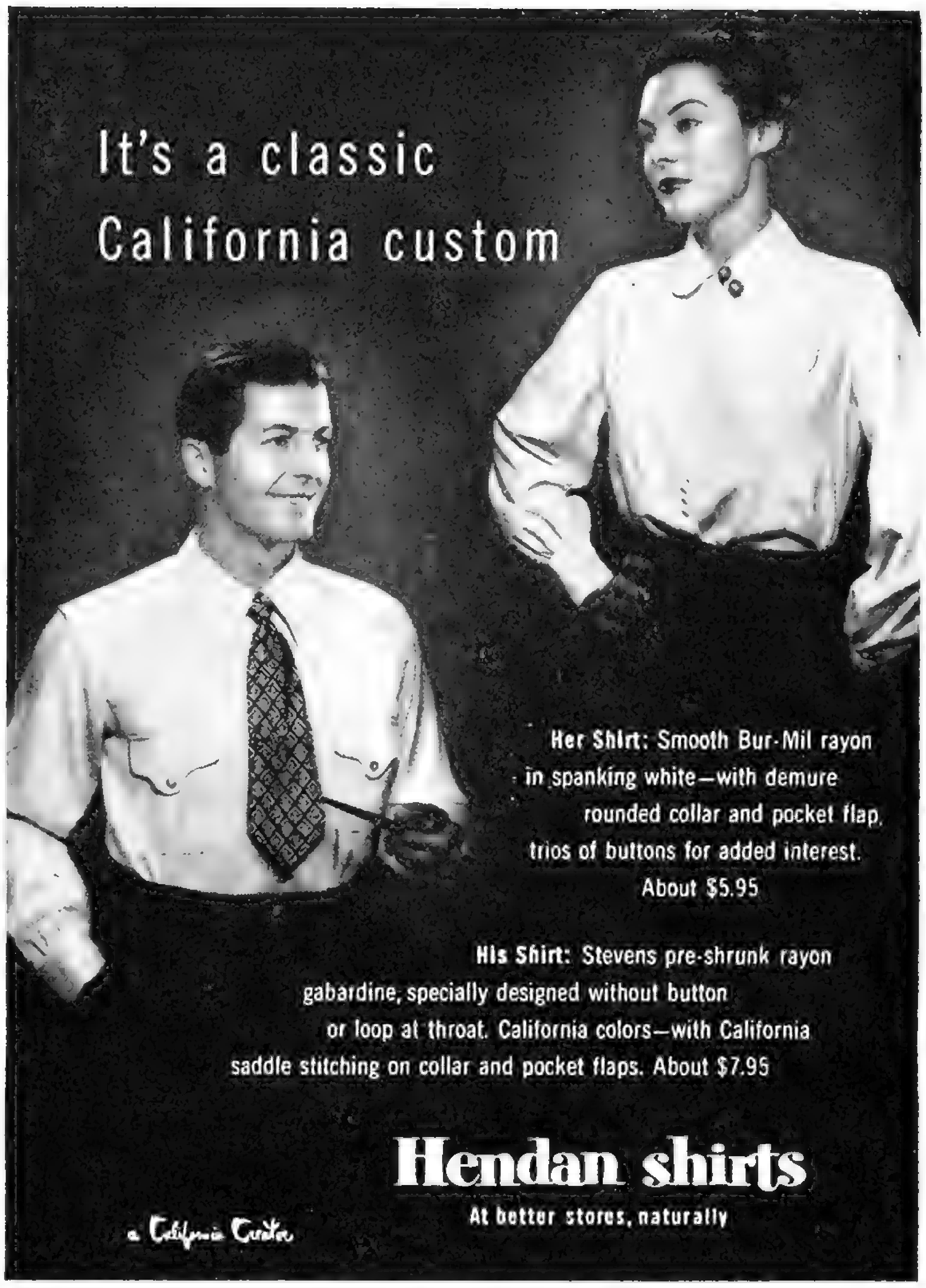
Continued from page 177

They abuse the skins with a fury which would entitle them to at least a captaincy if performed in the services of the Salvation Army. The dancers are usually mesmerized by this drum and they connect their motions with its hollowly pointless beat. It is as though they were attempting to dance to the sounds a subway train makes as it comes into a station. If such an eccentric force influences the way people move, it is only logical that grotesque attitudes result.

The curious tumult of the sticks, the maracas and the drums enchant most fat women. The fat women seem to believe they escape from their stockades of flesh once they undulate to such an uproar. Women who are ashamed to cross their legs in a streetcar, because they believe that such a gesture might excite the man reading the newspaper across the aisle, do things that I have only seen duplicated in the parlors of red-light districts. They all seem to be suffering from a circus-pony complex. They throw back their heads as far as their necks will go and shiver with a screaming passion which reminds me of the sound made by tugboats on foggy nights. As most of their partners are in some way associated with their everyday way of life they try to break all ties and lunge away from him in an obscene and solitary pilgrimage which causes their flesh to quiver inside the girdles like pigeons trying to escape from a sack. Under my plan of government control no woman over one hundred and sixty pounds would be permitted to enter a night club which employs a rhumba band. They charge about the floor in a rage of destructive happiness which seems to convince them they have slipped into a private world where they have conquered the results of pastry and mashed potatoes. As it is becoming usual for high-school fraternities to go to New York night clubs after their senior parties, I would banish fat women off the dance floors during the rhumba set because I do not believe the youth of our country should be exposed to such ugliness. It may change their whole concept of life and endow them with a hatred of maturity which would cause them to despise even the most devoted parents. It is in the interests of these innocent children that I appeal to the legislators to prosecute these fat women who are a menace to our way of life.

* * *

Although even the most conservative of the rhumbers give me the impression they are bothered by hives, all of them secretly believe the dance endows them with dignity. They have an unshakable faith in the rhumba as a dance which will conceal the sluggishness of their reflexes. It is pathetic to watch them as they stall



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at their drinks when the orchestra plays a fox trot or a waltz. But as soon as the band cuts into their special number they arise and start for the floor. The she-rhumber walks as though someone had pushed an ironing board down the back of the neck of her dress. The he-rhumbers are neat and humorless men addicted to tight collars. But one turn around the floor is enough to shake both parties out of their bogus stateliness. On the return trip to the table, once they have molested the peace of everyone within range of their flying hips, they slip back into their pose of snobbery and pretend they had nothing to do with the crime against grace they just committed on the floor. I have also noticed that rhumbers do not waste their breath on conversation when they are sitting one out except to repeat the litany of their kind, agua, agua, agua. If they are benched for any reason they twitch and squirm while still in their chairs, but in years of observation I have never watched a pair of them that contributed to the general conversation except to agua, agua, agua.

The rhumba is not truly a dance but a hybrid form of soccer, ice hockey and a human version of the cockfight which has no claim to romance. Unlike most dancers the rhumbers do not seem to enjoy their pleasure and their face is tightened into the moist sneers into which the countenances of most athletes fall under the pressure of competition. It is not a dance which you can hook up with love because the main purpose of it seems to get the partners as far apart as possible in the shortest time. Some behave as fighters do and touch hands only at the start of a bout and at the end of it. As soon as they can arrange a divorce they dissolve the unity of their partnership and each is on his own in a solo. Split that way, ignoring one another, they seem to be not a team, but enemies exhibiting their contempt for an adversary's skill. This dance has choked off a lot of affection and many a guy and girl would have made it up the aisle of a church if they had never learned this insidious rigadoon. Watch them come off the floor next time you go to a joint. They straggle, frowning and weary, wet with sweat, gasping from exertion and moving with that counterfeit dignity. When I see them trying to walk with pride, I remember a prostitute back in the neighborhood passing the street corner where some of her old customers had congregated to put the look on her new husband. If dancing the rhumba is a pleasure I must pass. It could be a sign of age, of course, and a prejudice based on vanity because I believe I would look better than any of them if I were brave enough to try. But, no matter what it is, I still contend that the rhumba, when danced in writhing herds, is the ugliest form of human endeavor after dark. ###

Continued from page 39

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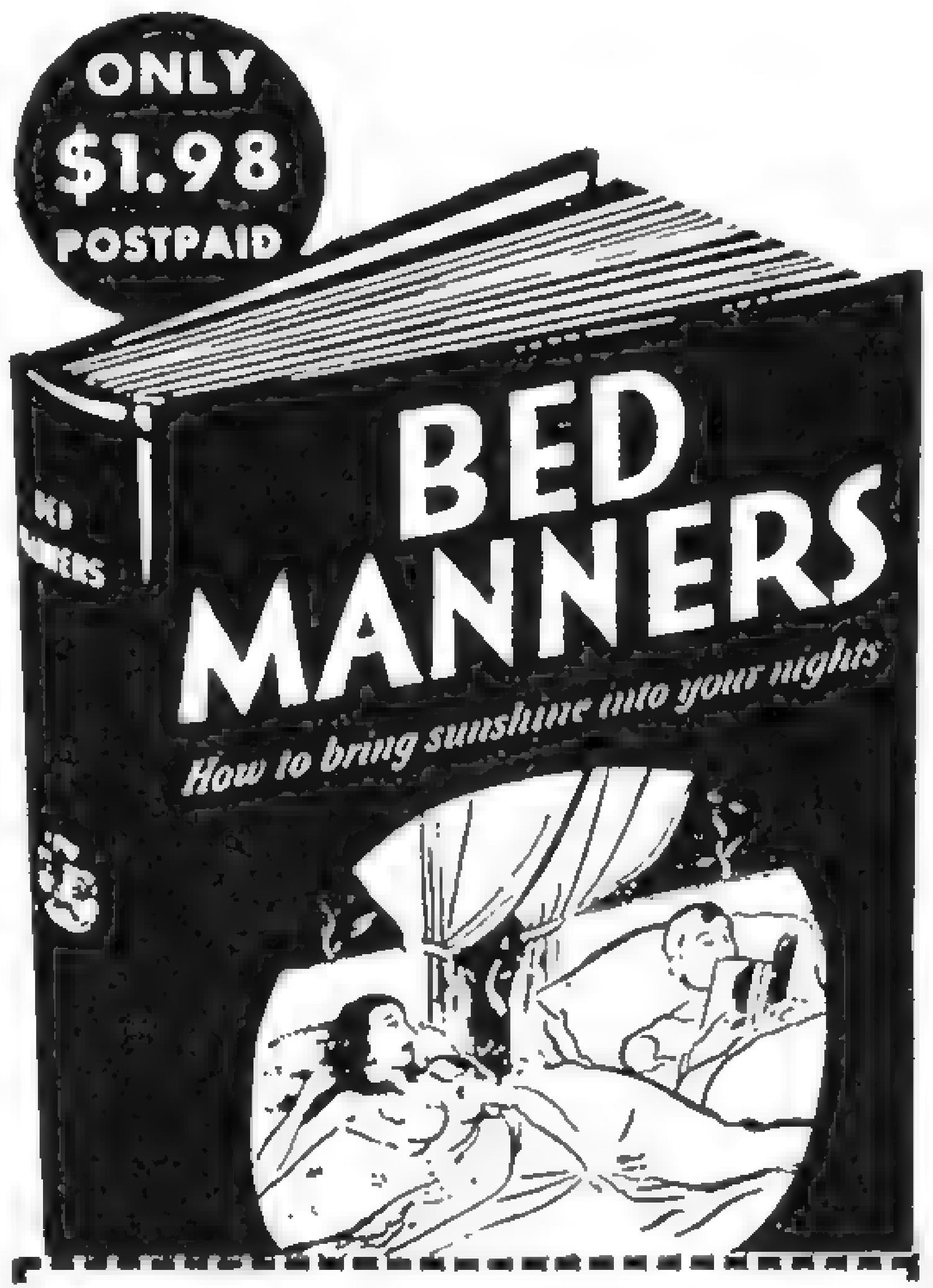

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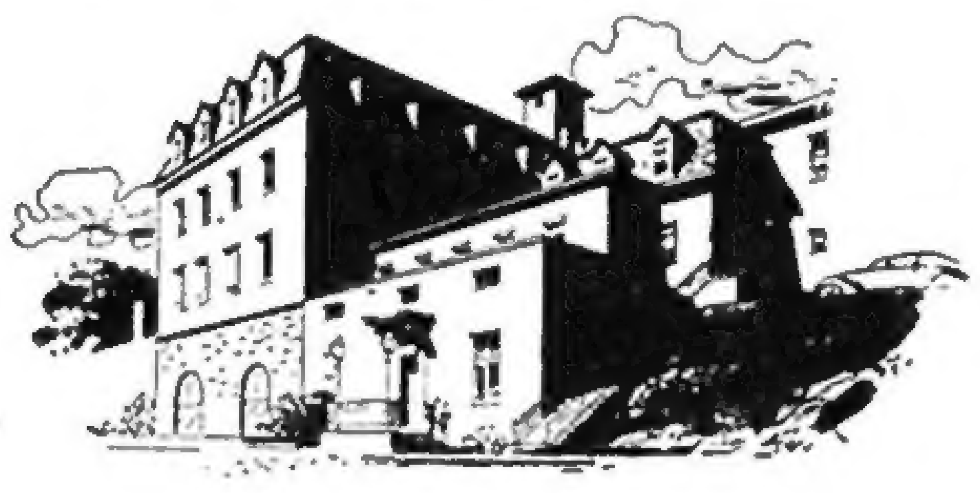

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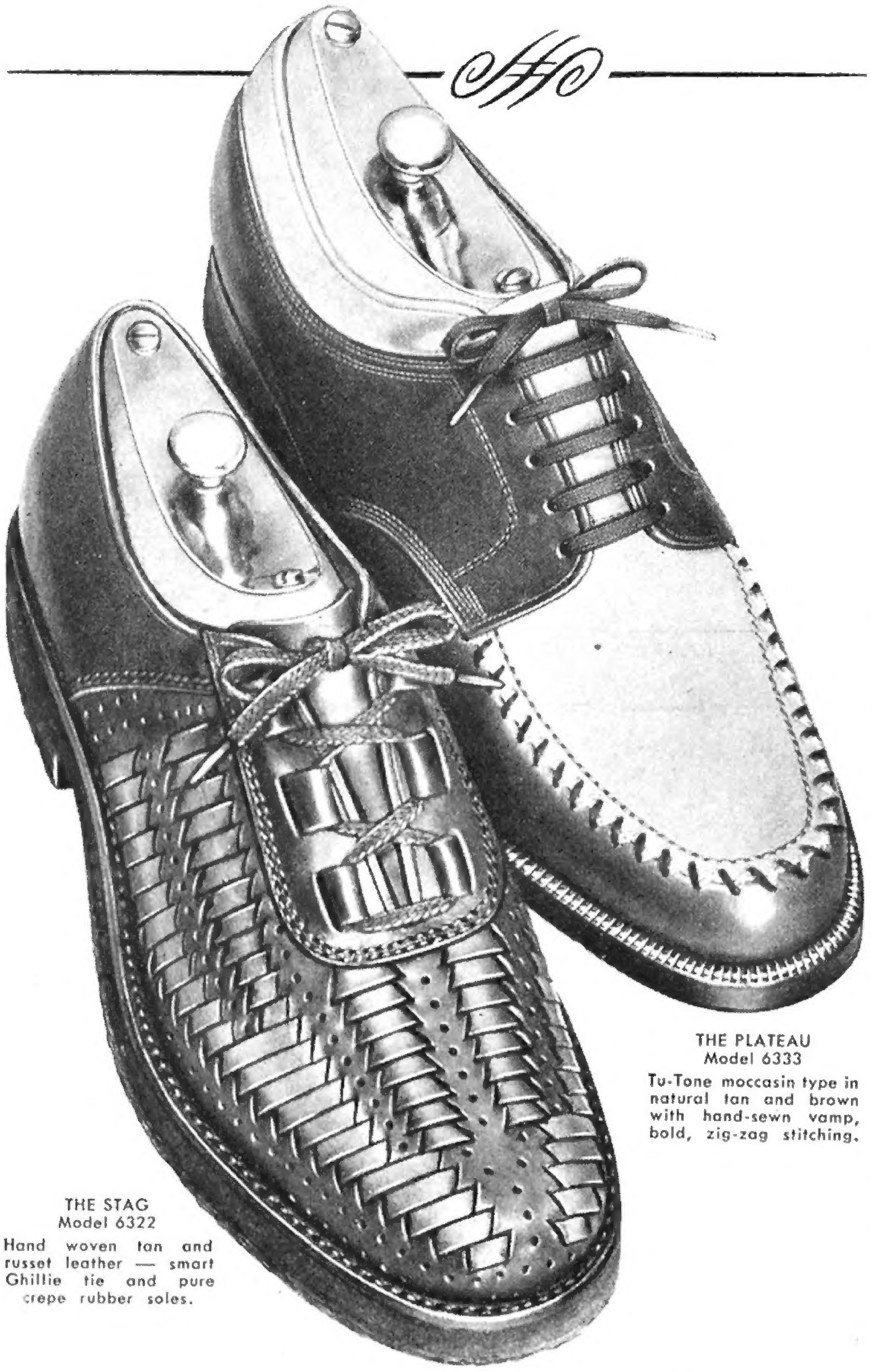

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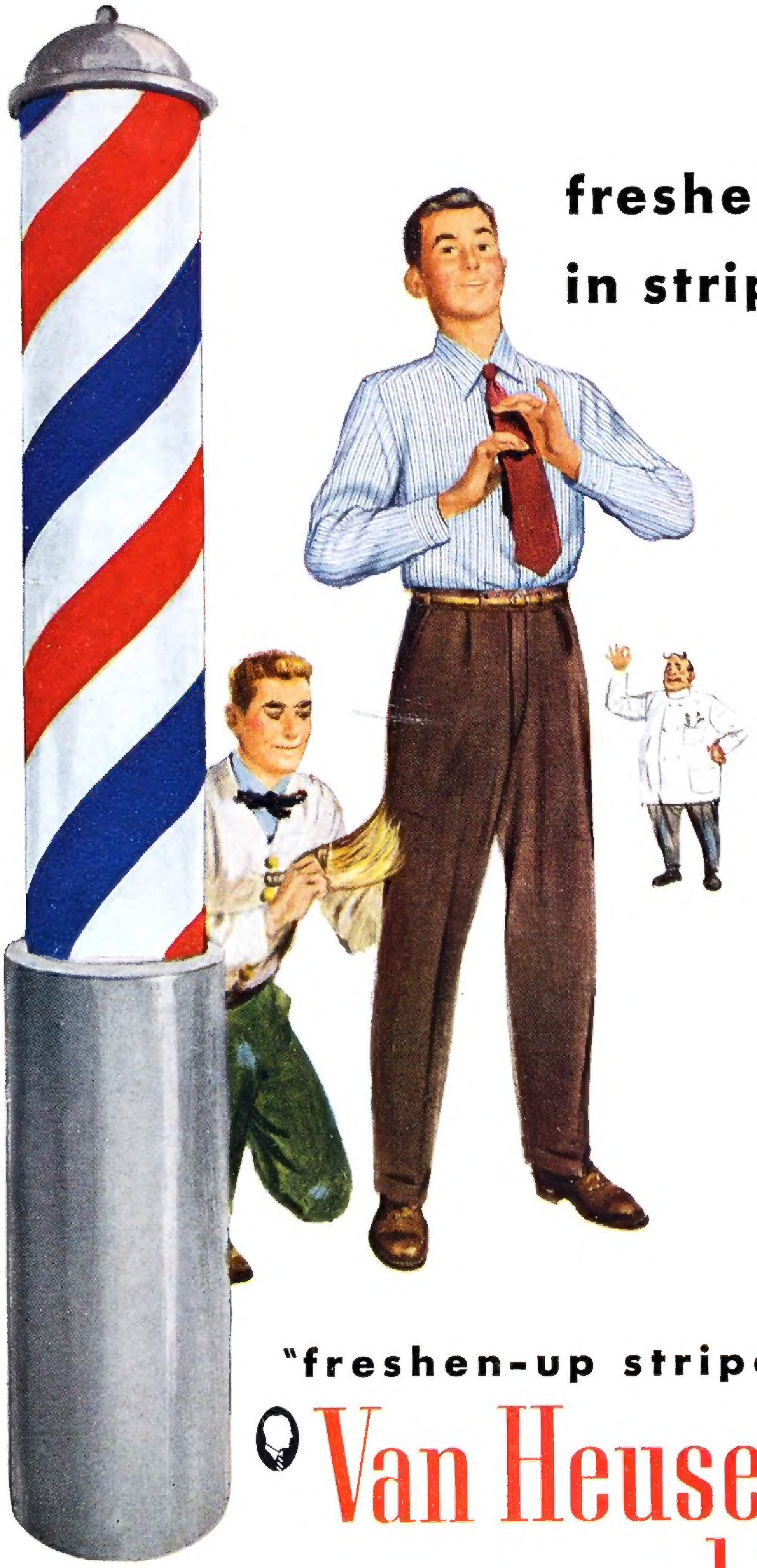

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Comfort Contour Collar
Low-setting, smarter, neater!

WHO'S NEXT for this season's most refreshing collection of striped shirts? They're exclusive new patterns by Van Heusen with collar models to make any mug smarter, with Van Heusen's magic sewmanship in every last detail:

1. Low-setting "Comfort Contour" collar styling.
2. Action-tailored shoulders, armholes, elbows.
3. Figure tapered fit.
4. Tug-proof pearl buttons.
5. Laboratory-tested, Sanforized fabrics.

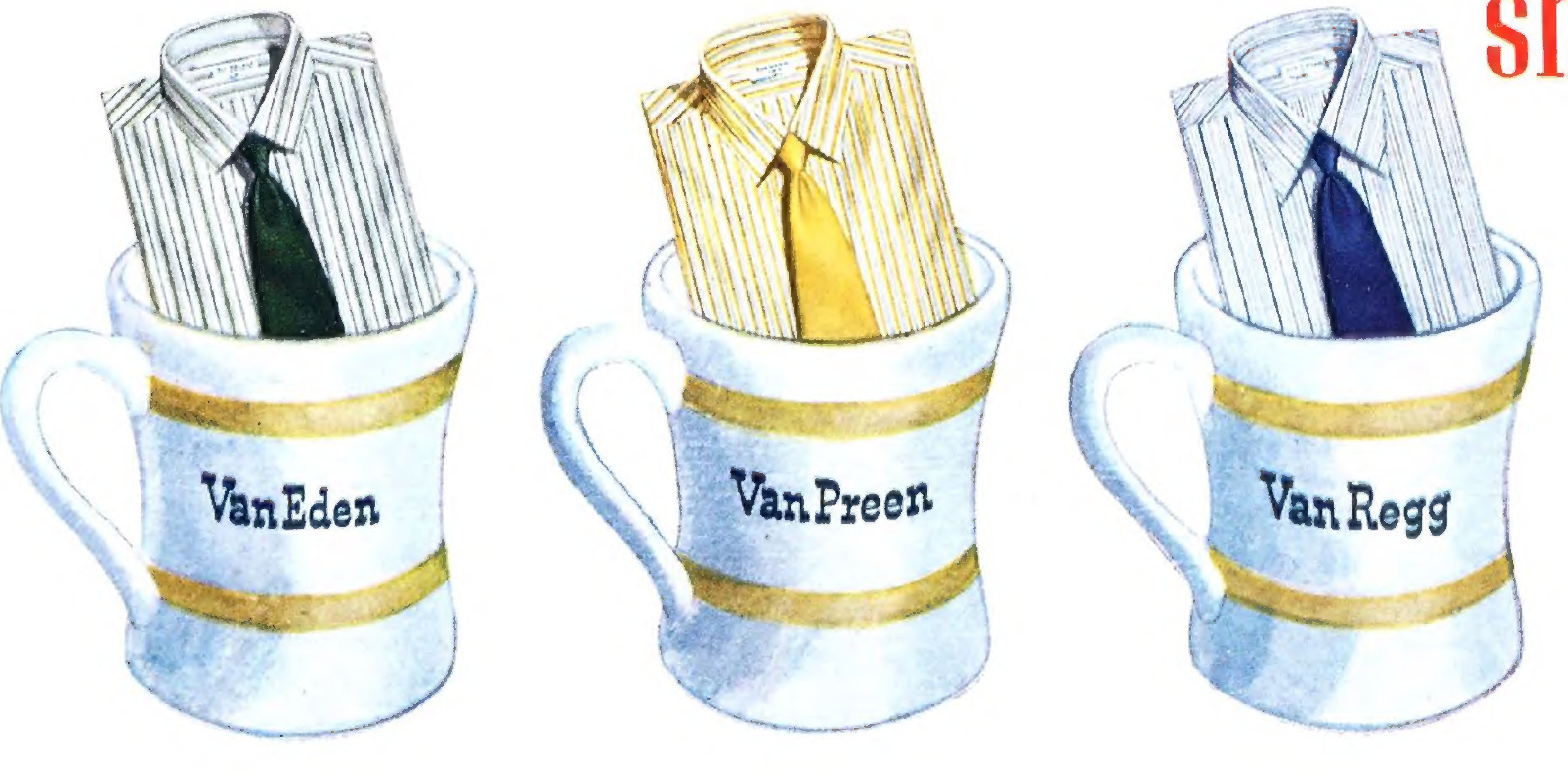
A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! You never get the brush-off in a Van Heusen Shirt (from a gal, that is!) See your dealer today for shirts that are a tingling tonic to your whole wardrobe!

Van Heusen white shirts $3.50—$3.95—$4.95
Van Heusen striped shirts, $3.95—$4.95
Van Heusen ties in smart solid colors, $1.00 & $1.50

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y., Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

"freshen-up stripes" in

Van Heusen shirts



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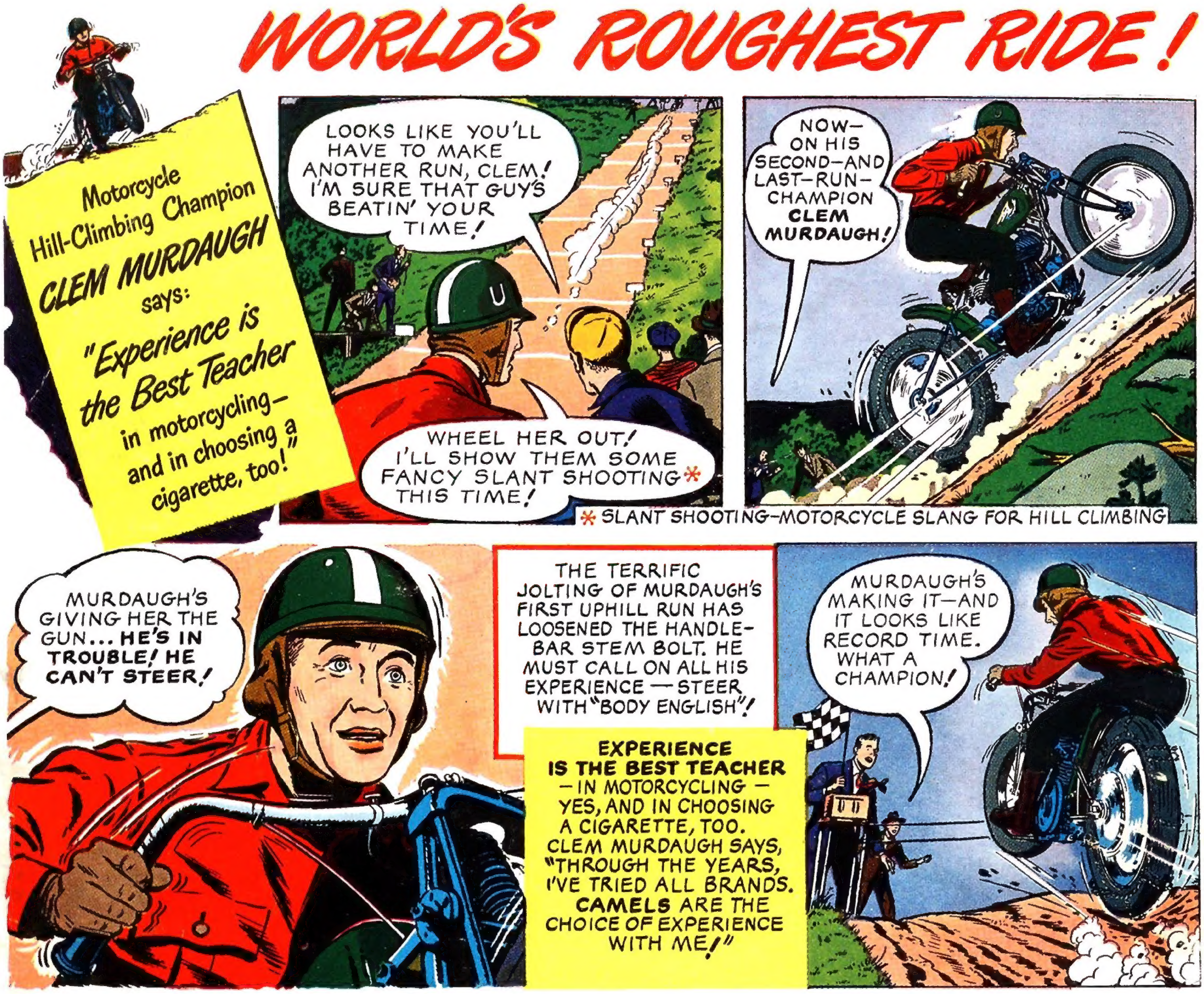
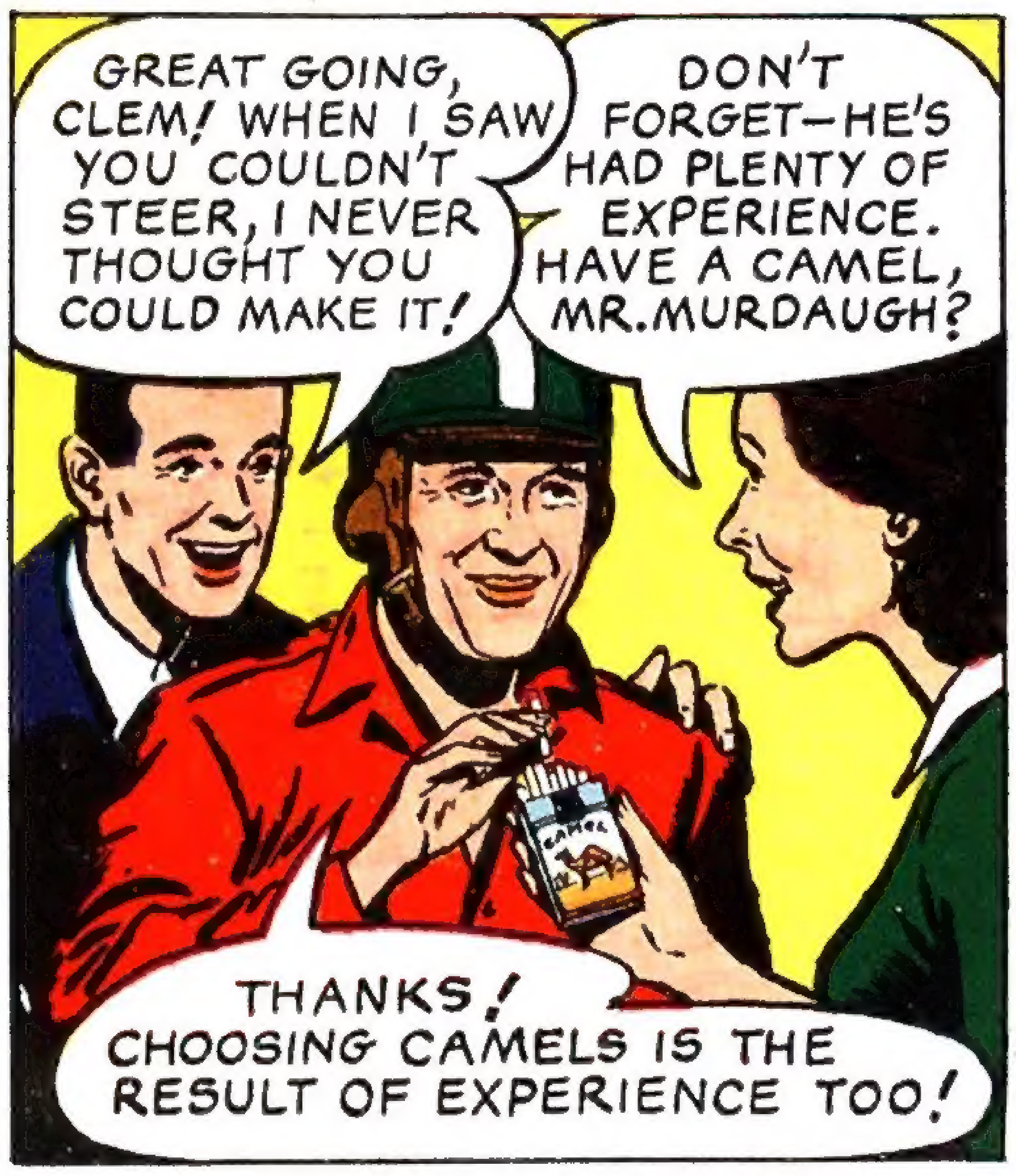
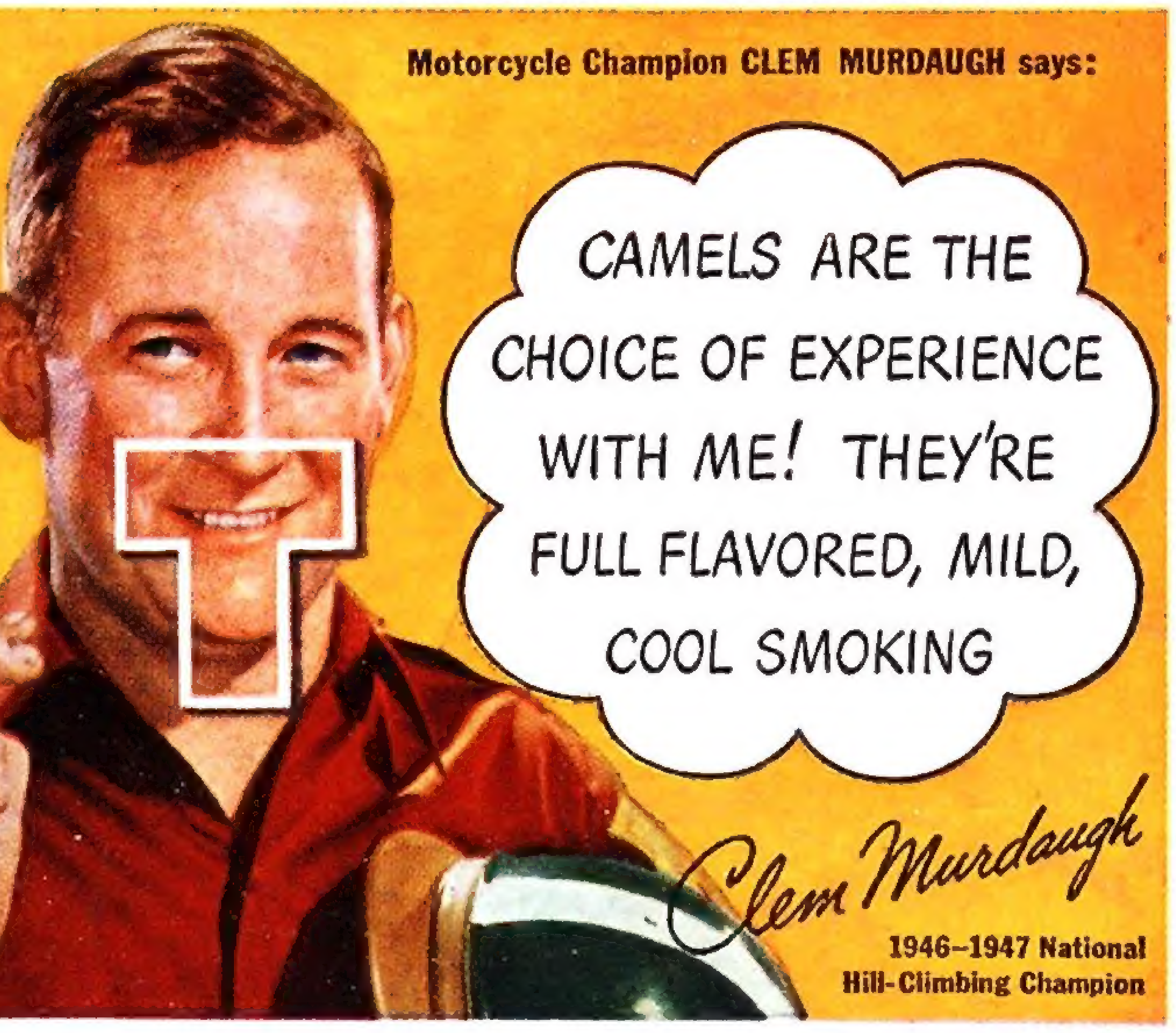

WORLD'S ROUGHEST RIDE!
Motorcycle Hill-Climbing Champion CLEM MURDAUGH says: "Experience is the Best Teacher in motorcycling—and in choosing a cigarette, too!"
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER RUN, CLEM! I'M SURE THAT GUY'S BEATIN' YOUR TIME!
WHEEL HER OUT! I'LL SHOW THEM SOME FANCY SLANT SHOOTING* THIS TIME!
NOW—ON HIS SECOND—AND LAST—RUN—CHAMPION CLEM MURDAUGH!
* SLANT SHOOTING—MOTORCYCLE SLANG FOR HILL CLIMBING
MURDAUGH'S GIVING HER THE GUN... HE'S IN TROUBLE! HE CAN'T STEER!
THE TERRIFIC JOLTING OF MURDAUGH'S FIRST UPHILL RUN HAS LOOSENED THE HANDLE-BAR STEM BOLT. HE MUST CALL ON ALL HIS EXPERIENCE — STEER WITH "BODY ENGLISH"!
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER — IN MOTORCYCLING — YES, AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO. CLEM MURDAUGH SAYS, "THROUGH THE YEARS, I'VE TRIED ALL BRANDS. CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!"
MURDAUGH'S MAKING IT—AND IT LOOKS LIKE RECORD TIME. WHAT A CHAMPION!

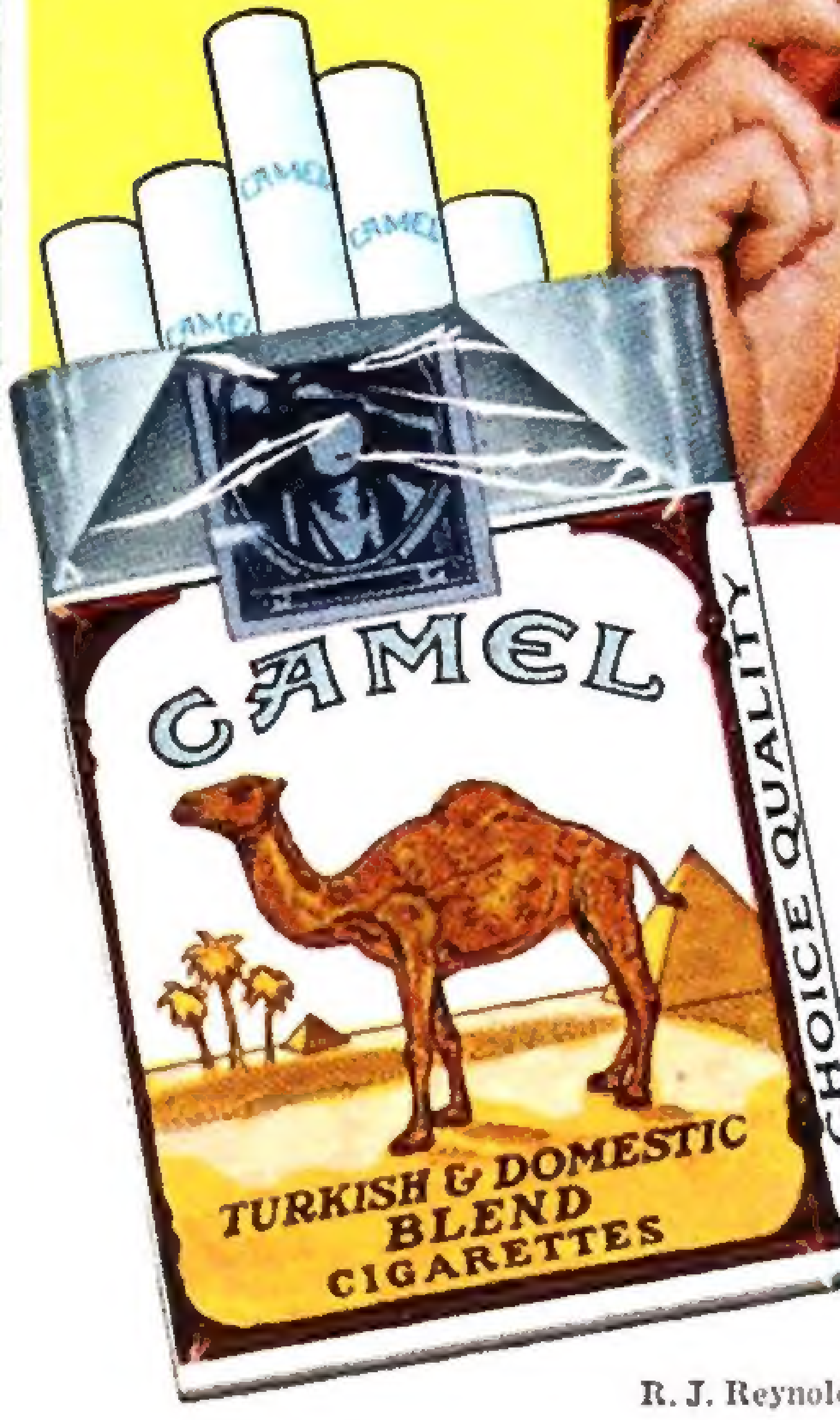

GREAT GOING, CLEM! WHEN I SAW YOU COULDN'T STEER, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD MAKE IT!
DON'T FORGET—HE'S HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE. HAVE A CAMEL, MR. MURDAUGH?
THANKS! CHOOSING CAMELS IS THE RESULT OF EXPERIENCE TOO!

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's *your* proving ground *for* any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."


Motorcycle Champion CLEM MURDAUGH says:
CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME! THEY'RE FULL FLAVORED, MILD, COOL SMOKING
T
Clem Murdaugh
1946–1947 National Hill-Climbing Champion


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.